



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



*SOUTHERN HISTORICAL  
SOCIETY PAPERS*

**ANNEX DIVISION**











✓  
SOUTHERN

# Historical Society Papers.

VOLUME XXVII.



EDITED BY

R. A. BROCK,

SECRETARY OF THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

RICHMOND, VA.

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY.

1899.

Checked  
May 1913

WM. ELLIS JONES,  
PRINTER,  
RICHMOND, VA.



16902

W. E. JONES  
1900  
16902

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
I. Diary of Captain James M. Garnett, Ordnance Officer of Rodes' Division, 2d Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, from August 5th to November 30th, 1864, covering part of General J. A. Early's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley .....	I
II. It was Obedience Even Unto Death. The devotion of James H. Beers, of Connecticut, who left home to serve the Southern Confederacy, and fell at Chancellorsville. By Major Robert Stiles .....	17
III. How General A. P. Hill Met His Fate, comprehending the statements of Sergeants Geo. W. Tucker, C. S. Army, and John H. Mauk, U. S. Army. Also an account of the death of General John Sedgwick, U. S. Army, by James P. Matthews and Winfield Peters, Baltimore, Md., .....	27
IV. An Account of the Campaign of Rich Mountain in 1861, and the death of General R. S. Garnett. By Dr. Henry M. Price and C. T. Allen .....	38
V. The Career of the 15th Virginia Infantry, with incidents of the capture of Harper's Ferry, and the battle of Sharpsburg. By James B. Lacy .....	48
VI. The Battle of Gettysburg. Some literary facts connected therewith discussed. The delinquency of General James Longstreet. By Dr. Henry Alexander White .....	52
VII. The Vindication of the South. The Right of Secession Proved. By Hon. B. B. Munford .....	60
VIII. Hanover County Heroes—List of those who fell in the war of 1861-65 .....	85
IX. The Purcell Battery from Richmond, Va. Its gallant conduct at the battle of Cedar Run. By A. S. Drewry....	89

X. The last Volley Fired at Appomattox. Statement of General Bryan Grimes.....	92
XI. Sussex Light Dragoons, Roster of.....	97
XII. W. L. Yancey in History. The memorable debate on the slave trade, at Montgomery, Ala., in 1858. By John Witherspoon Du Bose .....	98
XIII. Johnson's Island described, with list of Confederate dead buried there. By W. H. H. Blackman.....	102
XIV. Ceremonies attending the Unveiling of the Monument to the Confederate dead at Jacksonville, Florida, June 16, 1898. With the addresses by Ex-Gov. F. P. Fleming, Col. R. H. M. Davidson and Gov. W. D. Bloxham, and a sketch of C. C. Hemming.....	109
XV. An Effort to Rescue President Davis. Statement of Gen. Wade Hampton as to the connection of himself and command therewith .....	132
XVI. Capture of the <i>Underwriter</i> , U. S. Navy, at New Bern, N. C., February 2, 1864. By B. P. Loyall .....	136
XVII. Graphic Description of the Battle of Cedar Run. By John H. Worsham.....	144
XVIII. Address of Hon. T. S. Garnett, Upon Presenting the Portrait of Hon. R. M. T. Hunter to the Circuit Court of Essex county, Va., June 20, 1898 .....	151
XIX. And of that of Hon. M. R. H. Garnett.....	155
XX. Orr's South Carolina Rifles, a sketch of, by J. W. Mattison, .....	157
XXI. President Lincoln, his character and religious opinions discussed, by Dr. C. L. C. Minor.....	165
XXII. Tarheels' Thin Gray Line. Colin Campbell's Highlanders Outdone by North Carolinians. By Gen. B. T. Johnson and R. D. Steuart .....	170
XXIII. Ordnance Report of Grimes' Division, 2d Corps A. N. Va., at Appomattox C. H., April 10, 1865. By Capt. James M. Garnett, LL. D.....	177
XXIV. Raid of General David Hunter, U. S. Army. Burning of the Virginia Military Institute and other buildings, and	

the murder of two citizens by his orders. How General McCausland held immense odds in check. By J. Scott Moore .....	179
XXV. Gettysburg. The courageous part taken in the desperate conflict, June 2-3, 1863, by the Florida brigade (General E. A. Perry), there commanded by Colonel David Lang, with the serious casualties sustained.....	192
XXVI. Colonel John Bowie Magruder. Sketch of his life by Colonel Wm. H. Stewart.....	205
XXVII. Sharpsburg. Graphic description of the battle and its results .....	210
XXVIII. Captain Thomas Jefferson Page, of the C. S. Gunboat <i>Stonewall</i> . Sketch of his life and deeds.....	219
XXIX. The Battle of Fredericksburg, a paper on. By Hon. John Lamb. Read before the Sons of Veterans.....	231
XXX. The Sick and Wounded Confederate Soldiers in the Hospitals at Hagerstown and Williamsport, Md., in 1863. A list of, by Surgeon J. M. Gaines, C. S. Army. ....	241
XXXI. Ceremonies of the Unveiling at Front Royal, Va., September 23, 1899, of the Monument to Mosby's Men, who, whilst prisoners of war, were executed September 23, 1864. With addresses by Major A. E. Richards and Hon. R. H. Downing, and further statements by Colonel John S. Mosby, as to who was responsible for the murders .....	250
XXXII. Barbara Freitchie, a Myth. By W. Gordon McCabe .....	287
XXXIII. Confederate Generals—Their Ability. Did General Lee counsel the abandonment of Richmond? By John Witherspoon Du Bose.....	290
XXXIV. William Preston Johnston—Sketch of.....	294
XXXV. General Stuart's Raid on Catlett's Station.....	303
XXXVI. Why the Confederate States did not have a Supreme Court. By General Bradley T. Johnson .....	307
XXXVII. Roster of Company F, Mosby's Battalion.....	312
XXXVIII. Retaliation. The execution of seven prisoners by Colonel John S. Mosby. A self-protective necessity.....	314



XXXIX. The First Company of Richmond Howitzers. Facts about during the Appomattox campaign. By Charles Poin-dexter .....	322
XL. General Dabney Herndon Maury. Sketch of his life, with tributes to his memory.....	335
XLI. Address of Benjamin Blake Minor, LL. D., on the presen-tation of the Portrait of Judge William Brockenbrough to the Circuit Court of Essex county, July 7, 1899.....	350
XLII. And that of Prof. John P. McGuire, on the same occasion,	359
XLIII. President Lincoln Further Arraigned. His autocratic sway and "Want of Principle." By Dr. C. L. C. Minor.....	365
XLIV. The Murder of David Getz. An instance of the brutality of General Custer. His retributive fate. By John H. Grabill .....	372
XLV. The Peace Conference in Hampton Roads, Jan. 31, 1865. Lincoln did not offer to pay for our slaves.....	374
XLVI. Roster of Company C, 1st Virginia Cavalry, from Rock-bridge county. By J. Scott Moore.....	377
XLVII. Roster of Company H, 13th Virginia Cavalry, with casual-ties. By Captain William N. Blow.....	380
XLVIII. Confederate Valor and Devotion. Disparity between the members of the Federal and Confederate forces. By Colonel W. H. Stewart.....	383

**INDEXED**

✓  
**SOUTHERN**  
**Historical Society Papers.**

**VOLUME XXVII.**



**EDITED BY**  
**R. A. BROCK,**  
**SECRETARY OF THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.**

**RICHMOND, VA.**  
**PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY.**  
**1899.**



# Southern Historical Society Papers.

---

**VOL. XXVII. Richmond, Va, January-December. 1899.**

---

## **DIARY OF CAPTAIN JAMES M. GARNETT,**

**Ordnance Officer Rodes's Division, 2d Corps,  
Army of Northern Virginia.**

---

**From August 5th to November 30th, 1864, covering part of General  
Early's Campaign in the Shenandoah Valley.**

---

[The Editor has pleasure in preserving in the pages of the *Southern Historical Society Papers* the following interesting diary of a Confederate officer, and well-known educator, Professor James Mercer Garnett, LL. D.]

November 30th, 1864.

Private Diary from August 5th to November 30th, '64, covering time from last trip across Potomac to return of ordnance trains to camp near Staunton, about two miles out on Waynesboro' road. Troops still at New Market, but expect them back soon, and think we will go into winter-quarters between Staunton or Waynesboro' and Port Republic, unless "Mars Robert" wants us down at Richmond.

CAMP NEAR HAINESVILLE,  
Friday, August 5th, 1864.

Moved from our camp near Winchester day before yesterday evening, and camped that night at Bunker Hill. Moved from there to this point (15 or 16 miles) yesterday, and now about to start on my fourth trip across the Potomac. Hope "old Jubal" knows what he is about, and haven't much fear of danger to the expedition, for he is, if possible, too cautious. Finished my Property Return day before yesterday, and my Armament and Ammunition Report for July 31st yesterday evening and sent it in. Hope to have my reports of engagements in to-morrow, and to go to Richmond with papers when we return from this trip.

## CAMP NEAR WINCHESTER (1 Mile),

Thursday, August 11th, 1864.

Returned from Maryland on the 6th, after a stay of but one night, only a diversion, I presume, and camped that night near Hainesville again. Moved on Sunday through Martinsburg to one mile this side of Bunker Hill.

Spent Monday and Tuesday at Bunker Hill; got in all my reports of engagements from brigade officers, and forwarded mine Tuesday evening. On Wednesday moved up here within one mile of Winchester, the enemy supposed to be pressing "old Jubal" in considerable force, and am now about to move beyond Winchester, and how much further I don't know.

## CAMP NEAR WINCHESTER (3½ miles),

Monday, August 22, 1864.

On Thursday, 11th, moved through Winchester towards Strasburg, and remained with General Rodes that day and next morning, thinking there might be an engagement; rejoined the train Friday, and camped beyond Fisher's Hill. That evening moved to "The Brook" and camped, remaining there until Wednesday, the troops being in line of battle on Fisher's Hill all the time. On Wednesday, moved down to Winchester again, the enemy having retired the night previous. Our troops, after some brisk skirmishing, entered the town about 8 in the evening. Stayed at General Rodes' Headquarters at Kernstown that night, and visited in Winchester next day. Our ordnance trains moved to Kernstown, and we spent Thursday night there. Friday, moved through to our old camp on Martinsburg road, where we still remain. That day all of Early's troops moved to Bunker Hill. Fitz. Lee's cavalry and Kershaw's division moved down the pike yesterday. Our division very heavily engaged in skirmishing yesterday between Smithfield and Charlestown. Am about to start down to visit them now. Have some fear of Early's risking a fight against the enemy's large force.

## CAMP NEAR WINCHESTER,

Wednesday, August 31, 1864.

On Monday, 22d, went down to Charlestown, and found our division on other side, near town, having driven the Yankees through that morning. Lost about 160 men on 21st, and expended about 60,000 rounds ammunition—very extravagant. Spent Monday night

at General Rodes' Headquarters, and returned to camp next day, reaching camp about 9 P. M. Spent Wednesday and Thursday in camp, visiting in the mean time in Winchester, and Friday went down to the troops, having heard they had moved the day before from Charlestown towards Shepherdstown. Met the troops returning that evening at Leetown, where we camped for the night. Next morning the troops moved back to Bunker Hill. Spent the night at Bunker Hill, and rode up to camp, and to church in Winchester next morning. Spent Monday and yesterday in camp.

Friday, September 2, 1864.

Spent day before yesterday in camp. Went to W. yesterday morning and saw Joe Irving off for Staunton, severely, though not dangerously, wounded; the poor fellow was in very bad spirits. Went to see Arrington, General Rodes' Aid, who is badly wounded, and found him doing very well. Will ride to W. and then to Bunker Hill.

Sunday, September 4, 1864.

1½ miles from BERRYVILLE.

On 2d, went to the troops, striking the main column marching from Bunker Hill across. Learnt our division had kept up the pike, so had to ride over to it, and got there an hour or two after the cavalry affair in which Vaughan's cavalry were driven through Bunker Hill upon the infantry, but our rear-guard fired a volley and the Yankees left. Found the division near the ten-mile post, but it moved back to Stevenson's just before dark, and I returned to camp. Yesterday morning the troops all moved back to Bunker Hill. Spent the day in camp, and in the evening went into W. Moved camp that evening about two miles lower down. Troops came back from Bunker Hill yesterday evening. This morning trains moved to W. and I joined General Rodes, who moved across to the Berryville pike, and now about to form line of battle. The artillery is coming up, so must stop.

CAMP NEAR STEVENSON'S,

Thursday, September 15, 1864.

On Sunday, 4th, General Early took Rodes' and Breckenridge's divisions and went two miles to left of Berryville pike, below eight and a half post, on flank movement, but found Yankees too strong and didn't attack; came back at dark. Stayed with my train at the Opequon that night. Next day train moved back to Win-

chester, and then down to Stevenson's, and troops moved back to Stevenson's. Next day it rained powerfully and I stayed in camp. Wednesday, visited my brigade ordnance officers and General Rodes' Headquarters, dining there, and in evening came back. Next day rain again, and I stayed in camp. Friday moved camp to this side of the road and went into Winchester.

Saturday went down to Darksville and overtook my division there. Cavalry went on to Martinsburg for little while. Troops came back to Bunker Hill and I returned to camp. Sunday went in to W. to church and learnt of death of T. B., shot at Newtown evening before.

Tuesday went to see brigade ordnance officers and to General Rodes' Headquarters. Soon after reaching there, division moved to Stevenson's woods. The move proved to be to no purpose, and troops and trains returned to camp before dark.

Saturday, September 17th, 1864.

Spent day before yesterday in camp. Spent yesterday in camp, with exception of riding over to Colonel Allen's and to Archer's train. Am going to General Rodes' Headquarters, division being under orders to move at 2 with two days' cooked rations. Shall accompany them on this expedition.

Monday, September 19th, 1864.

Day before yesterday rode over to Colonel Allen's on my way to General Rodes' Headquarters; then returned to camp to give orders about empty ordnance wagons accompanying the troops. Rodes' and Gordon's divisions moved down to Bunker Hill that evening and camped for the night. Stayed in my empty ordnance wagon with W. B. that night. Yesterday morning moved about four and went down to Martinsburg. Reached Martinsburg about nine, our cavalry having driven the Yankee cavalry out. Was busy for couple of hours trying to get coal to load the empty ordnance wagons. Succeeded by taking a little from several private citizens and paying in Federal funds. Was exceedingly polite in discharge of the disagreeable duty, so am sure they couldn't object on that score.

Overtook Gordon's staff and rode to Bunker Hill, partly with them and afterwards with Dr. Straith, a fine fellow. Found that our division had returned to camp, so rode on back here last night. Not a very profitable, though a pleasant, Sunday. This morning Yankees

are making demonstration, and our ordnance trains have just moved back about a mile. Will ride down to the division to see what's up.

CAMP ON TOM'S BROOK,  
BETWEEN STRASBURG AND WOODSTOCK,  
Wednesday, September 21st, 1864.

Little did I think, when writing the lines on the preceding page, what a sad, sad day it would prove to be for us. I have never experienced such a day in my military life, and God grant that I may never experience such another. After leaving camp day before yesterday, I found General Rodes, whose division was then on the march following General Gordon's, and received some orders about the brigade ordnance wagons. The troops moved on up to the support of General Ramseur, who was being heavily pressed by the enemy near Winchester, on the Berryville pike. Gordon's division formed and went in to the left of Ramseur's, and ours (three brigades) between the two; but before ours got fairly engaged, Gordon's left, being outflanked, gave way, and we were only saved from great disaster by Battle's brigade of our division (which the General had directed me to order to be held in reserve) being ordered straight forward at a charge, which was handsomely executed, carrying everything before it. As soon as I had delivered the order to General Battle, hearing the rest of our division become engaged, in obedience to previous orders from General Rodes, I immediately went after the brigade ordnance wagons and ordered up one from each brigade with Lieutenant Partridge. On reaching the field again, I was informed by Major Peyton that General Rodes had been killed soon after the division became engaged. He was struck on the head by a piece of shell, it is thought, and lived but a short while, totally unconscious. This is an irreparable loss to our division, and indeed to our army, for he was General Early's right arm. We succeeded in handsomely repulsing this attack, and several succeeding ones, our artillery being very effective, doing good execution. Ramseur was pressed back on the right, but succeeded finally in re-establishing his line, which was very long and thin; and, fearing the enemy might attack there again and, if it gave way, get into Winchester in our rear, General Early ordered up Wharton's (Breckenridge's old) division, which was engaged with the Yankee cavalry near Bruce-town. To the withdrawal of this division, though necessary perhaps, may be attributed the loss of the day, for now our disasters commenced. Wharton's division had barely reached Ramseur's line



when a heavy force of Yankee cavalry dashed up the Martinsburg pike, driving back our cavalry like sheep and penetrating to our rear. Wharton's division was immediately withdrawn and sent to the left and rear to check them, which it succeeded in doing ; but the enemy, seeing the success of their cavalry, sent a body of infantry to connect with it, which turned our left flank, forcing Gordon's and Rodes' divisions to fall back and form perpendicular to their original line ; and in this position the fight raged for an hour or more, the field meanwhile being covered with stragglers whom it was impossible to rally. When Wharton's division became engaged with the cavalry, I occupied myself endeavoring to rally stragglers and urge the men forward, when, ammunition being inquired for, I started after my brigade ordnance wagons, which had gotten out of the way when the Yankee cavalry advanced. I missed their track, and rode around the east side of the town to the Staunton pike without finding them, but succeeded in finding others, which I sent forward. Riding through town on my way back, I found everything coming through town in the greatest confusion, Market street filled with medical and ordnance wagons and ambulances three deep. I met the ambulance with General Rodes' body, in charge of Captain Randolph, and afterwards my brigade ordnance wagons, in charge of Lieutenants Partridge and Cabaniss. Told them to move on through beyond the town, and concluded to go and bid my friends good-bye. On Main street met the troops coming through in much confusion. The Yankee cavalry had charged again and captured most of Wharton's division, and the overwhelming numbers of their infantry, after our left was thus broken, had forced the remainder of the line to retire. The troops, however, were formed beyond the town, and the retreat continued in order. I went up to Mrs. W.'s, and soon after Major Johnson, of Breckenridge's staff, came up also. As I rode away, the shells were bursting all around the house, and, indeed, all over the unfortunate town.

I called at Mrs. G's, then at Mrs. D's. I bade good-bye to the T's and S's, and was going round to Mrs. L's, when Maj. Douglas and others just before me were shot at near the corner beyond. I then retired up Market street, stopping near the Methodist church and witnessing the Yankees come in near the Union Hotel, flags flying, drums beating, and shouting. I have retired through Winchester many a time before, but never did I witness the Yankees come in in that manner, but I have often seen them in the same predicament that we were. Douglas was a square nearer the Yankees,

and I called to him to come on, but he amused himself bowing to them while they were shooting at us. After viewing them long enough on Market street, I rode over to Main street and looked at them a while there. A dozen or so of our men were on Main street, and the enemy fired several shots at us. I rode out of town and stopped at our skirmish line until after the Yankee skirmishers appeared on this side of town, and then came on to the division, which stopped a while in the woods beyond Kernstown, then moved about a mile this side of Newtown and camped for the night in line of battle. I called at Mrs. B's as I passed and told them all good-bye, and spent the night at division Headquarters, General Battle being in command. Moved at four yesterday morning to our old position to the left of Fisher's Hill. I came on and stopped a while at the division quartermaster's train, and at the reserve ordnance train of the army, and then came on here, fatigued in body and spirit, especially the latter. Cannot get over a feeling of sadness and humiliation at having been compelled to abandon Winchester in that style. If we had only had some good cavalry to resist that of the enemy, our infantry could have maintained its position, but our cavalry did not behave well, even if there were superior numbers against them. If Wharton's division had been up early in the morning when we repulsed the first attack, we might have followed it up, but its withdrawal from below let in the whole Yankee cavalry upon us, for McCausland's and Imboden's brigades couldn't, or *wouldn't*, resist them. I haven't life enough left for anything. I have just issued this morning the last of the arms, accoutrements and ammunition that I had, and the division still lacks arms and accoutrements, though it is pretty well supplied with ammunition, for it has lost, I suppose, about 1,000 men all together. General Ramseur has been assigned to the command of the division. I had a conversation with Major Peyton on that subject yesterday morning and he requested it of General Early; it is better than yesterday's commander, but no man here can equal General Rodes. We sent a large ordnance train to Staunton this morning for stores. May we have more success with them than with those expended day before yesterday, though up to three o'clock we had whipped the enemy well, and but for that cavalry we might have held our own against succeeding attacks. It is the first time that I have ever seen cavalry very effective in a general engagement. Would that Rosser's Brigade had been with us and on the left! the day might have been different. It was 5:07 o'clock when I looked at my watch as the Yankees came into Winchester, and we had been fight-

ing from ten or eleven until two, when there was a cessation until the cavalry attack about three, which resulted so disastrously. I hope that, if they do withdraw any force to help Grant, we will go straight back, though I have hardly the face to see my friends again.

CAMP BETWEEN MT. JACKSON AND NEW MARKET,  
Saturday, September 24th, 1864.

More disasters to record still. I thought that we would certainly be successful at Fisher's Hill, but Providence has seen fit to order otherwise. Spent Wednesday, 21st, in camp.

There was some brisk skirmishing on our lines that evening, but nothing serious. Next morning a train of ordnance wagons came in from Staunton, bringing arms, accoutrements, and ammunition, which we very much needed. I rode down to direct brigade ordnance officers to send for ordnance stores, and to see what was going on. Found skirmishing progressing, and presently some artillery firing commenced. They fired at Massie's battery—which was on extreme left of our division, where General Ramseur had his Headquarters—from two directions, and I retired to the rear. Sent one ordnance wagon nearer to the front, stopped at Major Whiting's Provost Guard awhile, and returned to camp between 3 and 4 o'clock. Not very long after I had dined, great excitement commenced by the cavalry with the led horses dashing in from a road coming in from the left, opposite to my camp, and saying that the Yankees were pursuing. The extreme left of our lines was occupied by dismounted cavalry in breastworks; the position was very weak, and the men weaker, so that both General Lomax, who commanded the cavalry, and General Ramseur, considered that, if an attack was made against our left (which was very probable), it was very questionable whether it would be repulsed. Not knowing that a *bona fide* attack had been made on our left, but thinking that a few Yankee cavalry had gotten in amongst the led horses grazing in the rear, I rode over to the back road to see what the real state of affairs was, Colonel Allen having meanwhile ordered the ordnance trains down towards the troops, following me soon himself. I rode some two or three miles, and learned that 15 or 20 Yankee cavalry had come up to within  $1\frac{1}{2}$  or 2 miles of the pike and created the stampede amongst the led horses. I also saw a detachment of men who had been cut off when the attack was made on the left and had come back on the mountain. I still, however, thought that the lines had been re-established, and placed little confidence in the report of the cavalry

stragglers that the whole army was on the retreat and scattered in different directions. What, then, was my surprise on reaching the pike to find this literally true! The enemy had attacked our left, dispersed the cavalry, and flanked the infantry. An effort was made to resist them by sending one brigade of our division to the support of the dismounted cavalry, but it broke and ran, and the whole army was compelled to retire, leaving 13 pieces of artillery and much small arm ammunition along the lines.

CAMP ON EAST SIDE OF BLUE RIDGE.

AT FOOT OF BROWN'S GAP,

Monday, September 26, 1864.

Was interrupted while writing Saturday, by the trains moving to the rear, and by riding down to the troops to see that the ordnance wagons were properly posted. Will continue from where I left off.

Soon after reaching the pike in company with Major Webster, who had also gone over to the back road to engage in stopping the cavalry stampede, I met Major Peyton, who narrated what had occurred, and I determined to remain with him and render what assistance I could. Our division seemed better organized than the others, but in the darkness and confusion everything was mixed up. Our division was ordered to guard the rear, but before the others had finished passing, the Yankees fired into the rear-guard, which was two regiments of Battle's brigade, under General Ramseur himself, and that started the demoralized troops off again, but portions of each of our brigades were rallied and placed in line of battle. Soon after, the firing of a piece of our artillery started them off again and started them to firing, some of us running great risk of being shot, but they were soon quieted down, and the retreat continued in a very orderly manner, the Yankees soon ceasing pursuit. The troops camped that night at the Narrow Passage, two miles above (southwest of) Woodstock, and Major Peyton and I rode on to the wagon train a mile above Mt. Jackson, reaching there soon after daylight. The trains moved on the 23d beyond Rude's Hill, the troops remaining on the other side of Mt. Jackson, skirmishing with the enemy. I remained in camp and slept most of the day.

On Saturday the trains moved on and I went to the troops in line of battle on Rude's Hill, getting there just in time to hear General Ramseur and General Battle speak. They informed the troops that

reinforcements were coming, Kershaw's division and Rosser's cavalry brigade, and General Battle delivered two very good speeches, one to his brigade and one to General Grimes's. When General Ramseur alluded to General Rodes, in speaking to Battle's brigade, I could not refrain from tears, and there were many other wet eyes. Soon after, we commenced to retire, and retreated slowly in line of battle until sundown, skirmishing and artillery firing off and on during the day. About sundown we halted until after dark, just where the Keezilltown road leaves the turnpike, which K. road the trains had taken, and skirmishing and artillery firing went on pretty briskly for a while. In this artillery firing, Liv. Massie [Captain of a battery] was struck with a piece of shell, cutting the femoral artery, and he died that night. He was a fine fellow, beloved of his company and all who knew him. About dark I started for the wagon train, some six or seven miles distant. I did not have long to rest after reaching there, for about 2 A. M. we started and marched continuously, crossing the mountain and reaching here about 3 o'clock yesterday evening. I rode along, partly with Eugene Blackford and partly with Colonel Nelson (who informed me of Liv.'s death), and overtook my train while coming down the side of the mountain. Got my dinner (or supper), having eaten-nothing but green apples since the night before, and retired very early. This morning drew arms and accoutrements and issued them to the brigade ordnance officers. The troops are over the other side of the mountain. I learn that Kershaw's division arrived to-day, and whipped the Yankee cavalry, who endeavored to attack his train.

CAMP NEAR WAYNESBORO',  
Thursday, September 29th, 1864.

On 26th, retired soon after writing here. On 27th, remained in camp. Sold my bay horse for \$125 in Federal funds—too little, I think, but I wanted the money. After dinner rode with Gregory over to the troops, and found they had driven off the Yankee cavalry and camped near Waynesboro' that night. Met courier going to order over our trains, which reached the river about 6 o'clock yesterday morning. Gregory and I spent the night in a carriage-house at General Early's Headquarters, and had to plunder a field of corn to get feed for our horses. The trains moved up the river about 3 miles, and our division, which was on the other side of the river, was ordered over and up in rear of the trains. After much delay, seemingly unnecessary, about 1 or 2 o'clock our division was ordered

to act as rear-guard for the trains and move on the road to Waynesboro'. Pegram's and Wharton's divisions moved up the other side of South river to get in ahead of the trains as advance-guard, and Kershaw's and Gordon's moved on a road still farther to the right. We moved on up, hoping to surprise the Yankee cavalry, who were here destroying the depot buildings, railroad and bridge, but didn't reach the neighborhood until dark, and only succeeded in driving them off. Much delay, and my train didn't get into camp until 11 P. M. Had no dinner, and it was too late to cook under the circumstances. Moved this morning to east side of town, and expect to remain all day. Think we were too late in getting here, and did Yankees no harm. This doesn't look like going back down the Valley fast, but will hope on, trusting that we may be successful and drive these fellows back soon.

CAMP NEAR AUGUSTA CHURCH,  
On Valley Pike, 8 miles from Staunton,  
Sunday, October 2d, 1864.

Spent Thursday in camp doing nothing. Friday, had orders to be ready to move at moment's notice, but nothing came of it. Rode up to cars in morning and got Thursday's paper. Received arms and accoutrements and issued them, supplying the whole division.

In evening rode over to General Ramseur's Headquarters and spent a short while. On returning to camp found orders to be ready to move at sunrise.

Yesterday morning ordnance trains moved to Staunton, then down the pike to this point; troops moved across. Stopped at American Hotel to dinner. This is the right direction, if we can only keep on now. To-day is Sunday, and hope we will remain quiet, tho' something unusual for "Jubal" to be quiet on Sunday. Hope his disaster on Monday, after his Sunday's trip to Martinsburg, has taught him a lesson. Intended to go to Charlottesville yesterday if we hadn't moved. Hope we will get to the lower Valley this time, tho' not much prospect of it.

CAMP NEAR HARRISONBURG,  
Friday, October 7th, 1864.

On Sunday evening attended church, hearing very good sermon from Rev. Mr. Bowman, text: "No man liveth to himself." Spent Monday in camp; issued some arms and accoutrements. Also sent in Armament Report, and report of engagements at Fisher's Hill.

Tuesday visited brigade ordnance officers and General Ramseur's Headquarters. Tried to get some government cloth, but failed. Received arms and accoutrements and more than supplied the division. Wednesday stayed in camp. Yesterday morning rode to the division, which was just moving. Shortly after return to camp received orders to move, and travelled till 9 P. M., camping here near Harrisonburg, enemy having moved on down the Valley. Everything on the move this morning. Glad of it. "On to Winchester" again. Only hope we will whip the Yankees and get there.

CAMP NEAR NEW MARKET,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile distant,

Monday, October 10th, 1864.

On Friday troops moved to this point, but ordnance trains stopped at Lacy's Spring. I rode with troops, conversing with Dubose, Henry Noel, and others. Stayed at division Headquarters that night, and next morning rode over here, train having moved down. Friday evening Rosser whipped the enemy's cavalry, capturing some wagons and forges. Saturday remained here in camp. Yesterday morning rode over with Estill to Conner's South Carolina brigade to hear Dubose preach, and sat awhile afterwards. Rode to division Headquarters and then back to camp, hearing soon after of the stampede of our cavalry below Woodstock. It seems our whole cavalry were well thrashed, losing eleven pieces of artillery, some wagons and ambulances. At this rate we will not get down the valley fast. The last two nights very cold, and heavy frost this morning, the first heavy frost we've had. Hope "old Jubal" will soon determine what he's going to do, but don't think he will go any further down the Valley. Sorry for it.

CAMP NEAR FISHER'S HILL ON MIDDLE ROAD,

DIVISION HEADQUARTERS,

Saturday, October 15th, 1864.

Spent Monday and Tuesday in camp near New Market. Wednesday troops moved down near Woodstock and ordnance trains camped near Mt. Jackson. Thursday troops moved on down to Fisher's Hill and beyond Strasburg, Conner's brigade engaging two brigades of enemy and driving them across Cedar Creek, General Conner being wounded. About 1 P. M. that day, I left camp near Mt. Jackson and rode to Q. M. train, staying with Major Tanner that night. Yesterday morning joined division in line of battle about a mile and a half from

here, and remained there all day, the enemy not advancing. Camped at old Headquarters last night. This morning have just received orders to go back to position occupied yesterday, the enemy reported advancing. If they come, hope we will whip them and get on to Winchester, though not much prospect.

•

CAMP NEAR MT. JACKSON,

Wednesday, October 19, 1864.

On Saturday remained part of the day with troops; they returned to their old camps in evening. Dined with Major Tanner and stayed at division Headquarters that night. Sunday, about 12 o'clock left Headquarters, everything being quiet, and returned here to camp, stopping in Woodstock. Spent Monday in camp working on Property Return for third quarter, which I completed. Yesterday, made up Cash Account for third quarter, and forwarded both. Troops still at Fisher's Hill. This morning heard rapid cannonading just after sunrise; hope "old Jubal" will drive 'em. We can't remain here long. Expect we will be found in trenches at Richmond soon.

CAMP NEAR NEW MARKET ( $\frac{1}{2}$  mile),

Wednesday, October 26, 1864.

The cannonading heard last Wednesday meant something. That morning General Early attacked the enemy on Cedar Creek, and drove them at least three miles, taking twenty pieces of artillery, wagons, ambulances, and about 1,500 prisoners, but unfortunately he stopped beyond Middletown about 10 A. M., and would not renew the attack. Meanwhile the enemy reorganized and attacked us about 4 P. M., turning our left which gave way, and the whole concern came back in the utmost confusion. To add to the rout, a squad of Yankee cavalry, said to be not more than twenty-five or thirty, dashed into our train of artillery, ordnance and medical wagons, and ambulances, and captured the greater portion of it. Our nett loss is twenty-three pieces of artillery, thirty or forty wagons, and forty or fifty ambulances. It was impossible to rally a handful of men to stop the Yankee cavalry. This is the worst stampede yet, and the harder to bear after our victory of the morning. If "old Jubal" had only pressed on, I firmly believe, from all I have heard, that we could have driven them beyond Winchester. General Ramseur, commanding our division, was wounded, and his ambulance



captured; we learn that he has since died. Ran. Hutchinson, of our staff, is missing, supposed to be captured. I was not present at the fight, or the stampede, our ordnance trains being ordered down after the success of the morning, starting from Mt. Jackson about 5½ P. M., but before getting to Woodstock, about 10½ P. M., we were ordered back and kept on to Rude's Hill, the quartermaster train following soon after. Estill and I stayed at Edinburg that night and joined our divisions next morning as they passed through. The troops came back that day (Thursday) to their old camps near New Market and we came back here. It was quite humiliating to come back up the Valley after another thrashing, but we are getting use to them now. We did, however, gain a brilliant victory in the morning, and if we had only kept on, we might have reaped the fruits of it. We have been here since last Thursday evening, nothing of interest occurring. The men have been coming in and we have been arming and equipping them slowly. Spent Friday at Headquarters reading Yankee mail; rode over there again Saturday. Sunday went to church in New Market. Spent Monday and Tuesday in camp. What will we do next?

CAMP NEAR NEW MARKET (2 miles),  
Thursday, November 3d, 1864.

Spent last week in camp, riding occasionally to division Headquarters and to General Early's Headquarters to see Colonel Allen. Issued some stores—the last of the arms on Sunday. Walked into town to church Sunday. After church went to camp with Holmes Boyd and Neep Baldwin and dined with them. Witnessed guard-mounting in Terry's brigade; went to division Headquarters, and then to town with Whiting to get the mail, and then to church. On Monday evening walked with Estill over to Allen's. Wrote also one or two reports on Monday. Tuesday wrote another report. In evening rode over to division Headquarters and witnessed dress parade, the band playing a dirge for Major-Generals Rodes and Ramseur. Tuesday was observed in our division in memory of these officers, the chaplains preaching. Yesterday changed camp and moved up here. Quite a good camp, though not so convenient. Have many unarmed men, and wish we could get arms and accoutrements.

CAMP NEAR NEW MARKET,  
Tuesday, November 15th, 1864.

Have spent the last ten days mostly in camp, riding occasionally to division Headquarters and to New Market to see Allen. Spent last Sunday week at division Headquarters, having gone there to prevent brigade ordnance wagons from being used for forage purposes, and dined with Whiting and Lewis Randolph. Dined with them again last Wednesday. Thursday the troops moved down the Valley, and on Saturday I started down also (our ordnance trains remaining here), with some slight anticipations of getting to W. again. On reaching Fisher's Hill, met the trains returning, troops following and camping that night in old camps at Fisher's Hill. General Early went between Middletown and Newtown and found all the enemy's force still between that point and Winchester. Our cavalry on back road had a fight, in which Rosser's brigade was driven back, but Payne, coming over, drove back the Yankees in utter confusion. Lieutenant-Colonel Tom Marshall, of the 7th [Va.], was killed, another heavy blow to the Barton family. McCausland's brigade, on Front Royal road, was driven back to the Shenandoah, losing some wagons and two pieces of artillery. When will we cease supplying the Yankees with artillery? Sunday the army continued its march back, reaching their old camp near here on Monday. Hope we will now go back and go into winter-quarters.

CAMP NEAR STAUNTON (2 miles),  
Wednesday, November 30th, 1864.

Spent latter part of week before last in camp, the weather being miserable—rain all the time. Wednesday, the 11th, the day for *Public Worship*, was, however, a good day, and I went to church in New Market, hearing a most excellent sermon from Rev. Dr. Lacy. I wish it could be published in tract form and distributed throughout the army. "Old Jubal" was at church to-day. On Friday, 18th, sent Lee and Wilkins with wagon to Culpeper after arms. Wilkins and wagon returned day before yesterday with only 20 arms, a complete failure; Lee went on to Loudoun. Saturday, 19th, had meeting of our Board, and again on Monday, 21st, on which day Estill and I were appointed Committee to draw up the instructions, and all the papers were committed to me—convenient way to put off all the work on *two*.

Tuesday, 22d, our trains moved back up the Valley, and I went down with troops to Rude's Hill after Yankee cavalry, which had driven in our pickets and come up there. Found about two brigades across and rest of two divisions on other side of Shenandoah river. Shelled them with artillery, threw forward sharpshooters, and our small force of cavalry on the left attacked, when they retired, retreating beyond Edinburgh, when we re-established our pickets; our loss and the enemy's small. Our artillery fired badly.

I spent the night at division Headquarters with Lewis Randolph and Whiting. Started up the Valley on Wednesday, 23d; Chichester overtook me at Lacy's Spring, and we spent the night at Mr. Shafer's, three miles this side of Harrisonburg—good place to stop at. Came on to Staunton the next day, dined with Major Randolph, and then out to camp, about 200 yards from this spot (on mountain near Mrs. Smith's), to which point we moved next morning. That day sent arms down to troops with Pollard, who returned day before yesterday. Saturday, 26th, went down to University and Charlottesville, intending to return same day, but was left, and got back Sunday. Spent Monday in camp and worked on papers committed to me by Board. Yesterday sent wagon with ammunition to troops by Wilkins; went into Staunton and paid the dentist a visit. Must get to work on papers now.

This concludes this rambling Diary, which has been of some interest to me, especially before leaving W. No chance of seeing the lower Valley again before next spring or summer.

From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, October 22, 1899.

## IT WAS OBEDIENCE EVEN UNTO DEATH.

Grave in Hollywood Recalls a Story of Devotion to Duty.

### CAME SOUTH TO FIGHT WITH US.

**James H. Beers, of Connecticut, Who Fell at Chancellorsville—Ran the Gauntlet When He Left Home—Services for the Confederacy.**

Within the last few days there has been placed over a low mound in my family lot in Hollywood, a simple granite marker bearing this inscription:

“JAMES H. BEERS,  
OF CONNECTICUT,  
WHO FELL AT CHANCELLORSVILLE  
FIGHTING FOR VIRGINIA AND THE SOUTH,  
MAY 3, 1863.”

The erection of this modest stone not only marks the discharge of an obligation, richly merited and long deferred, but it also epitomizes a life not unworthy of record and of remembrance. In the brief recital which follows, we shall endeavor to keep in mind that—while the peace of death has, years ago, passed upon the chief actor in this strange story and probably also upon most of his relatives living when he died—yet there may be others now living to whom the record of his life and death must needs be somewhat painful; therefore, we will tell the story simply and quietly, as far as possible, without the exaggeration of passion or prejudice.

When I first knew Mr. Beers he was an intelligent young mechanic—originally, I think, from Bridgeport, but at the time living in New Haven, Conn., where I was a college student, we both being members of a Bible class connected with a church of which my father, Rev. Joseph C. Stiles, was then pastor, and Mr. Gerard Hallock, of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, the most prominent member.

Shortly after my first acquaintance with Beers, Mr. Hallock became interested in him, being attracted by his regular attendance upon the services of the church and Bible class and his modest yet

self-respectful and intelligent bearing, and he soon took him to New York in some subordinate capacity connected with his paper. This was, perhaps, a year or so before the breaking out of the war, but Beers continued to visit New Haven from time to time—possibly every Saturday with Mr. Hallock—and we learned that he had exhibited rather unusual facility, not to say talent, for journalism, and had been rapidly advanced, until he had come to be an assistant to the night editor of Mr. Hallock's great paper. It was probably through his connection with this leading Democratic daily, that he imbibed the views he subsequently held as to the proper construction of the Federal Constitution and the relations between the Federal Government and the States; views which he followed to their logical conclusion, and in defense of which he ultimately laid down his life.

As the sectional excitement increased and Civil War became more and more imminent, Beers became more and more restless and unhappy, until actual hostilities began with the bombardment of Fort Sumter, when he informed Mr. Hallock that it would be impossible for him to continue to discharge his duties upon the paper. I do not remember how long it was after this that he came up to New Haven to consult my father, I think, with the approval of Mr. Hallock. Meanwhile, under the influence of like feelings, I had left New York, where for some months I had been studying law, and had gone up to New Haven, preparatory to going South.

My father had asked from General Scott passports to Virginia for himself and three sons, and the General had replied, giving the desired permit for my father, but refusing it for his boys, and we had thereupon determined to run down the coast in an open boat, which we were preparing for the purpose, being actually at work upon the sails when Beers was announced. He came directly up to the attic, which was our workshop, and, upon learning our purpose, expressed greatest interest and went to work with a sail needle, declaring that he would make the voyage with us. I rather discouraged him, calling attention to the fact that he was a Northern man and had a wife and two children to support, mentioning, in this connection, his fine position and prospects, all of which would necessarily be sacrificed. He replied that he had some money which he would leave with our mother; trusting her to expend it for his wife and children and to bring them South when she came, adding that God never gave a man a wife and children to stand in the way of the discharge

of his plain duty, and that it was plainly his duty to go with us and aid the South in the defense of her clear and clearly violated rights.

#### JOINED THE PARTY.

I cut the matter short by referring him to my father, and he at once went down stairs and interviewed him. Father subsequently told me it was perfectly obvious that Mr. Beers' mind was irrevocably made up, and that it would be more than useless to resist him—so it was settled he was to go with us. I do not remember whether his wife and children were then in New Haven, but they were certainly committed by him to the care of our mother and sisters, and subsequently followed Beers to Virginia, as I now recollect, in company with the ladies of our family, but upon this point my memory is not entirely clear.

Our position upon the burning question of the day was well understood in New Haven, and about this time all of us, especially the two boys of fighting age, were constantly and most unpleasantly watched and really in danger of arrest or attack. We made a trial trip of a day with our boat out into the Sound, ostensibly for fishing, and found we were dogged by two or three boats of volunteer scouts and detectives; so that it was finally determined to send our boat several miles up the shore by a couple of trusty friends and to drive up to that point at night, with our equipment of provisions, disguises, etc.

Everything had been arranged and we were to have embarked and sailed on a certain night, but, during the preceding day, a telegram was received from a friend in Washington, informing us that we could slip through safely if we could leave New York by a certain train the next day. My recollection is that it was deemed best to divide the party—Beers, my next younger brother and I getting off so as to catch the train indicated, father and my youngest, and then non-combatant, brother following later. The United States Deputy Marshal, in fact, came to the house to arrest us not long after we had left.

We reached Washington and got safely across the river to Alexandria; but, by some untoward accident, Beers was left behind there, and experienced some difficulty in dodging the provost guard and completing the last stage of his "On to Richmond," but he finally reached the promised land. We met him at the train and he was heartily welcomed and hospitably entertained by Mr. Ben. Gray,

in his attractive home, No. 203 East Franklin street, with the balance of the last rebel reinforcement from the North.

I wish I had at hand the means of determining the exact dates of these occurrences, but can only say we arrived in Richmond some time before the battle of Bethel, my brother and I volunteering in what was called "Junior Company F," which was at that time recruiting and drilling in a basement room under the Spotswood Hotel, the drill master of our squad being the lamented John H., familiarly known as "Jock" Ellerson.

#### AN ADVENTURE.

A day or two after his arrival another unfortunate and most unpleasant accident befel poor Beers. He had gone out alone after dinner and did not return. He was not a man to be taken at a disadvantage by an emergency, but the city was full of excitement and his position was a delicate one, and as time passed and the runners we had sent out in every direction failed to bring any news of him, we became anxious and apprehensive. At last, sometime after dark, we heard that he had been arrested as "a Yankee spy" and locked up in the negro jail. Two or three of us hurried to the spot to find the mortifying report only too true.

I can never forget the impression made upon me by the bearing of the noble fellow, as I attempted to express the pain and mortification I felt at the ignominious treatment he had received. He uttered not one word of complaint, but met me with a manly smile and hearty handshake, expressing mingled amusement and approbation, saying that while the charge was rather wide of the mark, yet the mistake was very natural; that there were probably plenty of such characters about,, and he was glad to see we were on the alert for them.

The most mortifying feature of the affair was that we were unable to secure his release that night. The evening was quite far advanced when we ascertained where he was, and it was deemed best to see Hon. Joseph Mayo, then mayor of the city, before resorting to *habeas corpus* proceedings. Mr. Mayo was found, as I now recollect, at the house of a friend, but he declined to interfere, insisting that the party should be brought regularly before the court in the morning; indeed, he made the impression upon me that he was originally responsible for the arrest, or, if not, that he willingly assumed responsibility for it and had no idea of approving any short

cut to liberty in the premises. It was now too late to apply for *habeas corpus*, and we, therefore, proceeded to make Beers as comfortable as possible in the jail, providing him a good supper and a comfortable bed, he protesting, meanwhile, that he needed nothing, or, at least, could suffer no real inconvenience that one night.

In the morning the Mayor's Court room in the old City Hall was crowded, many gentlemen of position, who had heard Beers' story, being in attendance. I do not remember whether the papers made any report of the case, either that or the following morning. Mr. Ben. Gray and I were the main witnesses for Beers. Of course, there could be no doubt as to his discharge, and, but for a ludicrous and unexpected turn of affairs, the case would have been disposed of in a few minutes. When the testimony was all in, his Honor proceeded to deliver his decision discharging the prisoner, but, at the same time, justifying and approving his arrest, concluding with the statement, uttered with all the emphasis of a solemn proclamation, that he considered it his duty to arrest any and every man who arrived in the city from the North, unless he was informed as to his antecedents and they were entirely beyond and above suspicion, adding, with increased emphasis: "And this duty I intend to discharge." A declaration which seemed to meet the approval of every one present, save and except Mr. Edward Gray—dear old Ned—now and for years past in the Commissioner's office with Bob Munford, a man as brave and true as God ever created, and as quick to burst into flame, at what he considered injustice, especially to one of his friends.

#### A HOT-HEADED CHAMPION.

Ned's hearing was then, as now, somewhat defective, and he did not quite catch the limitations his Honor had embodied in his proclamation. He sprang to his feet, and, looking toward Mr. Mayo and flinging out his right arm and shaking his right forefinger threateningly, first toward Beers and then toward my brother and myself, he shouted fiercely: "No, you won't, sir! No you won't! You arrested that man yesterday, who left everything and came down here to fight for us against his own people. Now, sir; these two came down with him, I dare you to arrest them."

The court-room was in an uproar on the instant, which we took advantage of to hustle Ned out and away. When the hubbub had subsided, Mr. Ben Gray rose and made an admirable statement, first apologizing for his brother's excitement, and then going into a full



and very complimentary recital of the circumstances above narrated about Beers and ourselves—in conclusion begging his honor not to notice this last episode. Mr. Mayo yielded to this appeal, taking occasion, however, to deliver himself of another little speech, at the conclusion of which Beers marched out a free man and a hero, being heartily cheered as he passed through the crowd. I had never before seen Mr. Mayo, and he made a strong, and, upon the whole, a very favorable impression upon me.

This account is lengthening out far beyond my original intention, yet the fundamental facts are, so far as I know, quite unparalleled, and they are striking enough to justify a full record of the surrounding circumstances.

I recall, this moment, this additional incident. Mr. Ran. Tucker, then, I believe, Attorney-General of Virginia, was an intimate friend of my father, who had now arrived in Richmond, and suggested to him that Mr. Beers and I, being citizens, not only of the United States, but of the State of Connecticut, where I had recently cast my first vote, were in rather an exceptional position, as bearing upon a possible charge of treason, in case we should enlist in the military service. The suggestion was deemed of sufficient importance to refer to Mr. Benjamin, then Attorney-General of the Confederate States, and Mr. Tucker and I interviewed him about it. These two great lawyers expressed the view that the principles which protected citizens of the Southern States were, to say the least, of doubtful application to us, and that it would probably go rather hard with us, if we should be captured. Notwithstanding, I enlisted, and Beers would doubtless have done so with equal promptness, had he not been an expert mechanic—men so qualified being then very scarce in Richmond and very much needed. He was requested to assist in the work of transferring some old flint-locks belonging to the State of Virginia into percussion muskets, and all of us insisting that he could thus render far more valuable service than by enlisting in the ranks, he rather reluctantly yielded and went to work.

How long he was thus employed I do not know. Things were moving on rapidly. The hostile lines were facing each other at Manassas, and then the great battle shocked and shook the entire continent. "Junior Company F" hung fire too long; so, the morning after the battle, my brother and I, without saying "by your leave" to any one, boarded the train bound for Manassas Junction, in company with Billy Wait (son of Dr. J. G. Wait, the

distinguished dentist of that day) and old Paul Michaux, of the First Company of Richmond Howitzers—they undertaking to conceal us on the train until it started and to secure our enrollment in the company when we arrived—both of which undertakings they most skillfully and faithfully performed.

#### FINE GUNNER AND FIGHTER.

I saw but little of Beers after this. Just when he joined the army I cannot say, but I know that it must have been some time before the battles around Richmond in the early summer of 1862; for, on the battlefield of Malvern Hill, I met some of the men of the "Letcher Artillery"—Greenlee Davidson's company, to which he belonged—who told me that my "Yankee" was the finest gunner in the battery and fought like a Turk.

Between Malvern Hill and Chancellorsville I saw Beers perhaps two or three times—I think once in Richmond, shortly after his wife and children and my mother and sisters arrived from the North.

I have seldom seen a better looking soldier. He was about five feet eleven inches in height, had fine shoulders, chest and limbs, a handsome, manly figure, carried his head high, had clustering brown hair, a steel grey eye and a splendid sweeping mustache. Every now and then I heard, from some man or officer of his battery, or of Pegram's Battalion, some special commendation of his gallantry in action; but, he being in the Third Corps and I in the First, we seldom met. I am confident Tom Brander, John and Jim Tyler, Ferriter, and other battle-scarred veterans of Pegram's Battalion, stand ready to vouch for Beers as the equal of any soldier in the command, and some of them tenderly recall him as a good and true soldier and follower of Jesus Christ as well as of Robert Lee. I am told he was in the habit of holding religious services with the men of his battery on every fitting occasion—services which they highly appreciated.

Just after the battle of Chancellorsville I was in Richmond, for what purpose I cannot now recall, unless it was that I had recently received an appointment in "engineer troops," and visited the city in connection with my commission and orders. I am unable to recall the details, but I was notified to meet poor Beers's body at the train. General Lindsay Walker, learning that he had been killed on the 3rd of May, and buried upon the field, had the body exhumed and sent to me at Richmond. It is strange how everything con-

nected with the matter, except the sad scene at the grave, seems to have faded out of my recollection. I know he was buried in our family lot in Hollywood, and, as no one of us was buried there for long years after this, we must have bought the lot for the purpose. Yes; I remember, too, that we laid him to rest with military honors, Captain Gay's company, the "Penitentiary Guard," acting as escort, and I must have ridden in the carriage with the stricken widow and his two little girls, for, I distinctly recall standing between the children at the side of the open grave, and holding a hand of each, as the body of their hero-father was lowered to its last resting place. I remember, too, that not a muscle of their pale, sweet faces quivered, as the three volleys were fired over the low mound that covered him. They were the daughters of a soldier.

"OBEDIENCE UNTO DEATH."

My story is done, and I feel that it is worthy of recital and remembrance. Indeed, it embodies the most impressive instance I have ever known, of trenchant, independent thought and uncalculating, unflinching obedience to the resulting conviction of duty—"obedience unto death."

Observe, Beers had never been South, and had no idea of ever going there, until the Southern States were invaded. Observe again, he was not a man without ties, a homeless and heartless adventurer, but a complete man—a man blessed with wife and children and home, and withal a faithful and affectionate husband and father. Observe, once more, he was not an unsuccessful or disappointed man. On the contrary, I have seldom known a man who had a position more perfectly congenial and satisfactory to him, or whose prospects were brighter or more assured. It was simply and purely and only his conviction of right and duty which led him to us and to his gallant death.

One feature of the poor fellow's story of intense power and color has been purposely omitted. I refer to his parting with his parents. It is my strong desire that this sketch shall not contain one word calculated to bring unnecessary pain to the heart of any relative of my dear friend, under whose eye it may chance to fall. If you would pass just and charitable judgment upon his family, try for a moment to conceive what would have been the feelings of a Southern father and mother and family circle toward a son and brother who, in 1861,

had proposed to go North for the purpose of fighting against his people and his State.

It gives me pleasure to say that, so far as I know, the family of Mr. Beers did their duty by his wife and children. Mrs. Beers was a delicate little woman, with a pale, suffering, resolved face, and my recollection is that she did not long survive her husband. I tried hard to have the little girls adopted in the South, and came very near succeeding; yet perhaps it was, after all, well that their friends sent for them, and that they finally returned to the North.

It is well, too, that there are not more men like Beers in the world. The bands of organized society are not strong enough to endure many such. They are too trenchant, too independent, too exceptional, to be normal. It is well that most of us believe and think and feel and act, with the mass of our fellow-beings about us. If it were not so, quiet and harmonious society would be impossible; it would dissolve and perish in fierce internecine strife. And yet, when every now and then, God turns out a man of different mould, a man strong enough and independent enough not to be dominated in opinion, or in conscience, or in action, by his associates; and, most of all, when such a man breasts and breaks away from such a current, and, in spite of it, comes out on our side, giving up everything, even life itself, for us—surely, we should be glad to know his story, and to do what honor we may to his memory.

The mound that covers James H. Beers is indeed low and humble, yet, where will you dig in earth's surface to find a handful of richer dust? I rejoice that he lies where he does, hard by my dear ones, and where my own body will soon rest; so that, when the resurrection trump shall call us all forth, after running over the roll of my beloved and finding them all present and accounted for, I can turn my eyes to the right and greet the hero whose sacred dust I have guarded all these years.

ROBT. STILES.

RICHMOND, VA., *October 14, 1899.*

## ✓ HOW GENERAL A. P. HILL MET HIS FATE.

---

Comprehending the Statements of Sergeants George W. Tucker, C. S. Army, and John H. Mauk, U. S. Army,

---

WITH SOME NOTICE OF THEIR LIVES.

---

Also an Account of the Death of Major-General John Sedgwick,  
U. S. Army.

---

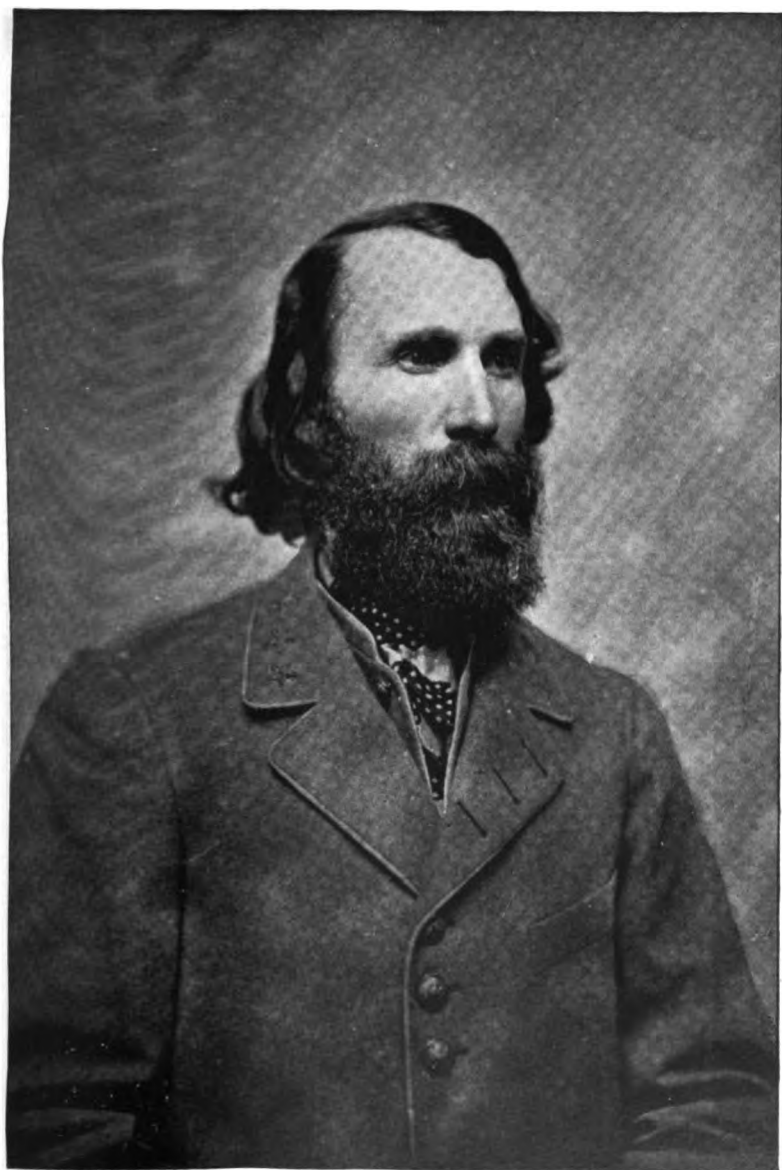
BY JAMES P. MATTHEWS.

[Portions of the following article have already appeared in the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, but the additional corroborative and illustrative details included, warrant, it may be held, the republication of the whole.

The narratives have been condensed from an article prepared by Mr. James P. Matthews, late of the Pension Bureau, for the *Baltimore American*, and published in its issue of May 30, 1892, as a preliminary to the report of the proceedings in connection with the unveiling of the statue to the memory of the heroic Hill at Richmond, Va., on the same day. The original article has been further revised and amended to make it conform to events which have occurred since and information which has been further elicited.

While investigating pension claims in the vicinity of Bedford, Pa., Mr. Matthews obtained of Sergeant Mauk the statement which is here included.

The paper has been furnished through one who saw some arduous service under General Hill, and as Captain in Dibrell's Cavalry accompanied President Davis after the surrender at Appomattox in his flight beyond Charlotte, N. C.; who has served since as Lieutenant-Colonel of Artillery in the Maryland Line, and is now First Lieutenant-Commander of Isaac R. Trimble Camp, Confederate Veterans, and the member from Maryland of the History Committee of the United Confederate Veterans. Colonel Peters, as he is popularly designated, has enthusiastically exemplified his devotion to the memory of our momentous Southern struggle.



GENERAL AMBROSE POWELL HILL.

## **GENERAL AMBROSE POWELL HILL.**

---

### **HIS CAREER AS A SOLDIER.**

---

Graduated from West Point in 1847, Second Lieut. U. S. A.  
Served in Mexico as First Lieut.; promoted for his distinguished services  
in the Artillery before the City of Mexico, Sept., 1851.  
Served in Florida and Texas until 1856; assigned to Coast Survey.  
Resigned his Commission in the U. S. A. 1861.  
Colonel 13th Virginia Infantry May 9, 1861; Brig.-General First Brigade,  
Longstreet's Division, February 26, 1862—1st, 11th,  
17th and 7th Virginia Regiments.  
Major-General Light Division, Jackson's Corps, May 26, 1862:  
Pender's Brigade North Carolina Troops.  
McGowan's Brigade South Carolina Troops.  
Archer's Brigade Tennessee Troops.  
Brockenbrough's Brigade Virginia Troops.  
Scales' Brigade North Carolina Troops.  
Lane's Brigade North Carolina Troops.  
Colonel R. L. Walker's Artillery.  
Lieut.-General and Commander of the Third Corps, Army of Northern  
Virginia, May 26, 1863:  
Heth's Division, Mahone's Division, Wilcox's Division.  
General R. L. Walker's Third Corps Artillery Battalion, 80 guns.  
KILLED BEFORE PETERSBURG, APRIL 2, 1865.

His untiring efforts have been attended with material results in the provision for the maimed and needy veterans and for kindred sacred objects. Acknowledgment is due, also, to a distinguished officer of General Hill's staff for revision of the account of the circumstances attending his death.

It has been deemed that it would be acceptable to prefix to the paper a portrait of General Hill and a synopsis of his career. These are from the "Souvenir" of the unveiling of the monument to his memory, issued by the J. L. Hill Printing Company, of Richmond, Va., who have kindly loaned the plate of the strikingly faithful portrait, for its reproduction.—EDITOR.]

---

MR. JAMES P. MATTHEW'S HISTORICAL NARRATIVE.

It is seldom that all the details of a battlefield incident are so well-known as in the case of the shooting of General Hill. Of the four men who accidentally met on the edge of a wooded swamp, skirting the Boydton plank road, on the morning of April 2, 1865, three were still living at the time of the dedication of the Hill monument, and two of them (one on each side), had written narratives of the occurrence which fit together wonderfully well, although neither of the writers was conscious of the other's existence. It is a somewhat remarkable circumstance that the survivors were all citizens of Pennsylvania in 1892. The Southern soldier who lived to tell the tragic story of the death of his chief and his own fortunate escape, and the two Union soldiers, who refused to surrender to him, would have been citizens of the same county, if boundary lines had remained as they were at the beginning of the Revolutionary War.

To properly understand the circumstances that brought General Hill and Sergeant Tucker, his chief of couriers, into accidental collision with two Pennsylvania soldiers, it will be necessary to take a glance at the military situation as it existed on that eventful morning. The two armies, which had been fortifying against each other for nearly ten months, and had fought a dozen terrific battles for the possession of vantage points on the various parts of the embattled line, had entered upon the final struggle. A portion of General Lee's forces held the cordon of strong forts which had been thrown around Petersburg, forming as it were a gigantic horse-shoe, with the corks resting on the Appomatox river and covering the roads to Richmond.



Grant's guns had been pounding away at the toe of the horse-shoe for nine months, with no appreciable effect. The Southside Railroad runs westward from Petersburg and connects with the Richmond and Danville Road at Burkville Junction. The possession of this road was as important to Lee as the direct road to Richmond, and to protect it a line of entrenchments and forts was extended for eight or ten miles to the south and west, which, up to April 1st, had availed to keep Grant away from his main line of communication and supply.

On April 1st, Sheridan, with a powerful cavalry force, passed around this line of works, and supported by the Second and Fifth corps, assaulted the extreme Southern projection of Lee's right wing at Five Forks. All the troops that could possibly be spared from defense of Petersburg were hurried out to this exposed position, where a great battle was fought, which ended disastrously to the Confederates. Johnson's and Pickett's divisions retreated to the westward, and never returned to Petersburg. A large section of Lee's right wing had been eliminated from the military problem, and for the purposes of offense and defense had ceased to exist.

The strong line of works, however, reaching from Petersburg beyond Hatcher's Run, and the impregnable horse-shoe around the city covering the road to Richmond, still remained intact. Upon these works Grant opened a fierce cannonade, which was kept up until four o'clock on Sunday morning, when, upon a given signal, the Ninth corps, under General Parke, assaulted the works immediately in front of the city, while the Sixth corps moved upon the line of works running southward and westward to Hatcher's Run.

Outside of the main line of forts around the city was a trench bearded with *chevaux-de-frise*. Logs were hewn square and bored on the four sides. Sharpened sticks were driven into these holes, so that each log represented a gigantic rake with four rows of teeth, one row always being ready to impale an advancing column, no matter on which side it might be turned. The logs were chained together at the ends, so that for miles there was a continuous line of these ugly obstructions.

When the order to charge was given, the pioneers went forward first, and with their axes broke the fastenings at the ends of the logs, and then lifted the free end around, thus making gaps through which the assaulting columns poured. The Ninth corps carried the outer line of works, but halted before the strong forts within, and

taking shelter in the captured trenches, made no further progress during the day.

The Sixth corps assaulted simultaneously with the Ninth corps, and broke through the line of works two or three miles further out in the direction of Hatcher's Run. After the troops got inside and cleared the ground in front of them, they turned to the left, dislodged four brigades of Heth's division from their defences, and started most of Heth's division of Hill's corps in a rapid retreat in a northwesterly direction, their object being to reach Goode's bridge and cross over to the north side of the Appomattox.

The troops along that portion of the line which were assaulted by the Sixth corps were mainly of Wilcox's division and Heth's division of Hill's corps. Those stationed to the right of the breach retreated east and north to the inner line of strong forts around Petersburg. Those to the left of the breach went north and west in the direction of the Southside Railroad, as already stated, and later in the day were overtaken at Sutherland's Station, on the Southside Railroad, by Miles' division of the Second corps, and compelled to halt and fight a battle.

Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill passed the night at his headquarters in the western suburbs of Petersburg, and was disturbed by the heavy firing on the Petersburg Lines in front of the city. He was exceedingly anxious to communicate with the commander-in-chief on the subject, and at daylight rode over to General Lee's quarters at the Turnbull House, on the Cox road. From there, accompanied only by two soldiers (Sergeant Tucker and Private Jenkins), he started to the right of his lines, his troops had been swept away from their line of defense, and that there was not an armed Confederate soldier in the whole region between the breach in his lines and the Southside Railroad east of Hatcher's Run. On the west side the disorganized brigades of Heth's division were hurrying away in rapid retreat. If he had started an hour earlier and followed the same route, he would have ridden into Seymour's division of the Sixth corps. If he had started an hour later he would have struck the returning column, reinforced by two divisions of Ord's corps, which had crossed the works west of Hatcher's Run, and turning eastward, met the Sixth corps, which faced about and came back to the point where it had entered the Confederate lines.

When General Hill came to the lost ground in front of Wilcox's line it was not occupied, except by a few soldiers of Keifer's brigade, a portion of which had not turned westward with the main body after

crossing the Confederate works, but had kept straight on in the direction of the Southside Railroad. When this detached fragment faced about and followed the remainder of the command, a few men dropped out and took possession of an old deserted camp that had been occupied by General Mahone's troops during the winter, and began to prepare a hasty breakfast. Corporal John W. Mauk and Private Daniel Wolford, of Company F, One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Pennsylvania Infantry, did not halt with the rest, but kept on in the direction of the Southside Railroad. These two men were coming back from their independent exploring expedition, when General Hill and his sergeant of courier, George W. Tucker (formerly of Baltimore, now of Frederick county, Md.), came up with them. Mr. Tucker, in the November (1883) number of the *Southern Historical Papers*, gave a very interesting, and no doubt, perfectly truthful, account of this meeting and its fatal result.

EXTRACT FROM THE NARRATIVE OF GEORGE W. TUCKER.

We went directly across the road into the opposite field, and riding due south a short distance, the General drew rein, and for a few moments used his field-glass, which, in my still profound ignorance of what had happened, struck me as exceedingly queer. We then rode on in the same direction, down a declivity toward a small branch running eastward to Old Town creek, and a quarter of a mile from General Lee's. We had gone a little more than half this distance, when we suddenly came upon two of the enemy's armed infantry men. Jenkins and myself, who up to this time rode immediately behind the General, were instantly upon them, when, at the command "surrender," they laid down their arms. Turning to the General, I asked what should be done with the prisoners. He said, "Jenkins, take them to General Lee." Jenkins started back with his men, and we rode on.

Though not invited, I was at the General's side, and my attention now having been aroused, and looking carefully ahead and around, I saw a lot of people in and about the old log hut winter quarters of General Mahone's division, situated to the right of Whitworth house and on the top of the hill, beyond the branch we were approaching. Now, as I knew that those quarters had been vacant since about March 15th, by the transfer of Mahone to north of the Appomattox, and feeling that it was the enemy's troops in possession, with nothing looking like a Confederate anywhere, I remarked, pointing to the

old camp, "General, what troops are those?" He quickly replied, "The enemy's." Proceeding still further, and General Hill making no further remark, I became so impressed with the great risk he was running that I made bold to say, "Please excuse me, General, but where are you going?" He answered, "Sergeant, I must go to the right as quickly as possible." Then pointing southwest, he said, "We will go up this side of the branch to the woods, which will cover us until reaching the field in rear of General Heth's quarters. I hope to find the road clear at General Heth's."

From that time on I kept slightly ahead of the General. I had kept a Colt's army pistol drawn since the affair of the Federal stragglers. We then made the branch, becoming obscured from the enemy, and crossing the Boydton plank road, soon made the woods, which were kept for about a mile, in which distance we did not see a single person, and emerged into the field opposite General Heth's at a point two miles due southwest from General Lee's headquarters, at the Turnbull House, and at right angles with the Boydton plank road, at the Harman House, which was distant half a mile. When going through the woods, the only words between General Hill and myself, except a few relating to the route, were by himself. He called my attention, and said, "Sergeant, should anything happen to me, you must go back to General Lee and report it."

We came into the field near its corner, at the foot of a small declivity, rising which I could plainly see that the wood was full of troops of some kind. The General, raising his field-glass, said, "They are there." I understood perfectly that he meant the enemy, and asked, "Which way, now, General?" He pointed to that side of the woods parallel to the Boydton plank road, about one hundred yards down the hill from where our horses stood, saying, "We must keep on to the right." I spurred ahead, and we had made two-thirds of the distance, and coming to a walk, looked intently into the woods, at the immediate edge of which were several large trees. I saw what appeared to be six or eight Federals, two of whom, being some distance in advance of the rest, who halted some forty or fifty yards from the field, ran quickly forward to the cover of one of the large trees, and, one above the other, on the same side, leveled their guns. I looked around to General Hill. He said, "We must take them," at the same time drawing, for the first time that day, his Colt's navy pistol. I said, "Stay there, I will take them." By this time we were within twenty yards of the two behind the tree, and getting closer every moment. I shouted,

"If you fire, you will be swept to hell. Our men are here—surrender!" Then General Hill was at my side, calling, "Surrender." Now, within ten yards of the men covering us with their muskets—the upper one, the General; the lower one, myself; the lower soldier let the stock of his gun down from his shoulder, but recovered quickly as his comrade spoke to him (I only saw his lips move), and both fired. Throwing out my right hand toward the General, I caught the bridle of his horse, and, wheeling to the left, turned in the saddle and saw my General on the ground, with limbs extended, motionless.

Instantly retracing the ground leading his horse, which gave me no trouble, I entered the woods again where we had left them, and realizing the importance, and, of all things, most desirous of obeying the General's last order to report to General Lee, I changed to his horse, a very superior one and quite fresh, and letting mine free, kept on as fast as the nature of the ground would permit.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Fifth Alabama Battalion, skirmishing, found the General's body, which was still slightly warm, with nothing about it disturbed. The Federal party were doubtless alarmed at what had been done, and must have instantly fled. The writer did not again see General Hill's body, which was brought to Venable's by a route still farther to our rear. \* \* \* I learned that the ball struck the General's pistol hand, and then penetrated his body just over the heart.

N. B.—That cruel ball first cut off the thumb of General Hill's left (bridle) hand, leaving it hanging from the gauntlet.—W. P.

The account which Corporal Mauk wrote out for Mr. Matthews confirms Tucker in all the main incidents of the tragedy, but inasmuch as Tucker rode speedily away, after the shooting, he had no personal knowledge of the manner in which General Hill's body was recovered. Are there any survivors of the squad of Confederate soldiers that came and carried it away? Mauk's story as to what occurred before the shooting is certainly true, as seen from his standpoint. Can we accept as history his account of what occurred after the shooting? Here is his story :

#### STATEMENT OF CORPORAL MAUK.

"On the morning of the 2d of April, 1865, after the rebel works had been carried in the front, the main portion of the troops deployed to the left inside the enemy's works. A portion of the Second brig-

ade, Third division, Sixth army corps became separated from the main body and pushed forward to the railroad and a wagon road, running parallel with each other. Comrade Daniel Wolford and myself, of company F, 138 Pennsylvania infantry, reached this point. We came to a saw-mill, just across the railroad, close to it under a slab pile near the track, we found some crow-bars, with which we tore up two rails of the track. Previous to this, however, before we were separated from the others, we saw a wagon train passing along, and advanced, firing, expecting to capture it. This accounts for our advancing in this direction.

After tearing up the track we went obliquely to the left, from the railroad, in the direction of a swamp about a half or three-quarters of a mile from the saw-mill, which we had passed to the right when firing on the train, and going in the direction of the railroad. Here we attempted to cross back on the corduroy road, which led through the swamp toward a body of our men on the hill near the former line of the rebel works. These men were stragglers who had been lost from their commands and were making coffee and eating breakfast. Just as we entered the swamp we saw two men on horseback coming from the direction of Petersburg, who had the appearance of officers. They advanced until they came to the men on the hill, they then turned and rode toward us. We had just entered the swamp when they advanced with cocked revolvers in their hands which were leveled at us. Seeing a large oak tree close to the road, we took it for protection against any movement they would be likely to make. Seemingly, by direction of his superior, one of the rebel officers remained behind. The other advanced with his revolver pointed at us, and demanded our surrender, saying: "Surrender, or I will shoot you. A body of troops are advancing on our left (i. e., from the direction of Petersburg), and you will have to surrender anyway!" The officer still advanced and peremptorily demanded, "Surrender your arms." I said "I could not see it," and said to Comrade Wolford, "Let us shoot them."

We immediately raised our guns and fired, I bringing my man from his saddle.

The other officer, throwing himself forward on the horse's neck, rode off in the direction from which they had come, while the horse of the other followed. We, knowing not what was on our flank and not being able to see in that direction, backed out and went farther down the swamp, and crossed to the men on the hill.

Shortly afterwards I told Comrade Wolford that I would go and see what the officer had with him. I went a short distance, and saw what I took to be a skirmish line advancing. I went back and got part of the men on the hill, perhaps ten or fifteen, and deployed them as skirmishers for self-defense. The advancing line came within hailing distance. I ordered them to halt, which they did. Then I said : "Throw up your arms, advance and give an account of yourselves."

On being questioned, they said they had captured some rebel prisoners and were taking them to the rear. Six or eight were carrying guns, and were dressed in our uniform. About that many were without guns, and wore rebel uniforms. I took their word, and let them go. Turning round they asked me if a man had been killed near there. I told them I had killed an officer in the swamp. They went off in that direction. I had no suspicions at the time, but afterward thought this was a Confederate ruse to get the body of the man I had just killed. Comrade Wolford and myself shortly after this joined our regiment, and nothing more was thought of the affair until summoned to brigade and corps headquarters to answer questions.

After I had given a statement of the affair, General Wright asked me if I knew whom I had killed. I told him that I did not. He said: "You have killed General A. P. Hill, of the Confederate Army."

All this occurred on the morning after the rebel works had been carried, on the 2d of April, 1865.

JOHN W. MAUK.

Commenting on Mauk's statement as to what occurred after Sergeant Tucker rode away, the writer of the original article, Mr. Matthews, says:

"As to the stratagem by which General Hill's body was recovered and carried back to Petersburg, Mr. Tucker makes no mention of it, and from his article it might be inferred that a line of battle had been formed somewhere in the neighborhood and that a party of skirmishers had gone out in front and had found the body and carried it to the rear. It does not appear from the official reports, or the contemporary narratives, that there was a line of battle anywhere in that locality. The Sixth corps, when it came back from its expedition to Hatcher's Run, inside the Confederate works, passed out at the gap through which it entered, while Ord's two divisions went on towards Petersburg.

"The Sixth corps passed around to the right and formed in the rear of the Ninth corps, which, as already shown, was holding the outer circle of the Confederate works, which it had captured in the morning. Ord's men, after parting with the Sixth corps, pushed on to the inner line of strong forts, covering the west side of Petersburg and assailed them. There was fierce fighting at one of these forts, and the colored regiments, especially, suffered heavy loss in the assault. When the Sixth corps passed over the same ground on the next day, after Petersburg had been evacuated, they found the dead bodies of the colored soldiers lying in front of this fort like sheaves on the harvest field.

"From the events of the day, it seems more than probable that the body of General Hill was recovered in the manner described by Mr. Mauk, before the Union troops came back from Hatcher's Run. After the advance of Ord's divisions, no Confederate skirmishers could have reached that locality, and before these troops arrived there was nobody to skirmish with, except the little squad of stragglers, led by Corporal Mauk, precisely as he has related."

#### CORPORAL, AFTERWARD SERGEANT MAUK.

The Union soldier (John W. Mauk), who was the principal actor in this tragedy, died August 19, 1898, at the age of 58 years. He was a fair type of the enlisted men in the Pennsylvania regiments. The great majority of them sprang from the plain people, and were reared in humble homes. They were mostly farmer boys and common laborers, with about the same proportion of mechanics in each company as could be found in the communities from which they came. When the successive calls for troops were promulgated from Washington, the village workshops as well as the farms yielded their quota.

Mauk grew up in a little valley in Bedford county, not far from the town of Bedford. A high mountain overshadowed his home on either side. With the exception of his three years' service in the Union army, his whole life was spent in the same neighborhood. He died in the village of Centreville, midway between the city of Cumberland, on the Potomac, and the town of Bedford, on the headwaters of the Juniata. When a boy, he picked up the rudimentary education which most lads, in his condition of life, obtained in the "log school-house," and his ambition never reached beyond the simple employments which required no large stock of school-book



learning. Nevertheless, he was a man of excellent sense, had an intelligent conception of the great Civil War, its causes and results, and could give a vivid account of the campaigns in which he was engaged. He never boasted of the act which brought his name into the official report of the commander of the division in which he served, but he had no hesitation in telling the thrilling story when it became the subject of special inquiry.

During the last few years of his life Mauk drew a pension of \$12 a month from the United States government, which, with his modest earnings as a carpenter and common laborer, enabled him to live in comparative comfort, in the plain, simple style of his neighborhood. At the time of his enlistment, he had a wife and two children. His wife died soon after the close of the war, and both children, by this marriage, died before reaching maturity. In 1866 he married his second wife, who is now his widow. A son, Mr. H. C. Mauk (who is a teacher in the public schools), and a daughter, are the surviving children. For twenty years or longer, Mauk was an active member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He led a quiet, unobtrusive life, full of toil, but honest, upright and manly.

Daniel Wolford, the comrade who fired the ineffective shot at Sergeant Tucker, when Mauk with steadier aim brought down General Hill, is still living. He belongs to the class of honest toilers, of whom Mauk was an excellent type. He has spent his whole life in Bedford county, Penna., near to the spot where he was born. The tremendous events through which he passed in his youth, made no appreciable impression on his character and apparently had nothing to do with shaping his destiny. He is a quiet, well-meaning, hard working man, and this is what he would, in all probability, have been, if he had remained at home when the other farmer boys marched off to the war—and had never seen "a squadron set in the field."

#### SERGEANT TUCKER.

The other survivor of the Hill tragedy, Sergeant George W. Tucker, who escaped through Wolford's bad marksmanship, in his best days bore but little resemblance to the two men just described. In his youth he was surrounded by an entirely different environment. He is a native of Baltimore and enjoyed the educational advantages that belong to a large city. Of handsome person and soldierly bearing, it is not surprising that he was soon taken from the cavalry company, in which he had enlisted as a private soldier, and put into a

responsible position at headquarters. Several acts of personal bravery attracted the attention of General A. P. Hill, and during the remainder of his service he was one of that able officer's confidential messengers, and was often entrusted with special duty regarded as particularly delicate and dangerous.

At the close of the war Tucker returned to Baltimore and for a number of years was a salesman for the large wholesale house of William T. Walters & Co. Of late years he has resided, for the most part, in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. At present he is living in the little village of Pearl, Frederick county, Maryland. It is understood that his health has become greatly impaired.

#### GENERAL SEDGWICK'S SUDDEN TAKING OFF.

It is a fact worthy of being noted that Corporal Mauk was an eye witness to the killing of General Sedgwick, commander of the Sixth army corps, whose taking off was as sudden, as unexpected, and almost as tragic as that of General A. P. Hill. The Sixth corps had made a long march on the 8th of May, 1864, and on the 9th was getting into position in front of Spotsylvania. No general engagement was expected for some hours, and Sedgwick and several officers of his staff were leisurely inspecting the lines, walking from one point to another, and stopping occasionally to speak encouraging words to the men. The Confederate line was apparently a mile away, but every now and then the whirr of a minie ball showed that the sharpshooters were plying their deadly work from such vantage points as the natural features of the battle ground afforded. Sedgwick had been told by his chief of staff, earlier in the day, that there was one place on the line which he should avoid, for the reason that the fire of the sharpshooters seemed to converge upon it, as if it had been selected for a target.

Strangely enough, the officer who had given the warning accompanied General Sedgwick to the very spot which he regarded as specially dangerous. They stopped, and Sedgwick passed some jokes with the men who were inclined to drop to the ground whenever they heard the singing of a bullet. To reassure one poor fellow whose dodging interrupted his work, Sedgwick said to him, "They couldn't hit an elephant at this distance." These were the last words of the amiable, good-natured, gallant Sedgwick. A ball struck him fair in the face, and went through his head. General McMahon, who was standing close beside him, in attempting to sup-

port his stricken chief, was borne to the ground, and it was not until he saw the blood gushing from the mortal wound that he recalled the warning he had given but a short time before. Fate had led both men unconsciously along, until they stood immediately in front of the sharpshooters' target.

Corporal Mauk was close enough to the group to hear the conversation with the dodging soldier, and he often repeated Sedgwick's expression about the inability of a sharpshooter to hit an elephant at so great a distance. General McMahon described the touching scene in a private letter to a friend, a portion of which was published not a great while ago, and the last sentence uttered by Sedgwick, as recorded by his chief of staff, is identical with what Mauk heard him say an instant before the sharpshooter gave such awful proof of his skill.

---

[From the *Richmond Dispatch* of November 17 and December 8, 1899.]

## **RICH MOUNTAIN IN 1861.**

---

### **An Account of that Memorable Campaign and How General Garnett was Killed.**

---

#### **HISTORY OF THE OCCURRENCES**

---

**Of May 10th, 11th, and 12th—Taliaferro Succeeds to Command After the Fall of Garnett—Incidents of the Report by Dr. Henry M. Price, Company K, 44th Virginia Volunteers, With Corrections and Additional Particulars by C. T. Allen, formerly of Lunenburg County, Va.**

---

BY DR. HENRY M. PRICE.

At the request of many old comrades, and through your courtesy, I will try to give your readers a true history of the occurrences of the 10th, 11th, and 12th of May, 1861, culminating in the tragic death of General Garnett, and the loss of West Virginia to the State and the Confederacy. No campaign has been more misunderstood, nor more misrepresented, both North and South than this.

On the evening of the 10th of July, 1861, the Forty-fourth Virginia Volunteers, commanded by Colonel William C. Scott, of Pow-

hatan co., Va., reached Beverley, Randolph county, and encamped at the base of Rich mountain, just beyond, in the road crossing that mountain, on which, six miles beyond, General Pegram held position, having 300 men, known as the "College Boys," entrenched on the summit of the mountain three miles off, and 900 with himself. Scott had 800, rank and file, and six pieces of artillery. At Laurel Hill (Elkins), nine miles beyond Beverley, General Garnett faced McClellan's 15,000 with 2,000 men, composed of Colonel William C. Taliaferro's brigade, the Thirty-first Virginia (West Virginia), under Colonel Jackson, and the First Georgia, under Colonel Ramsey. Thus Garnett was attempting to hold four detached positions against McClellan's united force of over three to one. On the night of the 10th your correspondent was thrown out at the extreme picket on Rich mountain, with orders from Captain Shelton, of Louisa, officer of the day, to scout out if anything unusual occurred, and find out its nature and report to him on rounds to the posts. About midnight a movement of the enemy was discovered opening and cutting a way 'round Pegram's position in the direction of the entrenched position held by the "College Boys." This was duly reported and a courier sent to General Garnett. At daylight of July 11th an order came to Scott to immediately join Garnett at Laurel Hill. When within three miles of that position an order came to countermarch double quick "to the forks of the road on Rich mountain, some half a mile from the entrenched 'College Boys,' and hold the position to the last man." The position was reached about 1 P. M., and almost immediately the enemy—5,000 strong—made an attack on the position of the "College Boys." A more gallant fight than these brave boys put up against overwhelming odds was never made. They stood firm as the rocky base of the mountain beneath them, until the last round of ammunition was exhausted, and then, only then, scattered amid the forest. The men of the Forty-fourth were held, under General Garnett's positive order, as idle witnesses almost, of these brave boys' defeat—stern men crying in agony to be led in to their help, even almost to mutiny. There never has been a doubt in our minds, if we had united with the boys the 1,100, and twelve pieces of artillery, would have checked, if not defeated, the "Buckeye Braggarts," as we did successively four times thereafter. On that day, wrought to reckless frenzy, we might have been annihilated, but never defeated!

## GARNETT'S LAST ORDER.

Almost with the close of the fight, an order came from General Garnett for Scott to fall back to Huttonsville, twelve miles from Beverley, and he would join us there, concentrate, and give McClellan battle. We had nearly reached Huttonsville, when there came another order from Garnett for us to return to Beverley, where he would join us, and fight there next day. Midnight of the 11th of July found us, after marching and countermarching all day, drawn up in the streets of Beverley, waiting Garnett, our last march made amid a thunder-storm and downpour of rain seldom witnessed. As we stood in rank, wet to the skin, there came a last order from Garnett "to take the prisoners from the jail and fall rapidly back to Monterey, where he would join us by way of Hardy and the South Branch of the Potomac." This was done, Colonel Scott ordering your correspondent to remain at the log cabin, just out of Beverly, to direct stragglers from the fight on Rich mountain on the line of retreat. This he did, remaining until the Yankee cavalry appeared, approaching Beverley from the direction of Laurel Hill, on the morning of the 12th of July, then rejoining the regiment late in the evening of that charge at Cheat mountain. It is evident that, as the turnpike road was open for the Yankee cavalry, it was equally open for Garnett to have joined Scott at Beverley, and retreat that way to Cheat mountain and entrench there, as the enemy did afterwards.

At "Travellers' Rest," on Greenbrier river, near dark of the 12th, we met the 12th Georgia, under Colonel Edward Johnson, who fell in line after us, and continued retreat over the Alleghany. About midnight, 'mid inky darkness, at a long angle in the road, our prisoners, held in the front, broke away, and the fire of the guard striking our rear, led us to think we were being attacked by "bush-whackers," and the fire was promptly returned, leading the front to the same idea. Then for some minutes the front and rear continued fiercely firing, the flash of our Springfield muskets illuminating the visible darkness, the men, almost to a man, remaining resolutely firm and cool, as comrades fell around and the shrieks of the wounded pierced the darkness 'round. Had Mrs. Susan Pendleton Lee been an eye-witness of this scene, she would hardly have written, "These men were totally demoralized." On the evening of the 13th we rested for the night, and on the 14th of July reached Monterey and encamped, awaiting Garnett's forces to join us. Pegram, cut off by

this mismanagement, was compelled to surrender the force with him to McClellan. General Garnett commenced to retreat on the night of the 11th of July, with McClellan in pursuit, who overtook him at Cannick's Ford, over Cheat river. Here Garnett concluded to make a stand to check the enemy's advance. A line of battle was formed of Taliaferro's regiment and the 1st Georgia, with the 31st Virginia (West Virginia) thrown out as a skirmish line and sharpshooters along the banks of the river. General Garnett rode up to Lieutenant-Colonel Pat Duffy, of Braxton Courthouse, in charge of the skirmish line, and called for twelve men. On reaching the stream he ordered eleven back, and himself and one man, Zack Tillman, of Lewis county, continued to the middle of the river. Here Garnett ordered ten men back, who, thinking the General demented, hesitated. A volley from the enemy riddled Garnett's body. It fell into the stream. Tillman brought out safely the General's horse. The body was recovered by McClellan and sent home by way of Washington for burial.

#### RETREAT TO MONTEREY.

On the fall of Garnett, Colonel Taliaferro assumed command, and speedily checked the enemy's advance, and his force safely reached Monterey a few days after. The entire force were detained a month at this place by measles of a virulent type which decimated our ranks. On the 15th of August we advanced to Traveller's Rest, on the Greenbrier, to hold the Parkersburg turnpike, and prevent any advance from Cheat mountain on Staunton, General Henry R. Jackson, of Georgia, being in command. We had been reinforced by the 1st Arkansas, Colonel Rusk, and Fulkerson's southwest Virginia regiment. Early on the morning of the 2d of September, Millroy, with 5,000 men and his field guns, crossed the bridge over the Greenbrier to drive in our pickets and attack our entrenched camp. Our pickets, 120 strong, taking the laurel on the side of the mountain, held their advance for three hours, making an unequalled fight of this character. The 1st Arkansas, Taliaferro's regiment, and the 44th Virginia held the entrenchments, the latter being on the left at the extreme point of the ridge, near the enemy and under our own battery and in line of fire of the enemy's. The 1st and 12th Georgians formed line of battle on the banks of the river to check the enemy's crossing. The ridge, on our left, was held by the 31st Virginia (West Virginia) and Fulkerson's regiment. The Georgians, pre-

venting Millroy from crossing to attack the entrenchments, the battle culminated into an artillery duel of three hours' duration, when the enemy fell back. During this artillery duel the writer witnessed as cool a piece of daring as he saw but once after during the war. He was lying down in his place in the trench at the extreme point, near the enemy's battery and directly beneath our own, in line of the direct fire. The next man to the left of him was private Robert Blackburn, the present postmaster of Antioch, Va., who was sitting up, a twelve pound shell fell in the trench between us, its firing, hissing fuse rapidly burning, predicating death or wounds to all in that part of the trench. There was no time for me to rise and throw it out, so I exclaimed, as it fell: "Throw her out, Bob." Instantly he seized it and hurled it over the bank of trench, and it scarcely rolled twenty feet before it exploded. Here was a fair specimen of our demoralization, so curtly mentioned in Mrs. Lee's history. Indeed, Colonel (afterward General) Edward Johnson paid the men the compliment to say, "They were as immobile under fire as a parcel of tarrapins on a sandbar."

#### AT CHEAT MOUNTAIN.

Soon after this General Robert E. Lee, then in command in West Virginia, when he planned an attack on Cheat mountain from the west, called for 2,500 volunteers from this force to storm the entrenchments from the east. He got them, and they marched to position at midnight, awaiting all day for the signal guns from the west side—that never came. General Lee could not have deemed them suffering much from demoralization.

Late in the fall our forces fell back to the top of the Alleghany for winter quarters, Colonel Edward Johnson in command. On the night of the 25th of December, the enemy, 5,000 strong, under Millroy, made a night march in a snowstorm to surprise us. Our pickets, on the turnpike road up the mountain, were bayoneted, rolled up in their blankets, asleep on their posts. Our men were round their camp-fires, cooking breakfast; the "Buckeyes" suddenly appeared, firing into them. Surprised and overpowered by such numbers, our men scattered in disorder, falling back some thousand yards and halted. Colonel Johnson, in his night-clothes, slippers and overcoat—for there was no time left to dress—put himself at their head, with an "old grub" picked up, and charged the enemy, our force growing at each step by the surprised men. For a short time it was

a hand-to-hand fight at close quarters. Gradually the enemy gave back; then faster and faster, finally flying in total rout along and down the mountain side. All things considered, this was one of the most remarkable victories gained during the war. General Loring having assumed command, on hearing that Fremont was ascending the East Branch of the Potomac with 10,000 men to cut him off at McDowell, slowly fell back to the Cow Pasture mountain, to protect Staunton. About midnight of the 6th of May, Stonewall Jackson, marching rapidly from the Shenandoah Valley with a part of his small force, joined us and at once ordered us "to go back to McDowell" and fight, but whip the enemy. We reached the vicinity of McDowell, where Fremont had united with Millroy, about 2 P. M. of the 8th of May. We at once formed line of battle on the ridge above, the centre being held by the 44th and 21st Virginia and the 12th Georgia regiments. Upon this attack, after attack was made to break it. The fight stubbornly continued until night, when the enemy were totally routed by a general charge and their camp, stores, etc., taken. From this date this command became part of Stonewall Jackson's famous foot cavalry—present in every fight up to his lamented death. They formed part of the force of General Edward Johnson, cut off at the Bloody Angle, and furnished the principal part of the six hundred officers—the martyrs of Morris's Island and Fort Pulaski—many of them food for the sharks of Charleston harbor or their bodies decaying amid the boggy marshes round Fort Pulaski. At the former places—held by negro troops, late slaves—their ration was two ounces of bread, washed down with a pint of Cayenne pepper tea.

Captain James M. Hughes, Company K, 44th Virginia, who resides near Scottsville, Va., says he owes his life to a negro—Corporal Triner—who, taking a fancy to him, daily brought him battercakes, hid beneath his shirt bosom. His brother, Lieutenant John Hughes, less fortunate, and many others, were reduced to skeletons, under the agony of starvation from a stimulated appetite goaded by the beverage given. The few who at last, in the very jaws of death, returned home were walking skeletons, whom even their friends failed to recognize. If any one desires to hear the terrible torments suffered by these victims of a diabolical cruelty without parallel, even in the world's darkest pages, let them call upon Captain James M. Hughes, as brave and true a soldier as marched to the tune of Dixie beneath the Stars and Bars, and as the unbidden ear of memory rises in his



fearless eye, he will a tale unfold that will damn the authors of this diabolical scheme and consign them to eternal obliquity of the blackest pages of the world's eternal history.

---

CORRECTIONS AND FURTHER PARTICULARS BY C. T. ALLEN.

MEXICO, MO., *November 25, 1899.*

*To the Editor of the Dispatch:*

In your weekly issue of November 21st I have read with pleasing interest an article by Dr. Henry M. Price, late of the 44th Virginia Volunteers, touching the incidents and occurrences of July 10, 11, and 12, 1861, at and about Rich mountain, the scene of the second battle of the late war—the first being the battle of Big Bethel, on June 10th.

I remember with remarkable distinctness many occurrences of that time, and I recall this day, after the lapse of thirty-eight and one-third years, many little incidents of that terrific battle on the summit of Rich mountain, in which over 25 per cent. of the brave boys who went into it on the Confederate side "bit the dust." Well and distinctly do I recall this day the fact that Colonel William C. Scott and his full and brave regiment was close by—almost in sight—and that our cry of distress, as our comrades fell "like leaves in wintry weather," was unheeded by him. I recall also the fact that one of our men, Waddy S. Bacon (one of Walker's Nicaragua campaigners and filibusters, as brave a man as ever trod the earth), in some way "ran the gauntlet" of shot and shell on that ever-memorable July 11, 1861, and went to Colonel Scott in person, told him of the situation, begged him to go to our help, showed him how an attack in the Federal rear would demoralize the whole Federal force and cause them to flee as if "from the wrath to come," and offered to go side by side with him in leading the rear attack. No, Colonel Scott didn't "budge" one inch! Pegram's heroes—only about 250 actually engaged—confronted by General Rosecrans with three full regiments—at least 3,000 men—stood like a "stone wall" on that mountain summit, fighting to the death, hoping, waiting, praying that Colonel Scott would come to their help and rescue. They fought and hoped and waited and prayed in vain. Finally, as they were about to be surrounded by the Federals "lapping" all around them, they fell back, leaving seventy-odd dead on the field of honor.

The battle of Rich mountain, on July 11, 1861, is not down in history as one of the big battles of the war. In comparison with a hundred others, perhaps, it was a small affair; and will not be noticed by the future historian. But it is a fact, nevertheless, that it was a bloody battle, and those engaged in it on the Confederate side "stood to their guns" with a gallantry and heroism worthy of all praise. The fact that they lost over 25 per cent. of their number attests the stubbornness of the battle.

Allow me to correct Dr. Price in a few particulars, of which I know more than he could possibly know, for he was with Colonel Scott and I was with Pegram, though I was not actually in the fight on the mountain summit. Dr. Price says General Pegram was "entrenched on the summit" of Rich mountain, with 300 men, known as the "College Boys," and 900 men elsewhere.

Here my friend is in error. Lieutenant-Colonel John Pegram (afterwards major-general, and killed at Five Forks, near Petersburg, on or about April 1, 1865), arrived at Rich mountain with his regiment, the 20th Virginia volunteers, on Tuesday or Wednesday evening, July 9th or 10th—I have forgotten which—and assumed command. We came from Laurel Hill, where General Garnett was in command. When we got to Rich mountain there were a few troops there—how many I do not now remember. Among them was a field battery commanded by a gray-bearded and brave old gentleman named Anderson. But all told, Pegram's force on July 11th didn't number more than 1,000 men, if so many. "The College Boys"—students from Hampden-Sidney College, commanded by Professor John M. P. Atkinson, brave and splendid soldiers, every one of them!—constituted one company only in the 20th Virginia, but they were only a small part of the Confederate force who held the mountain summit so bravely that day. As well as I remember, there were no entrenchments—if any, very poor indeed—on the mountain top. We had not been there long enough to throw up entrenchments worthy the name, and the few troops there before we got to Rich mountain were engaged in felling trees and making an abattis on the southwestern slope of the mountain. I think it can be safely stated that there was no "entrenched position" on the mountain summit, but there was a so-called "intrenched position" (logs piled up with cracks chinked with rocks and sticks, &c.!) on the southwestern slope.

Now, my friend, Dr. Price, says Colonel Scott, on the morning of July 11th, in obedience to an order from General Garnett, started

from Beverley to join Garnett at Laurel Hill, and was then ordered back "to the forks of the road on Rich mountain, some half mile from the entrenched College Boys, and hold the position to the last man."

Colonel Scott reached this "forks of the road" point about 1 P. M. July 11th, when immediately 5,000 Federals, who had passed this "forks of the road" point, I presume, before Scott got there, attacked Pegram's force on the mountain summit. Now, let's see how "things" stood just at this point of time.

The Confederates under Pegram on the mountain summit were aligned across the road, facing in a somewhat northeast direction, the Federals under Rosecrans attacking Pegram and facing in a somewhat southwestern direction. Immediately behind these Federals and within a "half mile" of Pegram was Colonel William C. Scott, with 800 men and six pieces of artillery, all eager to go to the rescue of the brave Pegram and his fast-falling men! My conscience! What havoc Colonel Scott could have played with his 800 brave men and six pieces of artillery by a dashing attack on the Federal rear! His artillery could not have done much real service owing to the topography of the ground surrounding him, but his men with rifles and muskets, aided by the uproar that could be created by six pieces of artillery firing even blank cartridges, could at that early period of the war have "raised the siege" of Pegram and his men and saved the day. But Colonel Scott didn't "budge" one inch. There he stood, an "idle witness" of brave comrades praying him to come to their rescue, calling for his help, but fighting and dying at their post! No wonder Colonel Scott's braves "cried in agony to be led to their help, even almost to mutiny."

I never knew Colonel Scott personally, I do not now know whether he be dead or alive. I have never known what reason he gave for not helping Pegram that day. Dr. Price says Colonel Scott was "held under Garnett's positive order at the forks-of-the-road point," and couldn't leave. I have no doubt at all of the truth of that statement. But let us look at the situation, and perhaps we will see that Colonel Scott was not justified in fulfilling literally his order.

General Garnett first ordered Scott to join him at Laurel Hill. Then Garnett didn't know that David L. Hart, a mountaineer, who lived on the mountain summit, was leading Rosecrans with three full regiments to Pegram's rear. But he soon became aware of it, and realizing Pegram's extreme danger of being overwhelmed and

captured—"horse, foot, and dragoon"—ordered Scott back to protect Pegram's rear, and believing that the "forks-of-the-road" point was the best place for Scott to take and make his fight and "hold to the last man," ordered him so to do. When Scott got there he plainly saw that he was too late—that the Federals were actually in position beyond the forks of the road, higher up the mountain, and ready to begin, and did in a few minutes, begin the bloody attack upon Pegram's rear.

Colonel Scott had taken his position, and he held it, an "idle witness" of the slaughter of his brave comrades on the mountain summit, and there he stayed, because Garnett had ordered him to do so! His brave men wanted to rescue, or at least help, Pegram, but Colonel Scott said "No! I was ordered to take and hold this position at the forks of the road," and I am doing it. Colonel Scott ought to have seen that the very wording of his order—"to hold" the forks-of-the-road point "to the last man"—contemplated his getting to that point before the Federals got there, or at least before they struck Pegram's rear on the mountain summit. When he did get there, the Federals had passed up the mountain and were ready to begin, and did in a few minutes begin the battle. He ought to have seen that "circumstances had changed" from what they were anticipated to be when Garnett wrote that order, and the order was no longer obligatory upon him. Then, left to his own view of the actual situation, the view of a brave soldier, with a splendid advantage over the enemy staring him in the face, what was Colonel Scott's duty? Any one can answer—to strike the enemy in the rear with all possible dash; put every rifle and musket and every piece of artillery to its best work; raise the rebel yell, and make the enemy feel, or at least imagine, that "hell had broke loose," not "in Georgia," but in his rear. If Colonel Scott had done so, the day would have been saved, I think, and many a brave boy would have lived to fight again. But he didn't, and the day was lost, and the whole of what is now West Virginia was thrown away, a new State carved out of the "Old Dominion" without warrant of constitutional law—"the bastard offspring of a political rape!"

When I recall the dreadful sufferings of Pegram's men on their retreat from Rich mountain; how we trudged through the very blackness of darkness the night following the battle through a trackless wilderness; how we tramped through mud and rain down to Monterey; how men fell by the way from hunger; how wounded

comrades were set up against trees and given the farewell hand of fellowship, and never heard of again—when a recollections of these sufferings comes back to me, and I think how much of them could have been avoided had Colonel Scott realized his duty as he looked on as “idle witness” at that forks-of-the-road point on July 11, 1861, the tears drop down my cheek, and I feel that Colonel Scott was most grievously at fault. Let no one think for one moment that I impugn in the least degree the courage of Colonel Scott. That is not my purpose, for I never knew him, or anything of his personal characteristics. But I do say that Colonel Scott failed that day to realize what his duty was. He literally obeyed orders, when he should have realized and known by the intuition of a soldier, that his duty was to throw his orders to the winds and strike the enemy in his front and their rear and die, if need be, in saving the day.

In another communication at some convenient season, with the permission of the *Dispatch*, I will say more of Rich mountain and its consequences.

C. T. ALLEN,  
*Formerly of Lunenburg county, Va.*

---

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, November 12, 1899.]

## THE FIFTEENTH VIRGINIA.

Composed of Richmond, Henrico and Hanover Boys.

### CAREER OF THIS GALLANT REGIMENT.

**Incidents of the Capture of Harper's Ferry and the Bloody Battle of Sharpsburg—Colonel Vance and “Molly Cottontail.”**

I want to tell what I know about the part taken in the Sharpsburg campaign by the 15th Virginia Infantry, whose rifles cracked from Bethel to Appomattox.

There were eight companies in the regiment, organized and composed of men from Richmond and vicinity—to-wit: Company A, Church Hill, city; Company B, Virginia Life Guard, city; Company C, Patrick Henry Rifles, Hanover; Company D, Old Dominion Guard, city; Company E, Ashland Grays, Hanover; Company G,

Henrico Southern Guard, Henrico; Company H, Young Guard, city; Company I, Hanover Grays, Hanover.

Having lost its colonel (T. P. August, wounded) and major (John Stewart Walker, killed at Malvern Hill), the regiment recruited and reorganized, broke camp on August 30, 1862, near Culpeper Courthouse, and started on its eventful march for the first invasion beyond the Potomac.

On August 31st we bivouacked at Fauquier White Sulphur Springs, September 1st, at Gainesville, September 2d, at Bull Run, September 3d, at Leesburg, and September 6th, we crossed the Potomac by fording the river—up to our breast. September 7th, we bivouacked near Frederick City, Md., and on the 10th passed through the city. Many “rebel” flags were displayed from windows and housetops. We did not see or hear of any Federal flags, nor the notorious and much-talked-of Barbara Freitchie. September 11th we crossed South mountain, within six miles of Harper’s Ferry, and on the 12th, 13th, and 14th, we were kept busy beating back the enemy sent to the relief of Harper’s Ferry. On the 15th that town surrendered, our prizes being 12,737 men, 47 cannon, 24 mounted howitzers, large quantities of small arms, ammunition, horses, and ambulance and quartermaster’s stores. The last were very much needed, as our army was much in want of shoes and underwear.

September 16th, after paroling the prisoners, we took up our march back into Virginia, with full stomachs. After a long and tedious march, we bivouacked late at night near Shepherdstown. On the 17th the bugle called us before day, and a forced march was begun for the Potomac, which we reached about sunrise—hungry and tired, and having a cold stream to wade. The enemy’s guns at Sharpsburg could be distinctly heard at that early hour. D. H. Hill, with bulldog tenacity, holding McClellan in check while Longstreet and Jackson were coming to his aid.

It took us only a few hours to reach our position under Jackson, on the extreme left of the line, and just at a time when that part of the line had commenced to give way before greatly superior numbers. In our immediate front the enemy were driven back over half a mile, after a fight of nearly two hours, and the expenditure by us of nearly every cartridge; but it was a dearly bought victory, for our little command sustained a greater loss that day than any other in the army. It went into action under the command of Captain E. M. Morrison, of Company C, the only field officer being still absent on account of wounds. The regiment was much depleted, and was also

worn down from loss of sleep, long marches and poor rations. Straggling from sore feet and sickness had reduced our strength from a possible 175 men to an effective strength of 14 officers and 114 men. The heavy loss from our ranks had naturally cast a deep feeling of depression over the rest of the little band.

The brave Captain E. J. Willis, who took command after Morrison fell, held up his overcoat for me to count the bullet-holes, and I counted about eight. It was perforated at least six or eight times by bullets; besides, his metal scabbard was cut in two. Willis was, before the war, pastor of Leigh Street Baptist church.

Of the fourteen officers who entered the fight, one, Captain A. V. England, of Company D, was killed, and six—Captain E. M. Morrison, commanding the regiment; Lieutenant Bumpass; Lieutenant J. K. Fussell, our own J. K.; Lieutenant J. H. Allen; Lieutenant George Berry, and Lieutenant George P. Haw—were wounded. Of the 114 non-commissioned officers and privates, 10 were killed and 58 wounded.

We held our part of the lines until after dark, when we withdrew about a hundred yards to the crest of a hill in our rear, where we lay unmolested all the next day, the 18th, in full view of the enemy. That afternoon Captain Willis had me gather up all the wounded that could walk (of which I had twenty), and take them across the Potomac at Shepherdstown, which we forded at night.

We went on our way to the hospital at Winchester, with not a mouthful to eat except what I could beg on the route, but the women along the road helped me to wash and bind up the men's wounds, which was the only medical attention they received during our weary march. After getting them safe to the hospital I returned to the regiment, which I joined September 23d, near Martinsburg, where they were undergoing "repairs."

Thus ended a three-weeks' campaign of a regiment which seems to have been almost forgotten by the good people of Richmond, though raised amongst them. It was the first regiment to organize in 1861, and left this city for the front May 24th, armed with guns of four different calibres—viz., Springfield, Enfield, Mississippi rifle, and smooth-bore.

Company F, the Emmett Guards, and Company K, the Marion Rifles, disbanded after the first year, their term of enlistment.

Our regiment bared its breast for four long years to all comers. Yet, for all the hardship, fatigue, and privations endured, some little things gave us cheer and amusement. While taking a short

rest in Hagerstown, Md., the doors and windows of the houses being filled with women and children, eager to see a live "rebel," a soldier left the line and approached a group of boys on the sidewalk, appropriated a boy's hat, put his dilapidated covering on the boy's head, and returned to ranks amid the merriment of his comrades. Imagine the "rebel yell" that went up when a woman appeared with a pair of tongs, lifted it from the pavement, where the boy had thrown it, and deposited it in the gutter.

Colonel Zeb. Vance, the gallant and witty North Carolinian, at the battle of Fredericksburg, where Jackson wanted to "drive them in the river," was taking his regiment through a dense thicket and undergrowth, where "ole hares" were plenty. It was when the fire was heaviest that the little things seemed paralyzed from fear. The boys were so busy picking up and bagging them that they almost forgot the enemy in their front. One "old lady," though, didn't lose her head, but took to the rear, and in passing Colonel Vance he put his sword under his arm, clapped his hands, and exclaimed: "Go it, old Molly Cottontail! If 'twasn't for honor, I would be with you."

JAMES B. LACY,

Late Sergeant-Major 15th Virginia Infantry, Confederate

States Volunteers, Army of Northern Virginia.



✓ [From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, March 5, 1899]

## GETTYSBURG BATTLE.

### Some Literary Facts Connected Therewith.

#### A QUESTION OF GREAT INTEREST.

**Discussed in the Light of Some Late Revelations—General Early's Theory—Many Writers Passed in Review—A Myth.**

By HENRY ALEXANDER WHITE, Washington and Lee University.

At what hour on the morning of July 2, 1863, did General Longstreet's troops present themselves, in readiness for battle, on the Seminary Ridge in front of Gettysburg? Strange to relate, it has required a period of thirty-three years to question, and yet this question bears upon the point that is most essential, perhaps, in the entire discussion of Longstreet's part in that great struggle. The chief facts in the case are as follows:

So long as General R. E. Lee remained alive, no utterance in public fell from any Confederate officer's lips concerning the loss of the field of Gettysburg. On January 19, 1872, at the Washington and Lee University, General J. A. Early felt impelled to make reply to William Swinton's published criticism of General Lee's management of the battle. Swinton's strictures were based upon alleged private statements by Longstreet. Early's reply involved the charge that Longstreet himself was responsible for the repulse of the Confederate army at Gettysburg. In support of this charge, Early referred to a conference held by Lee, Ewell, Rodes and Early, late in the afternoon of July 1, 1863, and declared that Lee left that conference "for the purpose of ordering up Longstreet's corps in time to begin the attack at dawn next morning. That corps was not in readiness to make the attack until 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the next day." (*Southern Historical Society Papers*, December, 1877, page 284.) Early's statements were repeated in the *Southern Magazine*, September-October, 1872. One year after Early's address—January 19, 1873—Dr. William N. Pendleton substantiated the charge against Longstreet by reciting Lee's personal statement, made in the

evening of July 1, 1863, that he had ordered Longstreet to attack "at sunrise the next morning." Dr. Pendleton's address was published in the *Southern Magazine*, December, 1874.

In November, 1877, Longstreet made answer by publishing in the *Philadelphia Times* a detailed account of the campaign and battle of Gettysburg. This article was reprinted in *Southern Historical Society Papers* (January-February, 1878). In this he denied that Lee gave him the order to attack at sunrise on July 2, 1863. To sustain his assertion, Longstreet published extracts from letters written by members of Lee's staff and members of his own staff, declaring that they had no knowledge of Lee's order. Among these extracts there was one from a letter written to Longstreet by Hood, who commanded the rear division in Longstreet's marching column as the First corps drew nigh to Gettysburg. As the quotation from Hood's letter plays an important part in the later stages of the discussion, we may pause here long enough to say that this letter itself, as cited by Longstreet, bore no date. The extract ran thus:

"I arrived with my staff in front of the heights of Gettysburg shortly after daybreak, as I have already stated, on the morning of the 2d of July. My division soon commenced filing into an open field near me, when the troops were allowed to stack arms and wait until further orders. A short distance in advance of this point, and during the early part of the same morning, we (Longstreet and Hood) were both engaged, in company with Generals A. P. Hill and Lee, in observing the position of the Federals. \* \* \* General Lee was seemingly anxious that you should attack that morning. He remarked to me: 'The enemy is here, and if we do not whip him he will whip us.' You thought it better to await the arrival of Pickett's division, at that time still in the rear, in order to make the attack, and you said to me subsequently, while we were seated together near the trunk of a tree: 'General Lee is a little nervous this morning. He wishes me to attack. I do not wish to do so without Pickett. I never like to go into a battle with one boot off.'" (*Southern Historical Society Papers*, January-February, 1878, page 79.)

Upon its face this note is rather indefinite as to the time of the conversation among the officers, the time proposed for the attack, and the time of the arrival of Hood's infantrymen. It is interesting to mark the significance attached to Hood's statement by Longstreet himself. He held that it completed his chain of evidence to disprove

the assertions in regard to the "rumored order for a sunrise attack." (*Southern Historical Society Papers*, January-February, 1878, page 79.)

Hood's statement, however, in Early's mind, was given a different interpretation. Early re-entered the lists, in the pages of the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, and cited Hood's letter as the last link in his chain of evidence to prove that Longstreet was ordered to make an attack in the early morning of July 2d. Hood's letter, said Early, indicated the partial execution of Lee's order in the actual arrival of Longstreet's troops upon Seminary Ridge between dawn and sunrise. "If there had before remained any doubt," wrote Early, "as to who was responsible for the failure to strike the blow at the proper time, the very clear and explicit statement by General Hood, which is a most valuable contribution to the history of the battle, would settle that doubt beyond dispute, I think. General Hood's statement furnishes information not before given in regard to the time of the arrival on the ground of Longstreet's troops, and renders it very certain that the orders for the attack to begin were given very early in the morning, if not the night before." (*Southern Historical Society Papers*, December, 1877, page 269.) "Hood got up before sunrise, and he gives several circumstances tending to show that General Lee was anxious to make the attack at once." (*Idem*, June, 1878, page 280.) At the same time, Early set forth a detailed statement of the conference held after the close of the battle of July 1st; he expressed the opinion that Stuart and Ewell were not responsible for the loss of the field, and reiterated, as his final conclusion, the charge that Longstreet was responsible for the failure, because he was "so persistently averse to the attack and so loth to take the steps necessary to begin it." (*Idem*, December, 1877, page 291.) Early's conclusion is based apparently upon the following interpretation of Hood's note: That Hood's division, bringing up the rear of Longstreet's marching column, in obedience to Lee's previous command, actually arrived at Lee's headquarters in readiness for battle before sunrise; that Lee wished to make the attack upon the instant; that Longstreet's opposition to the plan of attack was made while the troops were thus at hand and ready for orders, and that in view of this opposition by Longstreet, General Lee delayed, and did not give peremptory orders to advance into battle until a much later hour—about 11 o'clock. (*Idem*, December, 1877, pages 291-292.)

At this point in his line of reasoning the thought evidently arose

in Early's mind that his conclusions were calculated to place General Lee's reputation in great jeopardy. If the reason for a disastrous delay of several hours duration was merely General Lee's deference to Longstreet's opposing opinion, what shall be said of Lee's capacity to carry out his own carefully-arranged plan of battle? Early's mind was too clear not to see this issue, and he faced it as follows:

"There is one thing very certain, and that is that either General Lee or General Longstreet was responsible for the remarkable delay that took place in making the attack. I choose to believe that it was not General Lee, for if any one knew the value of promptness and celerity in military movements, he did. It is equally certain that the delay which occurred in making the attack lost us the victory." (*Idem*, December, 1877, page 293.)

This statement shows us that in the last analysis the gallant old soldier, General Early, was compelled to fall back upon his personal loyalty to General Lee and his personal knowledge of Lee's conduct upon other battle-fields to find vindication for Lee's management of the Confederate troops at Gettysburg.

The central truth, however, of the whole matter is that Early misinterpreted the fragment of Hood's letter. Early's chief premise was wrong and his conclusion was, therefore, entirely wrong. Early set forth his views in 1877-'88. Since that time additional facts have come to the light to show that Longstreet's troops did not arrive on Seminary Ridge until long after sunrise on the morning of July 2d; that the difference of opinion between Lee and Longstreet was not matter for discussion one moment after the coming of the infantry of the First corps, and that Longstreet's subsequent delay on the right was perpetrated during Lee's tour of observation to the Confederate left wing.

The first instalment of fresh evidence concerning the time of the arrival of Longstreet's troops was published in the *Southern Historical Society Papers* for February, 1879, in the form of an address by General Lafayette McLaws. He had delivered a similar address as early as 1873. McLaws was in command of the advance division of Longstreet's men as they approached Gettysburg. By Longstreet's order McLaws went into camp on the western side of Willoughby Run after 12 o'clock in the night that followed July 1st. The head of his column was more than two miles from Lee's headquarters, on Seminary Ridge. McLaws wrote these words: "Some time after my arrival I received orders from General Longstreet to continue the march at 4 A. M., but the order was afterwards countermanded,

with directions not to leave until sunrise. The march was continued at a very early hour, and my command reached the hill overlooking Gettysburg early in the morning. Just after I arrived General Lee sent for me, as the head of my column was halted within a hundred yards of where he was, and I went at once and reported. General Lee was sitting on a fallen tree with a map beside him. After the usual salutation, General Lee remarked: 'General, I wish you to place your division across this road,' pointing on the map to about the place I afterward went to" (the Peach Orchard).

McLaws said further that "if the corps had moved boldly in position by 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning, as it could have done," the attack would probably have succeeded. (*Southern Historical Society Papers*, February, 1879, pages 68 and 76.)

Another fragment of testimony was added in the following year—1880—when Hood's volume, entitled "Advance and Retreat," was issued from the press. This volume contained the entire letter from Hood, of which Longstreet had printed only an extract, and it now appeared that Hood made his statement concerning the time of the arrival of his troops "from memory," on June 28, 1875, twelve years after the morning of July 2, 1863. It may, at this point, be noted further that Hood's phrase concerning the time of the conversation held by Lee, Longstreet, Hill and Hood is this: "During the early part of the same morning;" presumably before the arrival of Hood's troops.

In 1883 the *Century Magazine* began to publish an extended series of articles written by both Federal and Confederate actors in the great tragedy of Gettysburg. E. P. Alexander set forth the movements of the Confederate artillery on July 2d and July 3d, in such complete detail that all subsequent writers from that time forward could do nothing else than adopt his statements. Kershaw likewise told how he led a brigade of McLaw's division at the very head of Longstreet's column on the morning of July 2, 1863. (*Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Vol. III, page 331.) These articles in the *Century* anticipated by a few years the publication of the official reports of the participants in the battle, in Volume XXVII of the official records.

Kershaw's report concerning the movements of his brigade on July 1st and afterwards, was thus set forth: "We marched to a point on the Gettysburg road, some two miles from that place, going into camp at 12 P. M. The command was ordered to move at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 2d, but did not leave camp until about sun-

rise. We reached the hill overlooking Gettysburg with only a slight detention from trains in the way, and moved to the right of the Third corps, and were halted until about noon." (*Official Records*, Volume XXVII, Part II, page 366.)

E. P. Alexander's report states that his battalion of artillery "marched with the First corps, and accompanied it \* \* \* to Gettysburg, Pa., where we arrived at 9 A. M. on July 2d." (*Official Records*, XXVII, Part II, page 429.) Captain O. B. Taylor, commanding a battery in Alexander's battalion, reports thus: "We arrived there (Gettysburg) about 10 A. M. July 2d." *Idem*, page 432.) It may be remarked in explanation that Alexander's battalion marched at the rear of Longstreet's column, and that it took a leading part in the battle of the 2d day of July. The Washington Artillery marched with Longstreet's troops. In 1885 appeared W. M. Owens's volume, entitled "In Camp and Battle with the Washington Artillery." On pages 243-4 we find this statement concerning the journey made on the morning of July 2, 1863: "After waiting until 2:30 A. M. for a clear road, began our march, and at 8 A. M. reported, ready for action, to General Longstreet on the field."

An important word remained even yet unspoken. This came at last from the lips of General McLaws on April 27, 1896. He revised his former Gettysburg address and read it before the Confederate Veterans' Association of Savannah on the date named. From that address I quote: "My division arrived at Willoughby Run, about four miles from Gettysburg, at 12 o'clock at night and camped there. During the night I received orders to march on at 4 A. M., but this was countermanded, and I was directed to be ready to move early in the morning. The sun rises about half-past 4 in the first days of July. \* \* \* Not long after sunrise I moved forward, and before 8 A. M. the head of my division reached Seminary Ridge, where General Lee was in person. I was notified that General Lee wished to see me, and my command was halted and I reported to the General. \* \* \* General Longstreet was walking up and down a little way off, apparently in an impatient humor. \* \* \* General Longstreet joined us and said, pointing to the map and speaking to me, 'General, I want you to place your division there,' drawing his finger along a line parallel to the Emmitsburg road. 'No, General,' said General Lee, 'I want his division perpendicular to the Emmitsburg road.'" (*Addresses Savannah Veterans' Association*, 1896, pages 68, 69.)

Further light is thrown upon the matter by the reports of Wilcox and Anderson, of Hill's corps. It was part of Lee's plan that this corps should occupy the Confederate centre on July 2d, and that Longstreet should bring his divisions upon the field immediately to the right of Hill. Anderson's division, however, was a mile and a half west of Gettysburg on the morning of July 2d (*O. R.*, XXVII, Part II, page 613.) The brigade of Wilcox, Anderson's division, did not begin the advance movement until 7 A. M., and it was 9 A. M. when the brigade took its position in line of battle on Seminary Ridge. (*Idem*, page 617.)

These quotations furnish us a full explanation of Hood's indefinite letter, and show that Longstreet was delinquent in not hastening up his troops to Seminary Ridge as Lee had ordered; that those troops set forth from camp only after sunrise, were detained to some extent by Ewell's wagon train, and the head of the column reached Seminary Ridge when the sun was three or three and a half hours above the horizon. We learn, further, that the quasi-debate between Lee and Longstreet, as described in Hood's letter, took place before the troops stood in Lee's presence; that when the First corps arrived, about 8 A. M., Lee at once gave specific orders to the leading division commander, over Longstreet's head, as it were, and bade McLaws lead his men into battle along the Emmitsburg road, from the Peach Orchard towards Gettysburg.

There is further evidence from Long, Venable and others, to show that Lee then rode away through the town of Gettysburg to consult with Ewell about the co-operation of the left wing with the right wing, which he had just ordered forward to the attack. At Ewell's headquarters Lee waited to hear Longstreet's guns. At noon he rode from beyond Gettysburg to Seminary Ridge to seek Longstreet, only to find that the latter had assumed authority to await the arrival of Law's brigade. This brigade came up about half-past 12 or 1 o'clock. Three hours were then consumed in finding a covered route to the Peach Orchard, where Longstreet's guns opened the battle about 4 P. M.

The above are the actual facts. On the other hand, however, General Early's untenable theory, set forth twenty years ago, has become the basis of a modern myth. Early's narrative with reference to that which he heard and saw on the evening of July 1st is of course accurate beyond all question. But when Early took the fragments of Hood's letter and fastened an erroneous interpretation upon it, due to his own lack of information, he laid the foundation of the

myth which many recent writers have asked us to accept. General Longstreet himself seems to have adopted the myth, for in his *Memoir of the War*, published in 1896, he asserts that the troops of McLaws and Hood reached Lee's headquarters at sunrise on the morning of July 2d (page 362). Newspaper and magazine articles have invited us to consider a supposed dramatic spectacle, alleged to have taken place on the morning of July 2d. The time contemplated by those who have developed this view is the hour between dawn and sunrise; the place, Seminary Ridge, with Cemetery Hill in full view. The mythical spectators, the troops of McLaws and Hood, stained with mud of an alleged night march. The chief actors, Lee and Longstreet. Lee's alleged opinion is that the troops ought to deliver battle at once; Longstreet remonstrates against the attack, and his argumentative opposition, we are told, leads to delay and consequently disaster. So runs this erroneous theory.

Reference must here be made to one writer, who published his views before Hood's letter became a part of the discussion. The Comte de Paris, as long ago as 1875, gathered into his bulky volumes all obtainable facts bearing upon the most minute movements of the Federal and Confederate troops in this entire campaign and battle. Some of his statements are wide of the truth, but upon the point here under discussion he bore this testimony: "Longstreet virtually disobeyed General Lee's wishes in not bringing his corps to Seminary Ridge until 8 o'clock on the morning of July 2d."

The whole myth vanishes in the light of the statements made by McLaws, Kershaw, and the rest. The alleged spectacle of Lee's vacillation did not take place. The supposed spectators, the troops, were not present. In fact, they were just breaking camp beyond Willoughby Run after the hour of sunrise. The discussion between Lee and Longstreet was only a brief exchange of views, and it took place while those riflemen were still at a distance. Lee did not vacillate. He did not yield his judgment to Longstreet. The latter's fault was not argumentative opposition, but practical disobedience of orders. There were two separate acts in this disobedience. Neither of these was committed in Lee's presence. Both were perpetrated when Lee and Longstreet were far apart. Longstreet countermanded the order for the early march before he reached Lee's headquarters; later in the day he bade his divisions pause and wait for Laws' brigade, after Lee's departure to another post upon the field. In both cases Longstreet could advance the nominal excuse that he was only exercising the discretion usually accorded



to a corps commander in the absence of the general-in-chief. His use of that alleged discretion, together with the improvident use of the same prerogative on the part of Stuart, A. P. Hill and Ewell, combined together to inscribe Gettysburg in the annals of the Southern Confederacy as a lost field.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, October 22, 1890.]

## **THE VINDICATION OF THE SOUTH.**

---

### **BRILLIANT ADDRESS OF HON. B. B. MUNFORD.**

---

**An Array of Facts—The Right of Secession is Set Forth  
Unmistakably.**

---

### **THE SENTIMENT IN THE NORTH.**

---

**The South Not Alone in its Interpretation of the Constitution—Vir-  
ginia's Love for the Union—The Institution of Slavery—  
Good of the Negroes.**

---

At the unveiling of the monument to the Confederate soldiers of Accomac and Northampton at Parksley, Friday last, Hon. Beverley B. Munford, of this city, delivered an address which excited widespread interest, and brought out facts unknown to the majority of the present generation.

Mr. Munford, after an appropriate allusion to the West-Harmanson Camp of Confederate Veterans, under whose leadership the monument had been erected, proceeded to portray the heroic conduct of the Confederate soldiers from Accomac and Northampton counties. Cut off from the balance of the State, their section early passed under the control of the Federal power. Uninfluenced either by the safety of their situation, or by the fears of the dominant power, the men of this sea-girt land sped to the succor of their State and to their brethren on the other shore of the bay. Mr. Munford paid a high tribute to the valor of the men in whose honor the West-Harmanson Camp was named, of the various officers and privates from Eastern Shore

who bore heroic parts in the great struggle, and then proceeded as follows:

But, my countrymen, while the erection of monuments to commemorate the heroism of the Confederate soldier is a work worthy of the highest commendation, there remains for this generation a still more sacred and important duty—the duty of portraying the high motives which impelled him, and of vindicating his name from the charge of treason.

The world acknowledges the splendid valor with which he maintained his cause, yet waits to declare whether his course was justified by the tests of ethical and constitutional right. It is only by repeated expositions that our children, and the mind and conscience of the outside world will be informed both with respect to his rights and the motives which influenced his conduct. This exposition is due as well to the actors in that great contest as to our countrymen of every phase of thought. The Union, and love for the Union, the closer sympathy between the States and sections, will be strengthened rather than hindered by a correct understanding of the rights asserted by the parties to that, the mightiest conflict of modern times.

#### THE RIGHT OF SECESSION.

First and foremost of the States which seceded appealed to the Constitution in justification of their course. The rightfulness of this contention must be determined not by our conceptions of what would have been the best system of government or the best form of constitution, but what, in the light of the admitted facts of history, and the actual terms of the Constitution as adopted, were the relative rights of the States and of the Union, with respect to this great problem. I can not, upon this occasion, do more than epitomise the facts and reasoning upon which the advocates of secession maintained the justice of their cause. It will help to a clearer understanding if we take one Commonwealth and portray her relations to the Union, and as we are to-day to honor the memory of Virginians, I shall select for that purpose our native State.

Virginia was one of the original colonies, having a separate existence from the other colonies, and yet, like the others, forming an integral part of the British Empire. Pending this political relation, the allegiance of her citizens was due the British crown.

On the 15th of May, 1776, the people of Virginia met in convention, and acting without association with any of the other colonies, declared her separation from and independence of Great Britain.

## BILL OF RIGHTS.

On the 12th of June, 1776, she adopted and proclaimed her bill of rights; and on the 29th of June adopted her Constitution. She declared all power of government vested in her own people, who alone succeeded to the rights and territories of the crown. Her governor and State officers were elected, taking an oath of fealty to the Commonwealth of Virginia. All this was accomplished before the 4th of July, 1776—before the Declaration of Independence, which declared the colonies free and independent States, had been proposed at her instigation and prepared by her great son.

Thus, the people of Virginia became citizens of the State, and she their sovereign. The Declaration of Independence, so far from changing the allegiance of her citizens or proclaiming the independence of the country as a whole, by its very terms declares that the several colonies are "free and independent States."

The Articles of Confederation were formulated by the Continental Congress in November, 1777, and submitted to the legislatures of the respective States as such, and not to the people, for ratification.

These articles constituted by their very terms a compact between States, naming them, and not the people of the whole country; and declare that each State retains its sovereignty and every power which is not expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assembled. While numerous powers were vested in the Federal Congress, yet it had no power, except acting on and through the States as such, even to collect taxes or to enlist troops for the prosecution of the war of the Revolution.

## NOT AS A WHOLE.

When, by the treaty of peace with Great Britain, our independence was acknowledged, the independence of the people of the United States as a whole was not recognized, but each of the separate Commonwealths, naming them, was declared a free, sovereign and independent State.

Thus stood the government—Federal and State—and the allegiance of the citizen, after the treaty of peace with Great Britain acknowledging our independence.

In 1787 the Constitutional Convention, as it was called—a body authorized by no Federal enactment—assembled at Philadelphia, prepared and proposed to the several States for adoption a new constitution. The old Confederacy was abandoned, and by the express

terms of the Constitution it was not to be effective until nine States should have ratified the same.

The adoption of the Constitution was not the act of the people of the whole country, but of each State, as only by the separate acceptance of its terms by each State could it become binding upon her. The States were absolutely free to enter the new Union, or to retain their complete independence. Thus North Carolina and Rhode Island—the latter not being even represented at the Philadelphia convention—refused to enter. The Congress of the United States laid tariff duties upon imports from both of these Commonwealths, as in the case of other foreign States—acts which were not repealed until they entered the Union.

#### CONSOLIDATED GOVERNMENT.

When Mr. Henry, who was not a member of the Philadelphia convention, charged that the expression, "We, the people of the United States," in terms implied a consolidated government. Mr. Madison, the foremost architect of the Constitution, replied: "Who are the parties to it? (the Constitution). The people. But not the people as composing one great body, but the people as composing thirteen sovereignties. Were it, as the gentlemen asserts, a consolidated government, the consent of a majority of the people would be sufficient for its establishment."

The bare recital of these facts would seem to demonstrate that in the formation of the Constitution, and the resulting Union, the States acted as separate sovereignties, and that the government thus created, was the result of a compact between them, and not the act of the people as a whole.

The powers of the Federal Government, therefore, were delegated and not inherent; and to ascertain them it is only necessary to search the Constitution, where those so delegated are enumerated.

In the conventions of Virginia and New York, the question was raised as to the relative rights and powers of the State and Federal governments, and in order to define more clearly the meaning of the Constitution, and to establish more firmly the rights of the States, the resolution of the Virginia convention, in adopting the Constitution, uses this language:

#### VIRGINIA CONVENTION.

"We, the delegates of the people of Virginia, do in the name and behalf of the people of Virginia, declare and make known, that the

powers granted under the Constitution, being derived from the people of the United States, may be resumed whenever the same shall be perverted to their injury or oppression."

The resolution of adoption by the New York convention is of very much the same import. These two States also proposed amendments to the Constitution, which were quickly ratified and made a part of the instrument itself. The amendment bearing specifically upon the point under consideration, was the 10th, which expressly provides "That the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." Thus, with the very adoption of the Constitution, the position maintained by the statesmen that the Constitution was a compact between States, was established, as they thought, beyond a question.

If it was a compact between separate sovereignties, and the compact enumerated all the powers surrendered to the federal head, then the parties to the compact could withdraw as an incident to their sovereignty, and because that right had not been surrendered. The citizen, as we know, was the citizen of the State, and not of the Union. If the State had a right to secede, it had the supreme claim upon the allegiance of all its citizens, even in a controversy between the State and the federal head.

#### POSITION OF THE FOUNDERS.

This was the position of the advocates of the right of secession, and the reasoning upon which they based their claim. The principle so declared, had been frequently asserted by States and statesmen, in the most solemn manner. Thus, upon the passage of the Alien and Sedition laws, the celebrated resolutions of 1798 were adopted by the legislatures of Kentucky and Virginia—the first of which was prepared by Jefferson, and the second by Madison. These resolutions, thus prepared by the author of the Declaration of Independence and the father of the Constitution, asserted in the most solemn form that the government was a compact between States; that its powers were limited to those specifically delegated in the Constitution; and that the States had the right to determine for themselves when the Federal government exceeded its authority.

These declarations became the subject of assault and defence, but so far from the principles annunciated being repudiated, at the very next election, Mr. Jefferson was elected President of the United

States, and after a service of eight years, was succeeded by Mr. Madison, who filled the office for a like period.

#### CAUSE OF DISSOLUTION.

In 1804, the legislature of Massachusetts passed an act declaring that the purchase and annexation of the territory of Louisiana by the general government was a sufficient cause for the dissolution of the Union.

In 1814 the representatives from the six New England States assembled in the celebrated Hartford convention, and, because of their opposition to the war with England, declared that unless the policy of the administration in prosecuting this war was changed, they would be forced to adopt measures for withdrawing from the Union. The convention adjourned to meet the following June, when the timely ending of the war prevented the necessity of its reassembling.

Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, in a speech delivered in the House of Representatives upon a bill for the admission of the first State from the Louisiana purchase, declared: "It is my deliberate opinion that if this bill passes, the bonds of the Union are virtually dissolved; that the States which oppose it are morally free from their obligations, and that as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, to prepare definitely for a separation."

In 1839 John Quincy Adams, in an address before the New York Historical Association, declared: "We may admit the same right has vested in the people of every State of the Union with reference to the general government, which was exercised by the people of the united colonies with reference to the supreme head of the British Empire, of which they formed a part, and under these limitations have the people of each State in the Union a right to secede from the Confederate Union itself."

#### NO BINDING FORCE.

In 1845 the legislature of Massachusetts, in view of its opposition to the proposed annexation of Texas, passed a series of resolutions in which, after declaring that there was no precedent for the admission of a foreign State or territory into the Union, and as the powers granted in the Constitution do not provide for such legislation, so "an act of admission would have no binding force whatever upon the people of Massachusetts."

These various resolutions and enactments of State authorities, and declarations of statesmen both of the Revolutionary and later periods, were accepted as avowals of constitutional rights, implying no lack of loyalty or patriotism.

If the States had the right under the Constitution to secede, then the Federal government had no constitutional right to coerce them. The inability of the Federal government to coerce States had been frequently illustrated by the refusal of governors to honor requisitions made upon them by governors of other States for the rendition of fugitive slaves, though the statute under which the requisitions were made was passed by Congress, and the government stood pledged to enforce its execution.

Thus stood the historical and legal features of the great controversy. To say that the people of Virginia, or of any other State, acting under the forms of law, could not withdraw from the Union without a violation of the Constitution, was to contest what was an accepted theory of the government, held by leaders of thought in every section, from the day of its foundation.

We are not discussing either the wisdom of exercising the right of secession or the wisdom of the fathers in the formation of such a government, but we are considering the actual terms of the Constitution and the truths of history. And in the light of these conditions, that man is indeed reckless of inexorable facts who avows that men who died in the maintenance of rights so time-honored and so widely accepted were guilty of treason.

#### THE RIGHT OF REVOLUTION.

The statesmen of the seceding States founded their action, as we have seen, upon their rights under the Constitution. They never admitted that it was necessary to have recourse to the right of revolution. Mixed, however, in the popular mind with the right of secession was the conviction that the right of revolution was one that could not be denied. They had never learned to admit that George Washington was a traitor, only saved from the scaffold by the adventitious fortunes of war. Less than one hundred years before, their fathers had decided for themselves the great question of their political destiny, with no higher warrant than the brave avowal of the declaration that governments are instituted among men, "deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

The people felt that they had walked the path blazed out by the fathers, and asserted rights which had been vindicated in the heroic

days from Lexington to Yorktown. If thirteen colonies, with a population of less than three million of free men had the right to determine for themselves their form of government, and secede from the mother country, how much more should this new nation, possessing a territory twice as great, with a population of over six million of free men, exercise the same prerogative?

SOUTH NOT ALONE.

And not alone was this the conviction of the people of the seceding States, but the same sentiment was wide-spread among leading statesmen, journalists and the people of the North. Thus, the New York *Tribune*, foremost among the organs which had supported Mr. Lincoln, declared: "If the Declaration of Independence justified the secession from the British Empire of three million of subjects in 1776, it was not seen why it would not justify the secession of five millions of Southerners from the Union in 1861."

At a great meeting held in New York on the 31st of January, 1861, after the Cotton States had seceded, addresses were delivered by ex-Governor Seymour, Chancellor Walworth, and other leading citizens. Governor Seymour asked whether "successful coercion by the North is less revolutionary than successful secession by the South? Shall we prevent revolution by being foremost in overthrowing the principles of our government and all that makes it valuable to our people, and distinguishes it among the nations of the earth?"

Chancellor Walworth declared: "There were laws that were to be enforced in the time of the American Revolution. Did Lord Chatham go for enforcing those laws? No, he gloried in the defence of the liberties of America."

Here was an imperial empire, four times as large as either Germany or France, peopled by a self-reliant race, the descendants of men who had established the great principle that the power to determine their form of government is inherent in the people; and avouching these facts they demanded of their sister Commonwealths of the Union and the world, what they regarded was a birthright bequeathed them by the fathers. To maintain this principle the Confederate soldier fought and sealed with his life his devotion to the cause. The country at whose call he went forth to battle, now appeals to the world for a recognition of the high motives which impelled his conduct, and an acknowledgment of the great avowal that he died for principle.



## VIRGINIA'S LOVE FOR THE UNION.

But while Virginia was foremost among the States in her efforts to maintain their rights, she was none the less conspicuous in her efforts to preserve the Union. While jealous of the rights of local self-government, as the surest guarantee of the liberties of the citizen, she none the less loved the Union. In every stage of the country's history, and at no time more earnestly than in the fateful days of 1860-'61, the dominant element of the Virginia people stood as well for the Union of the States as for the rights of the States.

The part which Virginia played in the formation of the government, and in augmenting the glory and power of the Union, may be found on every page of our country's history. It was her great son, Patrick Henry, who, as far back as 1765, prepared the resolutions denouncing the Stamp Act, and supported them with his thrilling arraignment of British tyranny.

It was Virginia who proposed the Committee of Correspondence between the colonies, from which sprung the Continental Congress. She gave to that body its President in the person of Peyton Randolph, and fired the representatives of the several colonies with the spirit of co-operation and nationalism in the words of her Henry, who declared:

"British oppression has effaced the boundaries of the several colonies. The distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers and New Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American."

## WASHINGTON'S WORDS.

And in the brave words of her Washington before the convention: "I will raise 1,000 men, subsist them at my own expense, and march myself at their head for the relief of Boston"—words of patriotism, breathing a love for the whole country—quickly to be followed by the march of Virginians under Daniel Morgan, to the succor of that besieged city.

It was her legislature that passed the resolution calling upon Congress to declare that the colonies were free and independent States. It was Richard Henry Lee who submitted this brave motion, and Thomas Jefferson who penned the Declaration. It was her great son who took command of the Continental armies, and under his matchless leadership brought victory to a cause which, but for him, would undoubtedly have suffered overwhelming defeat.

While bearing her part in maintaining the cause of the colonies in their great struggle with the mother country, she commissioned and equipped the expedition which, under the leadership of her son, George Rogers Clarke, conquered the empire of the northwest; and then, in the plenitude of her patriotism, she donated this great territory to the Union.

#### A CLOSE UNION.

When the Revolution had finally triumphed in the great battle fought out on her soil, her statesmen were the first to realize the necessities of a closer union, and under her leadership the Constitutional Convention was called. George Washington presided over its deliberations; Edmund Randolph proposed a plan which was the basis of the new Constitution, and James Madison was at once the foremost architect in its construction, as he was the ablest advocate in favor of its subsequent adoption by the States. For thirty-six years—save four—Virginia furnished the Presidents who shaped the destinies of the infant republic. John Marshall, first among the foremost jurists of the English-speaking world, for thirty-five years filled the high place of Chief Justice, and by his great decisions performed a work of incomparable importance in the making of the Union. Under the leadership of Jefferson, the empire stretching from the mouth of the Mississippi to Canada and the Pacific was acquired from France, while Monroe secured from Spain the cession of Florida.

Her Taylor and Scott led the triumphant forces of the Union in the war with Mexico, while a brilliant of younger sons, Lee, Jackson, Johnston and others, shed new lustre upon American arms by their personal heroism in that war.

Wherever the genius and prowess of leadership had added strength and glory to the Union and her institutions, whether in the cabinet, in the council, or on the field, Virginia had been foremost in her contributions of wisdom and of heroism. Thus was the Union so indissolubly linked with her own interests and glory that she was presently to be called upon to declare whether she would aid and abet it in the policy of what she regarded as unconstitutional coercion, or stand forth herself to brook its power.

#### TO PRESERVE THE UNION.

The foregoing constitutes but an imperfect recital of the part borne by Virginia in the making of the Union, and so whenever the clouds of civil dissention arose, and peace between the States or between a

State and the Union, was imperilled, Virginia was foremost in her mediations. Thus in 1832, when South Carolina, by her Ordinance of Nullification, brought on the crisis involving a conflict between the State and Federal powers, it was Virginia who stepped forward as the peace-maker, and as a result of her mediations, the threatened rupture was averted.

Again, in 1860, the alignment of parties demonstrated that the election of either Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Breckinridge to the Presidency would be followed by a rupture, and so Virginia, with her eldest daughter, Kentucky, alone of the States of the Union except Tennessee, cast her vote for Bell and Everett, the Union candidates, standing on the platform, "The Constitution of the country; the Union of the States, and the enforcement of the laws."

But Mr. Lincoln and his associate upon the ticket, Hannibal Hamlin, were elected, and for the first time in the history of the government these high offices were to be filled by men from one section of the country, elected by the electoral votes only of States from the same geographical division, and that too despite the fact that the opposing tickets combined received a majority of over a million of the popular vote.

Following the election of Mr. Lincoln, under the leadership of South Carolina and Cotton States, seven in number, withdrew from the Union and formed a government, and adopted a constitution in February, 1861. While there was a strong party in Virginia which not only believed in the right of secession, but advocated the immediate assertion of the right, yet the dominant voice of her people was still for the Union, and in obedience to this sentiment every possible effort was put forth to avert a collision between the Federal power and the seceding States, and to bring the latter back into affiliation with the Union.

#### THE PEACE CONGRESS.

Her legislature was called in extra session and resolutions immediately adopted calling for a meeting of commissioners from the States still in the Union, to assemble at Washington and to devise means to avert the threatened calamity. The resolutions of the legislature recite that: "Whereas it is the deliberate opinion of the General Assembly of Virginia that unless the unhappy controversy which now divides the States of this Confederacy shall be satisfactorily adjusted, a permanent dissolution of the Union is inevitable,

and the General Assembly, representing the wishes of the people of the Commonwealth, is desirous of employing every reasonable means to avert so dire a calamity"; and then proceeds to call upon the States to send commissioners to what has been known in history as the "Peace Congress." To this Congress Virginia sent as her representatives ex-President John Tyler, William C. Rives, John W. Brockenbrough, George W. Summers and James A. Seddon.

The Peace Congress accordingly met in Washington in February, 1861, where representatives from twenty-three States assembled and took part in the deliberations, though there were, of course, no representatives present from the seven Commonwealths who had already formed the Southern Confederacy. John Tyler, of Virginia, was elected its president, and his speech accepting the position thrilled with sentiments of patriotism and devotion to the country. He declared:

"The voice of Virginia has invited her co-States to meet her in council. In the initiation of this government that same voice was heard and complied with, and the result seventy odd years has fully attested the wisdom of the decisions then adopted. Is the urgency of her call now less great than it was then? Our Godlike fathers created! We have to preserve. They have built up through their wisdom and patriotism monuments which have eternized their name. You have before you, gentlemen, a task equally grand, equally sublime, quite as full of glory and of immortality: you have to snatch from ruin a grand and glorious confederation; to preserve the government, and to renew and invigorate the Constitution. If you reach the height of this great occasion, your children's children will rise up and call you blessed."

#### WITHOUT AVAIL.

The deliberations of the Peace Congress availed nothing to stem the tide of disunion, which seemed to flow in from both sections. It is almost pathetic to read the speeches of some of the participants in that great conference, as evidencing their yearnings for reconciliation between the sections and to avert the threatened calamity of civil war. Over against this sentiment was a counterspirit which foreboded no good for the peace of the country. As an example of the first, let me quote a few sentences from a speech of William C. Rives, one of the Virginia delegates:

"Mr. President, the position of Virginia must be understood and appreciated. She is just now the neutral ground between two em-

battled legions—between two angry, excited and hostile portions of the Union. Something must be done to save the country, to allay these apprehensions, to restore a broken confidence. Virginia steps in to arrest the progress of the country on its way to ruin. She steps in to save the country. \* \* \* Sir, I have had some experience in revolutions in another hemisphere; in revolutions produced by the same causes that are now operating among us. What causes led to the revolution in France?

“One I saw myself, where interest was arrayed against interest, friend against friend, brother against brother. I have seen the pavements of Paris covered and her gutters running with fraternal blood. God forbid I should see this horrid picture repeated in my own country; and yet it will be, sir, if we listen to the counsels urged here.”

#### THE OPPOSITION.

From these appeals and warnings of this distinguished son of Virginia, I turn to the characteristic utterance of one of the leaders in the opposing element. The Peace Conference had been from the first opposed by a faction, and under the influence of their leadership, several of the Northern States had refused to send delegates. As the patriotic character of the Congress, however, and of the great mission which it had in hand, impressed itself more and more upon the thought and conscience of the country, other States sent forward their representatives. Then fearing that the friends of reconciliation would be dominant in the congress, this ultra element sought to secure the appointment of delegates from the States not represented, who would combat this sentiment and defeat the accomplishment of any practical results. It was in this spirit that Zachariah Chandler, then a Senator from Michigan, wrote the following letter to the Governor of that State:

“WASHINGTON, Feb. 11, 1861.

*My dear Governor:*

Governor Bingham and myself telegraphed you on Saturday, at the request of Massachusetts and New York, to send delegates to the Peace, or Compromise Congress. They admit that we were right, and that they were wrong; that no Republican State should have sent delegates; but they are here and cannot get away. Ohio, Indiana, Rhode Island are caving in, and there is danger of Illinois; and now they beg us for God's sake to come to their rescue and save

the Republican party from rupture. The whole thing was gotten up against my judgment and advice, and will end in thin smoke. Still, I hope as a matter of courtesy to some of our erring brethren, that you will send the delegates.

Truly your friend,

Z. W. CHANDLER.

His Excellency, Austin Blair.

P. S.—Some of the manufacturing States think that a fight would be awful. Without a little blood-letting, this Union will not, in my estimation, be worth a rush."

LEE'S DECLARATION.

It may not be amiss to quote at this point from the declarations of Robert E. Lee, made in January, 1861, as the sentiment of the leading Virginian of his time. Referring to Washington, he wrote:

"How his spirit would be grieved, could he see the wreck of his mighty labors. I will not, however, permit myself to believe, until all ground for hope has gone, that the fruit of his noble deeds will be destroyed, and that his precious advice and virtuous example will be so soon forgotten by his countrymen. As far as I can judge from the papers, we are between a state of anarchy and civil war. May God avert both of these evils from us."

In the same month he again wrote: "I shall mourn for my country, and for the welfare and progress of mankind. If the Union is dissolved, and the government disrupted, I shall return to my native State and share the miseries of my people, and save in defence will I draw my sword on none."

Thus at this momentous crisis Virginia furnished the "neutral ground between the embattled legions"—and declared in the words of her great son, "Save in defence will I draw my sword on none."

VIRGINIA CONVENTION OF 1861.

The same legislature which called the Peace Congress passed an act providing a popular convention of the people to consider what should be the course of Virginia in the crisis with which she was confronted. By the terms of the act the people were not only to select delegates to a convention, but they were to declare by a sepa-

rate vote whether the action of that convention should be referred back to the people for ratification, or whether its action should be binding upon the Commonwealth. The result of the popular vote not only overwhelmingly committed the convention to submit its findings to the people for ratification or rejection, but sent to the convention a majority of delegates opposed to the secession of Virginia from the Union.

#### JANNEY'S WORDS.

The dominant element in the convention elected as its president the venerable John Janney, and the spirit and purpose of the body may be gathered from his address in accepting the position. He said:

"It is now almost seventy-three years since a convention of the people of Virginia was assembled in this hall to ratify the Constitution of the United States, one of the chief objects of which was to consolidate—not the government, but the union of the States. Causes which have passed, and are daily passing into history, which will set its seal upon them, but which I do not mean to review, have brought the Constitution and the Union into imminent peril, and Virginia has come to the rescue. It is what the whole country expected of her—her pride, as well as her patriotism, her interest, as well as her honor, call upon her with an emphasis she could not disregard, to save the monuments of her own glory."

I would that time permitted to quote the whole of his splendid oration. The foregoing extract, however, will suffice to show the spirit in which the dominant element of that great convention approached the consideration of the grave problem which confronted them. From the day of its opening session, on the 13th of February, down to the 17th of April, the advocates of secession and of union confronted each other in debate. Foremost among the Union men were John B. Baldwin, Robert Y. Conrad, Jubal A. Early, Alex. H. H. Stuart, George W. Summers, Williams C. Wickham, and the president, John Janney.

#### RIGHT TO SECEDE.

Of the 152 members of the convention there were probably few who did not hold to the constitutional right of a State to retire from the Union; but, as I have said, a majority were opposed to the exer-

cise of that right, and clung tenaciously to the hope that the alternative would never be put to Virginia—either to draw her sword to coerce the States of the Southern Confederacy, or withdraw from the Union.

This alternative, however, at length came, when on the 15th day April, Mr. Lincoln made his call for 75,000 men with which to invade the Southern Confederacy, and demanded of Virginia her quota. To honor this call was to abandon her principles, join in an unconstitutional invasion of the Southern States, and inaugurate a cruel war upon their people.

On the 17th of April, by a vote of 88 to 55, the convention resolved upon an ordinance repealing the act by which Virginia had entered the Union, and submitted to a popular vote of the State, at an election to be held on the 4th Thursday of the following May, the ratification or rejection of this momentous step. The sentiments of many of the Union men of the convention doubtless found expression in the declaration of John B. Baldwin, the great Union leader, who, when called upon to know what would be the course of the Union men in Virginia declared: "We have no Union men in Virginia now, but those who were Union men will stand to their guns and make a fight that will shine out on the page of history as an example of what a brave people can do, after exhausting every means of pacification."

Thus was precipitated Virginia's secession from the Union. Thus was ushered in one of the most terrific wars in all history.

#### THE CAUSES OF WAR.

Time will not permit a consideration of the causes which brought on this great conflict. They are to be gathered from remote and far distant times, as well as the epoch of the great event. Echoes of the battles of Naseby and Marston Moor; differences in the mental and religious characteristics of Puritan and Cavalier; divergent interests springing from dissimilar commercial and industrial conditions; conflicting notions as to the purposes of the Federal Government; crimination and recrimination as to the alleged prostitution of its powers for the advantage or disadvantage of the two sections; the institution of slavery; the attempted enforcement of the Fugitive Slave law; the nullification by States of this Federal statute; the abolition movement; the John Brown Raid; the growing hostility between the peoples of the North and the South; and finally, the triumph of sectionalism in the elections of 1860.



## VIRGINIA DID NOT FIGHT TO MAINTAIN SLAVERY.

There is, however, one popular misconception to which I would direct your attention. While the institution of slavery and the rise of the abolition party were undoubtedly among the causes which precipitated the war, yet the statement is false either that Virginia seceded in order to maintain the institution of slavery, or that the authorities of the Federal Government inaugurated the war to emancipate the slaves.

What had been Virginia's position with reference to this institution, and what historically speaking, was the cause for which the Federal Government drew its sword?

Slavery was introduced into Virginia in 1619—a period of the world's history when the slave trade and the ownership of slaves was everywhere legalized by law. Between the date of the introduction of the first slave in 1619 and 1776, when Virginia declared her independence of Great Britain, petition after petition was addressed by her people and her Assembly, imploring the British crown to interdict the importation of slaves. Not only were petitions presented, but between the dates mentioned numerous Acts of Assembly were passed, the object and purpose of which was to stop the traffic. All of these acts were vetoed by the King, and, despite the declared opposition of the colonists, for over a century and a half the traffic continued, with each importation adding more and more to the difficulties and dangers of emancipation.

## AGAINST HUMAN NATURE.

When her great son, Mr. Jefferson, came to pen the Declaration of Independence, and to arraign the King for his veto of these enactments, he declared that George III "has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty, in the persons of distant people who never offended him, captivating them and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere." \* \* \* "This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of infidel powers, is the warfare of the Christian King of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market where men should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative by suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or restrain this execrable commerce."

This clause in the Declaration of Independence was omitted from the draft adopted by Congress. Jefferson declares in his auto-

biography that it "was struck out in compliance to South Carolina and Georgia, who had never attempted to restrain the importation of slaves, and who, on the contrary, still wished to continue it. Our Northern brethren also, I believe, felt a little tender under those censures, for though their people had very few slaves, yet they had been pretty considerable carriers of them to others."

In October, 1778, the General Assembly of Virginia, then freed from the control of the British King, passed an act forever prohibiting the further importation of slaves into her Commonwealth. When she ceded to the Union the great northwest territory, won by the blood and the treasure of her people, she not only dedicated to the general government this imperial empire, but by the hand of her sons, Edward Carrington and Richard Henry Lee, constituting with Nathan Dane, of Massachusetts, a special committee, prepared the celebrated ordinance of 1787 for its government, in which it was provided that slavery should never exist in all that wide territory.

#### THE SLAVE TRADE.

Thus Virginia not only gave to the Union the territory from which five of the foremost Commonwealths were carved, but dedicated it to freedom. The supreme opportunity, however, of suppressing the slave trade, came upon the adoption of the Federal Constitution. With every increase in the number of slaves, the difficulties and dangers of emancipation were multiplied. The hope of emancipation rested in stopping their importation, and dispersing over the whole face of the land those who had already found a home in our midst. Despite the opposition of Virginia, the legality of the foreign slave trade was extended for a period of twenty years. This action of the convention is declared by Mr. Fiske, the New England historian, "a bargain between New England and the far South." Continuing, he says: "This compromise was carried against the sturdy opposition of Virginia."

George Mason, the author of our Bill of Rights, denounced what he called the "infernal traffic." "Slavery," said he, "discourages arts and manufactures; the poor despise labor when performed by slaves; they prevent the emigration of whites, who really strengthen and enrich a country. They produce the most pernicious effect on manners; every master of slaves is born a petty tyrant; they bring the judgment of heaven on a country; as nations cannot be rewarded or punished in the next world, they must be in this. By an inevita-

ble chain of causes and effects, Providence punishes national sins by national calamities." "But," says Mr. Fiske, "these prophetic words were powerless against the combination of New England with the far South."

#### TRADE LICENSED.

Thus by the votes of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Connecticut, with those of the far South, an additional twenty years was added to the century and a half during which the slave trade was licensed by law, and when that period had rolled around, the statesmen and thinkers of the land stood front to front with the problem of emancipation under far different, and more difficult conditions.

The General Assembly of Virginia on more than one occasion considered the subject of gradual emancipation, and as late as 1832, the advocates of such a course mustered a following almost large enough to enact their resolutions into laws. The great difficulty, however, lay in the dangers to the community of the mere presence of such a host of slaves suddenly released from the restraints and care with which they were formerly surrounded.

The sentiment of a large, if not the dominant element of the people of Virginia, was doubtless expressed in the words of Robert E. Lee, who, writing in December, 1856, declared:

#### SLAVERY AN EVIL.

"There are few, I believe, in this enlightened age, who will not acknowledge that slavery as an institution is a moral and political evil. I think it is a greater evil to the white, than to the colored race. While my feelings are strongly enlisted in behalf of the latter, my sympathies are more deeply engaged for the former. The blacks are immeasurably better off here than in Africa, morally, physically and socially. \* \* \* Their emancipation will sooner result from the mild and melting influences of Christianity, than from the storm and tempest of melting controversy. \* \* \* While we see the course of the final abolition of human slavery is still onward, and give it the aid of our prayers, let us leave the progress, as well as the results, in the hand of Him who sees the end, who chooses to work by slow influences, and with whom a thousand years are but a single day."

The great apostle of liberty, Mr. Jefferson, realizing the dangers and difficulties of emancipation, and yet discerning some signs of the future, penned in the closing years of his life these words: "Nothing

is more certainly written in the book of fate than that these people are to be free. Nor is it less certain that the two races equally free, can not live in the same government. Nature, habit, opinion, has drawn indelible lines of distinction between them."

#### TO DEPORT THEM.

The leaders and philanthropists of Virginia grew to realize the truth of these sentiments, and so the efforts which were made in the State Legislature to secure the enactment of laws for the emancipation of the slaves, were in time abandoned, and followed by the inauguration of movements for their deportation. It was nowhere felt that either the peace of the community or the well being of the slave, would be subserved by his emancipation, unless followed by his exodus from the country. In this work many of our foremost citizens were enlisted when the rise of what was known as the "Abolition Party" at the North, projecting itself as a disturbing force between master and slave, and in the councils of the Federal Government, with respect to this—a purely domestic and local institution—quenched the sentiment in favor of emancipation and riveted the startled minds of the people upon the new dangers, which as a result of the movements and discussions of the Abolition Party, confronted them.

The reality of these fears was illustrated and intensified by the raid of John Brown and his followers, which sent a thrill of horror through the land.

Such was Virginia's record with reference to slavery. Such the sentiments of some of her greatest sons.

In the light of such a record, and such sentiments, will it be seriously insisted that she gave her home to desolation and her people to death, to maintain the institution? The vast majority of her sons who went forth to battle were not slave owners, and had little or no love for the institution.

But beyond all this, the secession of Virginia could not have been to prevent the threatened emancipation of her slaves, because as we know, the Federal Government meditated no such course.

#### LINCOLN'S PLATFORM.

The platform of the party which elected Mr. Lincoln emphatically declared against any interference by the Federal power, with this domestic institution in the States, in which it already existed; and Mr. Lincoln in his inaugural address reiterated and reaffirmed that

declaration. From no authoritative source was any assault meditated upon the institution of slavery.

Even the right of the slave owner to carry his slaves into the territories, which had constituted the great question at issue, was now relinquished by the seceding States, and the territories themselves abandoned to the Union. The right of slavery in the territories was thus forever settled, while the question of the abolition of slavery in the States where it existed, had never been put in issue between the contending parties. The States of the Confederacy avowed the right to secede, and denied the power of the Federal Government to coerce them. Mr. Lincoln denied the first, and maintained the second. It was on this issue the two parties litigant submitted their controversy to the gage of battle.

How, then, did the emancipation of the slaves become involved in the great war which followed? The facts are facts of history, and can be quickly declared.

#### PROCLAMATION OF 1862.

On the 22d of September, 1862, after the war had been in progress for a year and a half, Mr. Lincoln issued his proclamation, in which he declared that the slaves held in the States, or portions of States which should be still in rebellion on the 1st of January, 1863, following, would be, by a subsequent proclamation, emancipated. His justification was found in the fact that, as a war measure, it would deplete the strength of the Confederacy and augment the forces of the Union.

In all other portions of the Union where slavery was legalized, to-wit: Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, and portions of Louisiana and Virginia, the institution would remain unaffected by the proclamation. More than that, by the very terms of the proclamation, the people of the States in which it was made to apply could escape its effects by laying down their arms. Surely if the preservation of the institution of slavery in the seceding States furnished the incentive for their conduct, these States had simply to ground their arms and the institution would have remained.

On the 1st of January, 1863, the final proclamation was made, in which it was recited, because of the failure of the people of the States and portions of States above mentioned to lay down their arms, the slaves within those designated localities were declared free, and the President pledged all the powers of the Union to make good

this declaration. It may be of interest to note that, among the counties of Virginia excepted from the operation of this proclamation, were Accomac and Northampton—in honor of the Confederate soldiers from which this monument is dedicated to-day.

Thus, and thus only, did the emancipation of the slaves become involved in the war. Mr. Lincoln only justified his proclamation as a war measure to help the cause of the Union, for he said: "If he could save the Union by freeing the slaves, he would do it; if he could save it by freeing one-half and keeping the other half in slavery, he would take that plan; if keeping them all in slavery would effect the object, that would be his course."

#### REASON FOR SECESSION OF VIRGINIA.

What, then, was the true cause which impelled Virginia to secede and for which her people fought? It may be stated in a word. Statesmen from the dawn of the Union had declared, and her people had been educated to believe, that any State had the constitutional right to peaceably withdraw from the Union. When the Cotton States adopted that course and formed the Southern Confederacy, Virginia, while deploring the event, still felt they had but exercised an undoubted right, and therefore any armed coercion on the part of the Federal government was not warranted by the Constitution.

Mr. Davis, in one of his first messages, thus stated the position of this new government: "In independence we seek no conquests, no aggrandizements, no concessions of any kind from the States with which we have lately been confederated. All we ask is to be let alone; that those who never held power over us shall not now attempt our subjugation by arms."

Virginia believed they had the right to make that declaration, and to take that stand; and because of this conviction, and because of its repeated declaration in the most solemn and authoritative form, both by legislative enactment and the avowals of her leaders, to have remained in the Union and joined in the coercion of the seceding States, would have been a repudiation of her principles and an act of tyranny and dishonor.

#### VIRGINIA'S TRADITIONS.

The people of Virginia were devoted to the memories, traditions, and the very soil of their Commonwealth—proud of her history, and jealous beyond comparison of her fame. The settlement of the State, the part which she had borne in the Revolution, and other wars, the

romantic and daring adventures of her sons in every period of storm and stress, the brave avowals of her great leaders in the cause of the civil and religious liberty; the deep-seated belief that the rights of the government were only derived from the consent of the governed; the position of the parties to the impending conflict—the North rich in teeming population, diversified wealth, established government and the prestige of the old flag and the old constitution—the South unequal in every point, save in the enthusiasm and determination of her people; all this made the strongest appeal to the imagination and sympathies of her sons. To stand by as a neutral would have been to wear the badge of confessed dishonor. At the thought of invasion either of their homes or their liberties, there sprang to the hearts of these cavaliers and the sturdy yeomanry of the mountain and the plain, the inspiring words of the poet of their fatherland:

“ In our halls is hung—  
Armory of the invincible knights of old;  
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue  
That Shakespeare spoke; the faith and morals hold  
Which Milton held—In everything we are sprung  
Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold.”

#### PROPHETIC WARNING.

The prophetic warning of her statesmen as to the terrors which would mark the conflict, were more than realized in her desolated homes, her impoverished people, and the myriad graves of her sons that marked the face of the Commonwealth; and yet when all was over, and standing in the midst of her desolation, the figure which represented the true life and genius and heroism of the Commonwealth, could but exclaim in the language of Demosthenes:

“ I say if the event had been manifest to the world beforehand, not even then ought Athens to have forsaken this course, if Athens had any regard for her glory, or for her past, or for the ages to come.”

I have thus, my countrymen, attempted to epitomize some of the causes and motives which influenced the people of Virginia during the momentous period of the Civil War. If I have presented one fact or suggested one thought which will tend to make clear the truth, then my labor has not been in vain. The great duty of this generation is to present to the world the truth with reference to the causes and motives which actuated our people in that struggle.

To the future we may look with confidence for a vindication of the

high principles and pure motives which controlled Virginians. The very pathos of our story will enlist the interest of the world. Calvaries and Crucifixions take deepest hold upon humanity. The truth will be found and proclaimed just so sure as sacrifice and devotion appeal most strongly to the hearts and minds of men.

“Thou hast great allies.  
Thy friends are exultations, agonies  
And love, and man’s unconquerable mind.”

Already the truth of this assertion is being verified, and writers and thinkers of this and the old world make bold to affirm the integrity and heroism of Virginia’s course. Thus Henderson, the English military critic and author, in his *Life of Jackson*, declares:

JUSTICE TO CROMWELL.

“The world has long since done justice to the motives of Cromwell and of Washington, and signs are not wanting that before many years have passed, it will do justice to the motives of the Southern people. They were true to their interpretation of the Constitution.”

Then referring to Virginia—“Her best endeavors were exerted to maintain the peace between the hostile sections, and not until her liberties were menaced did she repudiate a compact which had become intolerable. It was to preserve the freedom which her forefathers had bequeathed her, and which she desired to hand down unsullied to future generations, that she acquiesced in the Revolution.”

Ropes, the New England historian and author, in his *History of the Civil War*, referring to the Southern people, says: “They are not in their own opinion rebels at all; they were defending their States, that is, the nations to which they conceived themselves to belong, from invasion and conquest.”

Mr. Lecky, England’s greatest living historian, in his *Democracy and Liberty*, declares: “The self-sacrifice, the unanimity, the tenacity of purpose, the indomitable will displayed on both sides by the vast citizen armies, in that long and terrible struggle, form one of the most splendid pages in 19th century history.”

But not only will these facts impress the minds and demand recognition of the students and historians of the future, but the time will come when the united voice of this whole land will proclaim the integrity of purpose which controlled our people in that conflict, and



when their heroism will be proudly claimed as a part of the heritage of our country.

All that was pure and knightly—all that was magnanimous and strong—will yet be treasured as evidences of our country's glory.

What Englishman to-day, while recalling the heroism displayed at Naseby and Marston Moor, stops to inquire whether his forefathers fought for Parliament or King?

#### AMERICAN MANHOOD.

The day is not far distant when upon the fields where were fought the great battles of the Civil War, monuments will be erected to commemorate the prowess and valor of American manhood as exhibited in those fierce struggles for principle. On the plains of Abraham, which overlooked the city of Quebec, was fought the last battle between the French and English-speaking races for the mastery of this continent. Victory crowned the English arms under the splendid leadership of Wolfe, despite the desperate resistance of the French, led by the noblest heroic Montcalm. Both leaders fell at their posts of duty. To-day a beautiful monument rises above the plain. It carries no sting to the hearts of the vanquished, for it commemorates the heroism of both Wolfe and Montcalm, in the generous inscription: "Valor gave them a common death; history a common fame; and posterity a common monument."

Inspired by the remembrance of the valor of the soldiers of Accomac and Northampton, their surviving comrades have erected this monument to perpetuate their fame.

Let it stand a lasting memorial of the heroic men of this sea-girt land.

Let it make known the ever blessed story of duty well performed; of steadfast valor and fortitude in the face of defeat. For it invokes the reverential care of all who love devotion to principle; and over it I pronounce as a sentence of consecration, the beautiful epitaph which is said to mark the last resting place of the first Grenadier of France: "Consecrated to virtue and courage, and put under the protection of the brave in every age and country."

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, October 15, 1890.]

## HANOVER COUNTY HEROES.

---

### Partial List of Soldiers from Hanover County Who Perished in the War of 1861-'65.

---

*To the Editor of the Dispatch :*

It is proposed to erect a memorial in Hanover Courthouse to those soldiers from Hanover county (whether in Hanover organizations or otherwise), who sacrificed their lives in defence of Virginia between 1861 and 1865. We enclose a list of such, and would be greatly obliged by its publication in your Sunday Confederate columns, with the request from this committee that any one who knows of any error or omission would write a correction and send the accurate information at once to Rosewell Page, Richmond, Va.

T. W. SYDNOR,  
GEORGE P. HAW,  
H. T. WICKHAM,  
ROSEWELL PAGE,  
*Committee.*

The list is as follows :

#### CAVALRY.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. B. Newton, Fourth Virginia Cavalry, Raccoon Ford, October 11, 1863.

Corps-Surgeon John B. Fontaine, Petersburg, October 1, 1864.

#### *Hanover Troop.*

First-Lieutenant Isaac W. Wingfield, Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 9, 1864.

Second-Lieutenant B. H. Bowles, Manassas, July 21, 1861.

Sergeant Edmund Fontaine, Manassas, July 21, 1861.

Sergeant William J. Kimbrough, Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 9, 1864.

Corporal O. C. Anderson, Raccoon Ford, October 11, 1863.

Corporal Bernard Pollard, Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 9, 1864.

Philip B. Spindle, Manassas, July 21, 1861.

Richard D. Saunders, Manassas, July 21, 1861.

Richard Harris, Kelly's Ford, March 17, 1863.  
B. J. Nuckols, Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 9, 1864.  
John W. Nash, Raccoon Ford, October 11, 1863.  
J. Benton Vaughan, ———, May 10, 1864.  
T. Cary Nelson, Nance's Shop, June 24, 1864.  
W. T. Priddy, Waynesboro, October, 1864.  
R. W. Talley, ———, 1864.  
Andy J. Nuckols, Tom's Brook, October 9, 1864.

*Twenty-Fourth Virginia Cavalry.*

Chapman Tyler, Enon Church.  
William Timberlake, Enon Church.  
Arthur Timberlake, Enon Church.

*Mosby's Cavalry.*

Wirt M. Binford, Harmony Church.

ARTILLERY.

Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis Minor Coleman, Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862.

*Page's Battery.*

Sergeant C. S. Stone, Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862.  
Corporal Thomas L. Jones, Second Manassas, 1862.  
Samuel Baker, Richmond, 1862.  
N. A. Cross, Richmond, 1862.  
W. T. Ford, Richmond, 1862.  
Martin Baker, Richmond, 1862.  
William J. Chapman, Fort Delaware, 1864.  
M. C. Lowry, Fort Delaware, 1864.  
William E. Luck, Fort Delaware, 1864.  
W. T. Yarborough, Fort Delaware, 1865.  
Oscar Chisholm, Hanover Courthouse, 1864.  
J. G. Lane, Hanover Courthouse, 1864.  
J. W. Eddleton, Point Lookout, 1864.  
Ferdinand Elmer, Gettysburg, 1863.  
B. H. Stone, Gettysburg, 1863.  
Joseph Stone, Gettysburg, 1863.  
T. F. Woody, Gettysburg, 1863.  
J. O. McGhee, Somerville Ford, 1863.  
William Patterson, Second Manassas, 1862.

John Barker, Second Manassas, 1862.  
Andrew Smith, Malvern Hill, 1862.  
Silas Thacker, Sharpsburg, 1862.  
John Wiltshire, Sharpsburg, 1862.

*Nelson's Battery.*

Major Franklin Terrell.  
Edmund Anderson, Second Cold Harbor, 1864.  
B. F. Harris, Sharpsburg, 1862.  
Samuel Harris, Sharpsburg, 1862.  
A. J. Harris, Richmond, 1862.  
Stephen C. Sydnor.  
John E. Oliver.  
R. H. Nelson.  
Charles Hall.  
— Upshur.  
John Farmer.  
James Murphy, Second Cold Harbor, 1864.

*Woolfolk's Battery.*

Joseph R. Terrell, Gettysburg, 1863.  
Thomas B. Moody, 1863.

*Marye's Battery.*

Woodson Sullivan, Cold Harbor.  
Aleck Pate, Cold Harbor.  
Walter Jones.  
George Smith, Staunton.  
Elisha Wicker, Staunton.  
David Wright, Martinsburg, W. Va.

*Second Howitzers.*

Lieutenant H. St. C. Jones, Sailors' Creek.

*Pamunkey Artillery.*

Robert P. Anderson, Drewry's Bluff.

*Morris's Artillery.*

Lieutenant Henry W. Toler, Somerville Ford, 1863.

## INFANTRY.

*Company K, Fifty-sixth Virginia.*

Captain Dabney C. Harrison, Fort Donaldson.  
Lieutenant Edmund Langan, Cold Harbor.  
Lieutenant James Jones, Abingdon.  
Corporal A. M. Martin, Cold Harbor.  
Corporal Henry Jeffries, Cold Harbor.  
Allie Gathright, Cold Harbor.  
Thomas Trueman, Cold Harbor.  
John D. Martin, Richmond.  
Felix Warren, Richmond.  
John Woodydy, Hanover Junction.  
W. H. Peace, Indianapolis, Ind.  
Edward Acree, Indianapolis, Ind.  
Robert Richardson, Indianapolis, Ind.  
William White, Gettysburg.

*Company I, Fifteenth Virginia.*

Sergeant Leonidas White, Drewry's Bluff.  
Corporal E. S. Talley, Jr., Sharpsburg, 1862.  
J. A. Talley, Sharpsburg, 1862.  
William Wicker, Sharpsburg, 1862.  
Williamson Talley.  
Cornelius Batkins.  
Silas Wright.  
Henry Richardson.  
L. M. Cook, Bristol, Tenn., January, 1863.  
J. H. Warren.  
Charles Dunn, Drewry's Bluff.  
John H. Dunn, Drewry's Bluff.  
W. C. Smith, Ashland, April 1, 1865.  
R. R. Horne, Point Lookout.  
Andrew Hazlegrove, Point Lookout.  
Washington Jones.

*Company C, Fifteenth Virginia.*

Corporal Thomas Braddock, Drewry's Bluff, 1864.  
J. W. Johnson, Drewry's Bluff, 1864.  
T. M. Lowry, Drewry's Bluff, 1864.  
Sill Braylock, Drewry's Bluff, 1864.

William Bumpass, Drewry's Bluff, 1864.  
Marcellus Mallory, Drewry's Bluff, 1864.  
B. F. Nuckols, Drewry's Bluff, 1864.  
Edward Talley.  
J. C. Butler, Sharpsburg, 1862.  
W. D. Winston, Sharpsburg, 1862.  
Walter Hall, Seven Pines, 1862.  
John Eddleton, Suffolk, 1863.  
Martin Lambert, Suffolk, 1863.  
Charles Terrell, Company E, Fifteenth Virginia; Drewry's Bluff,  
1864.  
George L. Terrell, Company E, Fifteenth Virginia; Gordonsville.  
Captain J. P. Harrison.  
Lucien Smith, Seven Pines.  
William Snead.  
Leander Blackburn, Fifty-third Virginia Regiment.

---

[From the *Galveston, Texas, News*, November, 1899.]

## THE PURCELL BATTERY FROM RICHMOND, VA.

### Its Gallant Conduct at the Battle of Cedar Run.

After helping McClellan to change his base from the Pamunkey to James river (in which operation our battery lost in killed and wounded sixty-five men out of less than one hundred), we were ordered from Malvern Hill to Richmond to refit and recruit. After several weeks' rest, we were attached to Jackson's flying column, and sent to meet the army of the Potomac, commanded by General John Pope, who, the Northern press declared, would prove "more than a match for Stonewall Jackson," and had been sent to Virginia to teach him (Jackson) the art of war.

Arriving at Orange Courthouse about August 8th, we took a short rest, and on the afternoon of the 9th crossed the Rapidan at Morton's Ford. A. P. Hill's division, to which we were attached, was marching in columns through a wooded country, over a very rough road. Our battery was about the centre of the column. As soon as the head of our troops emerged from the woods into the open fields of

Culpeper, they were attacked by Banks's corps. After a short but desperate conflict, Banks fell back, and the fighting ceased. We had been posted in the woods, and did not see or participate in the fighting, at which our boy captain—little Willie Pegram—was very much chagrined. But his chance was soon to come. In a short time an order came to send Pegram's rifled guns to the front. Going forward, we soon came to the open country, where Jackson and our chief of artillery, General R. L. Walker, met us and pointed out the position we were to take and the work we were to do. In an old stubble-field on a little knoll we unlimbered, and Jackson in person directed Pegram to throw shells into a distant woods. We opened fire as directed, using 1 and 2-second shells—no enemy in sight. Three hundred yards in front of us was a heavy growth of green corn, extending for a mile or more over beautifully undulating ground. To the left was the road by which we had come, and the only line of retreat in case such an emergency arose.

We had fired only a few shots, when over the hill and through the corn we saw at least a brigade of blue infantry coming straight for the guns. Changing from shell to shrapnel and canister, we turned our entire attention to this column, but they continued to come on without a waver. Finally we doubled the charges of canister, and then they broke and went back over the hill. Just then we noticed coming down the road at full speed, and in easy shell range, a body of blue cavalry. If they passed our flank we were lost. Changing front to the left, we raked the road, first with shell, then with canister. The cavalry came on almost past the danger point, then broke and went back.

Our attention was then called to our old friends, the infantry, who had been reinforced, and were coming through the corn as if to take our guns at all hazards. The situation looked desperate, as we had no support near by. Pegram ordered double charges of canister, and seizing the flag, he went from gun to gun, waving it in the very faces of the men, and begging: "Don't let the enemy have these guns or this flag; Jackson is looking at you. Go in, men; give it to them."

The column faltered and went back and reformed, only to come again. On they came, and were getting in good canister range, when an order came to fall back. The bugle blew, "Limber to the rear; cannoneers mount." Just as this order was executed, one of the gun horses was killed, and it looked as if the only prudent thing

to do was to leave this gun and save the rest, if we could. Pegram did not think so, and he quickly gave the order:

"Action, front! Fire double charges of canister!"

While we obeyed this order under his personal direction, the drivers replaced the dead horse, and again the bugle sounded: "Limber to the rear! Cannoneers mount! Retire!" which was instantly obeyed, for the enemy were within less than 100 yards of our guns and in great force.

We galloped away with all of our guns, but reinforcements coming up, we soon had our old position back. After this, Pegram heard the men discussing how near we came to losing the gun. He merely said: "Men, whenever the enemy takes a gun from my battery, look for my dead body in front of it." And he kept his word.

From a private in an infantry company, he rose to be a colonel of artillery, and commanded at one time, as high as sixty guns in battle. He never lost a single piece until the final break-up at Five Forks. He died, aged 22, in Gilliland Field, in a little redoubt, by the side of the first gun the enemy had ever captured from his command, and his eyes were closed in death 'ere they claimed the prize.

What Napoleon said of Ney might well be said of Willie Pegram, the boy artillerist: "What a man! What a soldier!" Of boyish form and face, in camp and on the march he had the voice and manners of a school-girl. Kind and gentle to his men, still a stern disciplinarian, requiring every one to do his whole duty. Amid the roar of his guns on the battlefield he became a giant in voice and stature, and seemed to know in the hottest battle just which gun was doing the best work, even when he had forty in action, and never failed to give praise even to a private when due, but just as quick to censure if it was deserved. He once heard that some of his men had censured him for volunteering to go into a very desperate position, where a whole gun's crew were cut down with one shell. He immediately called the company into line, and said:

"Men, I have heard that I have been blamed for the disaster that occurred to our company at Manassas. Every man who is not willing to follow me wherever I choose to take him, will please step to the front. If a majority, I will resign and go into the ranks; if a minority, I will give them a transfer to such other commands as they may select."

He waited some time. Not a man stirred. "Then," said he, "let us have no more of this talk. A soldier should always seek the most desperate post that has to be filled."



He was a shining example of the influence a good officer has over his men. I believe almost any set of men would have fought under W. J. Pegram.

A. S. DREWRY,  
Private Purcell Battery, Pegram's Battalion Artillery,  
Third Corps, Army Northern Virginia.

---

[From the Charlotte, N. C., *Observer*, September, 1899.]

### APPOMATTOX ECHO.

---

#### The Last Volley on That Memorable Field.

---

#### STATEMENT OF GENERAL GRIMES.

---

#### It Was Fired by Cox's Gallant North Carolinians—A Stirring Reminiscence—Lest We Forget a Letter from Mosby.

In the *Confederate Veteran* for August, Captain William Kaigler, of Dawson, Ga., insists that the last volley at Appomattox was fired by the sharpshooters of Evans's division under his command, and not by North Carolinians. The closing incident of the greatest of modern wars is of such historic importance, and is so creditable to those participating therein, that it is not surprising that they should be proud of it and claim as much of its glory as truth permits.

In the *Veteran* for November, 1898, Captain Kaigler first claimed this honor for his command, and in the *Veteran* for February, 1899, he is answered and contradicted by Captain James I. Metts, of Wilmington, who quotes statements (sustaining him), made by several North Carolina officers, among them being General W. R. Cox, whose brigade they say fired the last volley at Appomattox. In his last communication Captain Kaigler says that General Cox is liable to be mistaken, because his statement "is only from recollection after thirty years have elapsed." In this Captain Kaigler is himself mistaken, for this statement of General Cox is exactly the same written by him and published, in 1879, in *Moore's History of North Carolina*.

It was my privilege to be an active participant in that memorable morning's scenes at Appomattox as one of the staff of Major-Gen-

ral Bryan Grimes, and it fell to my lot to carry the last order on the field of battle immediately preceding the surrender. All the incidents of that historic occasion are still fresh in my memory, and as an eye-witness I unhesitatingly testify that the last volley at Appomattox Courthouse was fired by Cox's North Carolina brigade of Grimes's division. But, to put the matter beyond all doubt, and to cite the best evidence possible, I will ask your readers to consider what was said about this controverted question by the witness best qualified to know—General Bryan Grimes—who planned and commanded the last charge at Appomattox.

I enclose, therefore, the following extract from Grimes's own report, or statement, published in 1879, and never questioned before his death. As stated by him, he was given by General Gordon the divisions of Walker and Evans in addition to his own division, which was composed of Phil Cook's Georgia brigade, Battle's Alabama brigade, Grimes's old brigade, and Cox's brigade. It is proper to state that General Grimes was not in the rear, but was with the line of battle and narrowly escaped being killed.

All soldiers know how hard it is for an unmounted officer at one end of a long line of battle to know what is done at the other. Hence, it does not disparage Captain Kaigler's veracity or courage to assert that he, who was on the extreme left, could not know what was done on the right as well as mounted officers who were riding all along the line and had full opportunity of seeing all that was done.

This statement of General Grimes's (who died in 1880) is so clear and explicit that it should be accepted as conclusive of the facts mentioned, and being of peculiar historic value, should be carefully read and remembered.

H. A. LONDON.

*Pittsboro, N. C., September 12th.*

---

### THE SURRENDER AT APPOMATTOX.

(BY GENERAL BRYAN GRIMES.)

On Saturday, the 8th, no enemy appeared, and we marched undisturbed all day. Up to this time, since the evacuation of Petersburg, we had marched day and night, continually followed and harassed by the enemy. The men were very much jaded and suffering for necessary sustenance, our halts not having been sufficiently long to prepare their food; besides, all our cooking utensils not captured or abandoned were where we could not reach them. This day

Bushrod Johnson's division was assigned to and placed under my command, by order of General Lee. Upon passing a clear stream of water, and learning that the other division of the corps had gone into camp some two miles ahead, I concluded to halt and give my broken-down men an opportunity to close up and join us, and sent a message to General Gordon, commanding the corps, making known my whereabouts, informing him I would be at any point he might designate at any hour desired.

By dark my men were all quiet and asleep. About 9 o'clock I heard the roar of artillery in our front, and in consequence of information received I had my command aroused in time and passed through the town of Appomattox Courthouse before daylight, where, upon the opposite side of the town, I found the enemy in my front. Throwing out my skirmishers and forming line of battle, I reconnoitered and satisfied myself as to their position, and waited the arrival of General Gordon for instruction, who, awhile before day, accompanied by General Fitz Lee, came to my position, when we held a council of war. General Gordon was of the opinion that the troops in our front were cavalry, and that General Fitz Lee should attack. Fitz Lee thought they were infantry and that General Gordon should attack. They discussed the matter so long that I became impatient, and said it was somebody's duty to attack, and that immediately, and I felt satisfied that they could be driven from the cross-roads occupied by them, which was the route it was desirable that our wagon train should pursue, and that I would undertake it; whereupon Gordon said: "Well, drive them off." I replied: "I cannot do it with my division alone; but require assistance." He then said: "You can take the two other divisions of the corps." By this time it was becoming sufficiently light to make the surrounding localities visible.

I then rode down and invited General Walker, who commanded a division on my left, composed principally of Virginians, to ride with me, showing him the position of the enemy and explaining to him my views and plans of attack. He agreed with me as to its advisability. I did this because I felt that I had assumed a very great responsibility when I took upon myself the charge of making the attack. I then made dispositions to dislodge the Federals from their position, placing Bushrod Johnson's division upon my right, with instructions to attack and take the enemy in the flank, while my division skirmishers charged in front, where temporary earthworks had been thrown up by the enemy, their cavalry holding the

crossings of the road with a battery. I soon perceived a disposition on their part to attack the division in flank. I rode back and threw our right so as to take advantage of some ditches and fences to obstruct the cavalry if they should attempt to make a charge.

In the meantime the cavalry of Fitz. Lee were proceeding by a circuitous route to get in rear of them at the cross-roads. The enemy, observing me, fired upon me with four pieces of artillery. I remember well the appearance of the shell, and how directly they came towards me, exploding and completely enveloping me in smoke. I then gave the signal to advance. At the same time Fitz. Lee charged those posted at the cross-roads, when my skirmishers attacked the breastworks, which were taken without much loss on my part, also capturing several pieces of artillery and a large number of prisoners, I at the same time moving the division up to the support of the skirmishers in echelon by brigades, driving the enemy in confusion for three-quarters of a mile beyond the range of hills covered with oak undergrowth. I then learned from the prisoners that my right flank was threatened. Halting my troops, I placed the skirmishers, commanded by Colonel J. R. Winston, 45th North Carolina troops, in front, about 100 yards distant, to give notice of indication of attack. I placed Cox's brigade, which occupied the right of the division, at right angles to the other troops, to watch that flank. The other divisions of the corps (Walker's and Evans's) were on the left. I then sent an officer to General Gordon, announcing our success, and that the Lynchburg road was open for the escape of the wagons, and that I awaited orders. Thereupon I received an order to withdraw, which I declined to do, supposing that General Gordon did not understand the commanding position which my troops occupied. He continued to send me order after order to the same effect, which I still disregarded, being under the impression that he did not comprehend our favorable location, until finally I received a message from him, with an additional one as coming from General Lee, to fall back. I felt the difficulty of withdrawing without disaster, and ordered Colonel J. R. Winston, commanding the skirmish line, which had been posted in my front on first reaching these hills, to conform his movement to those of the division, and to move by the left flank so as to give notice of an attack from that quarter. I then ordered Cox to maintain his position in line of battle, and not to show himself until our rear was 100 yards distant; and then to fall back in line of battle, so as to protect our rear and right flank from assault. I then

instructed Major Peyton, of my staff, to start the left in motion, and I continued with the rear.

The enemy, upon seeing us move off, rushed out from under cover with a cheer, when Cox's brigade, lying concealed at the brow of the hill, rose and fired a volley into them, which drove them back into the woods, the brigade then following their retreating comrades in line of battle unmolested. After proceeding about half the distance to the position occupied by us in the morning, a dense mass of the enemy in column (infantry) appeared on our right, and advanced without firing towards the earthworks captured by us in the morning, when a battery of our artillery opened with grape and canister and drove them under the shelter of the woods.

As my troops approached their position of the morning, I rode up to General Gordon and asked where I should form line of battle. He replied, "Anywhere you choose." Struck by the strangeness of the reply, I asked an explanation, whereupon he informed me that we would be surrendered. I then expressed very forcibly my dissent to being surrendered, and indignantly upbraided him for not giving me notice of such intention, as I could have escaped with my division and joined General Joe Johnston, then in North Carolina. Furthermore, that I should then inform my men of the purpose to surrender, and that whoever desired to escape that calamity could go with me, and galloped off to carry this idea into effect. Before reaching my troops, however, General Gordon overtook me, and, placing his hand upon my shoulder, asked me if I were going to desert the army and tarnish my own honor as a soldier, and said that it would be a reflection upon General Lee and an indelible disgrace to me if I, an officer of rank, should escape under a flag of truce, which was then pending. I was in a dilemma and knew not what to do, but finally concluded to say nothing on the subject to my troops.

Upon reaching them, one of the soldiers asked if General Lee had surrendered, and upon my answering that I feared it was a fact that we had surrendered, he cast away his musket, and holding his hands aloft, cried in an agonized voice: "Blow, Gabriel, blow! My God, let him blow. I am ready to die!" We then went beyond the creek at Appomattox Courthouse, stacked arms amid the bitter tears of bronze veterans, regretting the necessity of capitulation.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, May 28, 1899.]

## SUSSEX LIGHT DRAGOONS.

### A Complete Roster of This Gallant Confederate Organization.

An issue of the *Petersburg Express*, published September 14, 1861, gives the roll of the Sussex Light Dragoons, a number of the members of which are still living, some in this city. The roster is as follows :

#### OFFICERS.

Captain—B. W. Belsches.  
First Lieutenant—G. H. Dillard.  
Second Lieutenant—Wm. N. Blow.  
Third Lieutenant—P. S. Parker.  
First Sergeant—H. O. Moyler.  
Second Sergeant—T. A. Dillard.  
Third Sergeant—E. T. Thornton.  
Fourth Sergeant—T. L. Johnson.  
First Corporal—F. L. Vellines.  
Second Corporal—J. E. Barker.  
Third Corporal—T. E. Dillard.  
Fourth Corporal—G. S. Rives.

#### PRIVATEs.

J. D. Atkins, T. W. Adkins, Wm. L. Adkins, A. M. Adkins, B. R. Birdsong, Henry Birdsong, A. S. Birdsong, S. J. Birdsong, J. A. Bishop, H. C. Briggs, Andrew Briggs, R. R. Bains, O. H. Baird, E. T. Chappell, J. L. Chappell, Wm. D. Chappell, J. R. Chappell, D. A. Cocke, J. A. Cotton, J. J. Dillard, W. H. Dillard, J. H. Dobie, A. T. Dobie, R. M. Dobie, R. L. Dobie, A. H. Ellis, G. W. Gilliam, Robert J. Gwaltney, Wm. H. Gwaltney, B. F. Harrison (commissary), R. K. Harrison, T. J. Harrison, J. H. Harrison, R. S. Harrison, J. W. Harrison, Trezvant Harrison, B. L. Hargrave, W. F. Hansberger, James B. Harrell, L. D. Holt, J. H. Jones, J. R. Jones, L. E. Jordan, H. G. Kelly, Samuel Little, Jesse Little, W. H. Marable (forage master), J. M. H. Marable, T. S. Morgan, J.

Edward Moyler, F. D. Nibbett, J. R. Norris, J. A. Parker, Wm. H. Parker, R. A. Parker, J. S. Parker, J. W. Parker, J. M. Presson, Nathaniel Raines, B. F. Raines, G. E. Rives, W. B. Scott, J. D. Spain, P. Thorp, R. G. West, J. L. White, R. W. White, A. D. White, H. B. Walker, George Walker, A. C. Winston, and W. W. Woodson.

The paper from which the above was taken is in the possession of Captain George J. Rogers, of this city.

---

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, October 31, 1899.]

### **WILLIAM L. YANCEY IN HISTORY.**

---

#### **The Memorable Debate on the Slave Trade at Montgomery, Alabama.**

---

[Reference may be made to Vol. XXI., pp. 151-9, for a graphic sketch of the eventful career of Hon. William Lowndes Yancey, by Hon. Anthony W. Dillard. It is evident that it was not the intention of Dr. McGuire to misrepresent Mr. Yancey.—EDITOR.]

#### *Editor of the Times :*

Sir,—You have incalculably increased the obligations of the country to your custom of printing fragmentary examples of Southern history in the publication of Dr. Hunter McGuire's report, in your issue of Sunday, October 15th, instant.

The vast and wonderfully rich field of historical incident connected with the Southern movement in the decade next before the erection of the Confederacy is sufficiently explained in the activity at that time of the remarkable men who came forward in large numbers to discuss public questions. In evidence of this phenomenon, stands the Southern Commercial Convention, a meeting of planters and lawyers. At the Knoxville meeting of 1857 a committee was appointed to report on the policy of re-opening the African slave trade and to consider the constitutionality of the act of Congress which pronounced the trade piracy. The report was to be made to the next annual meeting of the convention, appointed for Montgomery, Alabama, in May, 1858. The significance of the discussion of this sub-

ject lay in the movement, already more or less advanced, to secure Cuba for the United States, and also in the then pending scheme of General William Walker to conquer the Central American States and erect a government there with institutions similar to those of the Southern States. African slavery, it was believed, would flourish well in those tropical, yet fruitful agricultural regions, while the Southern States were much in need of sympathy in the fast ripening purpose of the Northern States to invade our institutions and destroy them. More than that, it was hoped that if Texas could be well supplied with African slaves in order to protect herself against Northern interference, she would readily consent to divide her vast and bounteous area into five slave States, thus checking in the Senate the tide of Congressional usurpation of Southern rights.

The Southern Commercial Convention of 1858, met, according to appointment, at Montgomery. The membership was so great that the State capitol could not by any means contain the meeting. It was the annual season of empty cotton warehouses at that cotton shipping port, when, perhaps, 100,000 bales each year were loaded on steamers for Mobile. An immense brick cotton warehouse, thoroughly lighted, was hastily floored, and plank benches provided for the meetings of the convention. It was a most noble gathering of men—the educated, earnest, prosperous democracy of the South, come to deliberate for a week in a pending crisis which involved their all. They felt deeply the awe of the situation. They acted calmly.

It was at this great and decisive meeting that the memorable debate occurred between Mr. Roger A. Pryor, the young editor of *The South*, a weekly, published at Richmond, of extreme Southern rights' character, supported by William Ballard Preston, and Henry W. Hilliard, on our side, and William Lowndes Yancey, a lawyer, of Montgomery, on the other side. The report of the committee from the Knoxville meeting of the year before was submitted by its chairman, J. D. B. De Bow, editor of *De Bow's Review*, a South Carolinian then domiciled in New Orleans. The report was favorable to the re-opening of the trade. Just about that time some five hundred Africans had been landed from a slaver on the coast of Georgia, and prominent Georgians were being pursued in the Federal courts as participants in the crime of importing them.

De Bow's report was debated and postponed for action until the meeting of 1859, appointed for Vicksburg, Miss.

Referring to Mr. Yancey's speech, or rather speeches, for he spoke the greater part of two days, Dr. McGuire says: "Mr. Yan-



cey, in an able and powerful speech, urged that the African slave trade be revived." Dr. McGuire has fallen into an error, not peculiar to himself, but one which greatly annoyed Mr. Yancey in his lifetime, and which he studiously sought to correct at every opportunity. I will relate one example of his corrections. In the Alabama secession convention, Mr. Yancey warmly supported a resolution of instructions to the Alabama delegates to the proposed Provisional Congress of the Confederacy, requiring them to vote for a proviso of the Constitution of the Confederacy forever prohibiting the African slave trade. He said in that speech that he apprehended few public men had been more industriously misrepresented than himself on this subject of the resolutions; that he was not and never had been in favor of re-opening the trade; that Virginia and Maryland would continue to send all the negroes to the cotton States that it was desirable to have. (See Smith's Debates.)

Mr. Yancey's position may be briefly stated. He contended that it was a question for adjudication whether the Constitution gave Congress the right to make "piracy" of a trade—for instance, the African slave trade—upon which the social fabric of half the States was founded; whether Congress had the right to declare the particular trade "piracy" which the Constitution specially forbid any hostile legislation against "prior to" 1808, twenty years after the formation of the government; whether the positive forbidding by the Constitution of any interference with the African slave trade, a specially designated and protected trade, "prior to" 1808, left Congress free to forbid it after that date; whether the forbidding ultimately of an original constitutional guarantee, existing in the form of a compromise between the sections in an organic law, could become valid under any enactment less than a constitutional amendment.

Messrs. Pryor and Preston, of Virginia, and Mr. Hilliard, of Alabama, contended for unconstitutional rejection of De Bow's report favoring the re-opening of the trade.

Mr. Yancey saw his opportunity to discuss the encroachments of the Abolitionists upon the Constitution in resisting a summary rejection of the motion of Mr. Pryor. Hence the debate and the final reference of the De Bow report to the Vicksburg convention.

Dr. McGuire is bold and opportune in denouncing the allegation of Fiske, and other so-called historians who falsely pretend that the South fought for the perpetuation of slavery. As I have just said, Alabama led in demanding that the constitution of the Confederacy should forever prohibit the African slave trade. That policy once

put into effect, time was the inevitable emancipation of African slavery. A property status could not possibly attract to labor the moment the property value became higher than the value of the products of the labor. Cotton could be kept at ten cents by white producers and by improved methods of cultivation. Negro slave cotton producers could not be kept down to \$1,000 per head, when coal mining, iron manufacture, railroad building, etc., came in to compete for negro slave labor. In the Birmingham district to-day, are many coal mine and ore mine operators who owned in 1860, a quarter of a million dollars in cotton field negroes. Must they not have sold them by now to have invested in wage employing mines, rather than retain them in the less profitable employment of the cotton field?

The record stands, General Lee, the commanding general of the Confederate armies, voluntarily manumitted his slaves. Mr. Yancey, the oratorical agitator of the constitutional principles which were attempted by the Confederacy was a leader in the policy of rejection by the Confederacy of the African slave trade, thus hastening the maturity of the institution of slavery and providing for the industrial economy which must have worked out the final emancipation of labor from the status of prosperity to the status of wages.

Dr. McGuire relates that President Lincoln pronounced the Union indissoluble because the Southern ports on 10 per cent. duties would cut off this revenue of the port of New York and starve the northern nation. It is important to remember that upon the organization of the Provisional Government at Montgomery and the appointment of Mr. Yancey at the head of the commission to go to Europe to sue for recognition of the new born Republic, he asked to be instructed to offer to the commercial nations of Europe, England and France, a treaty quite similar to the treaty which General Washington asked, successfully, the Congress to negotiate with France and Spain.

Mr. Yancey, at the suggestion of Mr. Rhett, of South Carolina, asked to be permitted to offer European powers a contract of twenty years duration, fixing the duties at all Southern ports at 20 per cent. ad valorem. A bill was offered in Congress embodying these views, but reducing the time to six years. Mr. Rhett refused to accept this reduction of time, and this bill failed. The commission to Europe was thus doomed to failure, and with this fore knowledge, Mr. Yancey went upon it, consenting to his own sacrifice with characteristic valor.

JOHN WITHERSPOON DU BOSE.

*Wetumpka, Ala.*

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, November 7, 1899.]

## JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

### A Visit to the Confederate Cemetery of the Prison.

**Its Condition Described—Services on Decoration-Day—A List of Those Buried There—What Should be Done—A Fund Needed.**

[The devoted effort of our noble women of the South, which has been so constantly efficacious, is confidently invoked for the sacred object stated.—ED.]

In company with a friend, your correspondent paid a visit to the now lonely burial plat on Johnson's Island, where over two hundred members of the Confederate army are buried.

Soon after the breaking out of hostilities between the North and South, in the war of 1861 to 1865, a prison camp was established on Johnson's Island, in Sandusky bay, about three miles north of this city, where were sent many officers of the Confederate army for safe-keeping, until exchanged or the war was over.

The island is a picturesque spot, about three miles long and about three-quarters of a mile wide.

There is no regular communication with the island, and to reach the same one must charter a small boat, or he may be lucky enough to get to the island through the kindness of some fisherman, who goes in the vicinity to draw seines for fresh water fish.

The soil is good, and in places there are quite extensive openings where stone has been quarried for domestic use.

The old prison camp lay in full view from this city, and as the island is surrounded by a good depth of water on all sides, it was regarded by Northern men as a most safe and healthy spot for the establishment of a military prison camp.

There was a stockade of plank about the prison quarters at the time of its use, but which has now all disappeared. There yet remains two or three buildings where the officers of the guard had their quarters, and the old guard-house, to mark the spot.

Just east of the camp, which was situated on gently rolling land that dropped towards the bay, to the south, was a small earth fortification for the protection of the camp, should it ever be surprised

by an attack of the friends of the Confederacy, who at that time were reported to be quite numerous in Canada, just across Lake Erie, thirty-five miles to the north.

Little remains of the old fortification aside from its broad, sloping embankment, and even of this a part of the earthworks on the west side towards the camp has been nearly levelled to the ground near by.

The old magazine, for the storing of powder and ball for use by those who occupied this fortification, has gone to decay, and as its walls and ceiling were of plank, old Father Time has done the work surely and well, for the top has caved in, probably never to be re-excavated in the present generation.

About twenty or thirty rods still farther eastward, near the eastern end of the island, is the lonely burial plat, where rest the remains of over 200 officers of the Confederate army, who died while imprisoned here, and their remains were buried in this little plat of ground, where the north winds whistle through the trees, singing a mournful symphony o'er the graves of more than one brave man who laid down his life at his country's call.

The plat is enclosed with a wrought-iron fence, thus protecting the last resting place of many a loved one from tramp of horses and cattle and the heedless visitors, that occasionally pay a visit to this lonely spot.

As we opened the gate and walked in at the south end of the half-acre enclosure, eight rows of white marble headstones came into view, each bearing a withered wreath of evergreen, placed there by members of McMean's Post of the G. A. R., on Decoration Day in May last. Every year a committee from this post, or the Toland Post, at the Soldiers' Home, near the city, visit this burial plat, and o'er the graves strew flowers and place wreaths upon the headstones of each of the 205 graves. While the duty is a sad one, it is always performed with willingness by members of the Grand Army who live here, and when the exercises of the day are held, a fitting recognition of these sleeping warriors is made by the speaker of the day, who delivers the oration of praise to living and dead in terms to touch more than one honest heart.

If we are rightly informed, it is thirty-seven years since the first interment was made, and while within the grounds there were a few small trees then, they now have grown to a good size, and whose friendly limbs outstretch o'er foe and friend alike, and as autumn comes the silvery leaves bedeck the lonely graves of those who lie buried here.

The plat certainly deserves a little better care than it now receives—through whose neglect we are not able to say. Some of the trees ought to be removed, the undergrowth taken out, and the graves and grounds lined up, so as to be more presentable to the visitor's eye. The expense would be but nominal, and it would add so much to the sad scene that presents itself as one gazes upon the last resting-place of so many young men of the same race and speaking the same tongue of those who held them in captivity until death relieved them of their heavy burden.

The following list will show who are buried here, and undoubtedly will be read by many, who will recall to mind the names and acts of more than one that are interred in this lonely place. The list of names is copied from the headstones placed over each grave.

The writer has omitted the word "infantry" after each name, that being understood by the reader:

- J. L. Hood, adjutant, 59th Virginia.
- A. C. Pitt, second lieutenant, Company K, 20th Tennessee.
- M. H. Michael, lieutenant, 59th Virginia.
- W. C. Raidy, Company G, 11th Kentucky cavalry.
- J. M. Hill, captain, Company G, Dobbins's Arkansas cavalry.
- J. P. Nolan, lieutenant, English's Mississippi battalion.
- Robert Gamble, second lieutenant, 9th Alabama.
- J. Miller, third lieutenant, Williams's Arkansas cavalry.
- C. B. Morris, lieutenant, Company I, 9th Alabama.
- Thomas Ruffin, lieutenant, Company D, 4th North Carolina.
- J. Coulter, citizen, Marysville, Tenn.
- H. H. Cresswell, lieutenant, Freeman's regiment.
- W. P. Norton, lieutenant, Company D, 22d North Carolina.
- J. W. McRae, second lieutenant, Company E, 67th Georgia.
- J. W. Jacques, lieutenant, Company F, 24th Tennessee.
- E. N. Pucket, lieutenant, Company K, 12th Arkansas.
- J. W. Day, captain, Company D, 55th Georgia.
- W. S. Hilton, captain, Company F, 22d North Carolina.
- H. Wilkinson, lieutenant, Company B, 9th Virginia.
- W. W. Wynn, captain, Company C, 64th Virginia.
- John F. Brigham, lieutenant, Company E, 14th Tennessee.
- J. A. Lash, major, 4th Florida.
- W. A. Stevens, lieutenant, Company K, 46th Alabama.
- T. J. Lowis, captain, Company C, 3d Virginia.
- B. B. Starns, lieutenant, Company B, 9th Alabama cavalry.

J. A. Campbell, colonel, 27th Mississippi.  
John Welch, lieutenant, Company B, 40th Virginia.  
S. V. Hamilton, captain, Company B, "Choctaw cavalry."  
G. W. Swink, lieutenant, Company K, 8th Virginia.  
A. B. Archibald, captain, Company D, 8th Confederate cavalry.  
J. Dean, lieutenant, Company H, 28th Tennessee.  
C. B. Nash, lieutenant, Company H, 6th Louisiana.  
Francis Baya, lieutenant, Company H, 2d Florida.  
F. J. Alexander, lieutenant, Company C, 4th Alabama battery.  
M. C. Peel, captain, 8th Arkansas.  
R. G. Love, first lieutenant, Company K, 1st Mississippi artillery.  
P. Nichols, captain, Company B, 11th battery, North Carolina.  
R. P. Bolling, lieutenant, Company H, 6th Georgia cavalry.  
I. B. Wood, lieutenant, Company C, 10th South Carolina cavalry.  
B. F. Lock, lieutenant, Company E, 4th Arkansas cavalry.  
P. W. Lane, lieutenant, 23d Arkansas.  
Josiah Bissell, captain, Company C, 8th Florida.  
James E. Webb, captain, 8th Arkansas.  
Willis Randall, lieutenant, Company G, 52d North Carolina.  
W. E. Phillips, second lieutenant 4th Alabama cavalry.  
John Nickell, surgeon, 2d Kentucky, "Mounted R."  
E. B. Holt, lieutenant, "Bidy's Artillery," Lexington, N. C.  
W. J. Porter, captain, Company D, 61st Alabama.  
Peter Mackin, lieutenant, Company I, 16th Mississippi.  
John W. Hanagan, colonel, 8th South Carolina.  
J. M. Henken, first lieutenant, Company K, 12th South Carolina.  
John J. Cobeau, lieutenant, Company B, 10th Mississippi.  
S. T. Moore, second lieutenant, Company F, "King's R," Alabama.  
J. E. Duncan, private, 22d Virginia.  
F. T. Coppeys, lieutenant, Tennessee.  
W. E. Killem, lieutenant, Company H, 45th Virginia.  
A. J. Frazer, Company H, 15th Mississippi.  
W. E. Wason, adjutant, 1st Tennessee.  
F. F. Cooper, captain, Company K, 52d Georgia.  
R. H. Lisk, citizen.  
P. J. Raben, captain, 5th Alabama.  
S. F. Sullivan, captain, 1st Alabama.  
R. K. G. Weeks, second lieutenant, Company F, 4th Florida.  
W. S. Norwood, lieutenant, Company E, 6th South Carolina.  
B. C. Harp, lieutenant, Company I, 25th Tennessee.

J. C. Long, lieutenant, Company I, 62d North Carolina.

W. T. Norwood, lieutenant, 6th South Carolina, "Confederate States army."

John O. High, lieutenant, 1st Arkansas battery.

John F. McElory, lieutenant, Company F, 24th Georgia.

N. T. Barnes, captain, Company E, 10th Confederate cavalry.

J. L. Land, lieutenant, Company A, 24th Georgia.

William Peel, lieutenant, Company C, 11th Mississippi.

D. L. Scott, second lieutenant, Company I, 3d Missouri cavalry.

J. W. Moore, lieutenant, Company B, 25th Alabama.

J. U. King, captain, Company K, 9th Georgia.

M. R. Handy, citizen, Hopkins county, Ky.

E. Morrison, private, 8th Alabama.

Charles H. Mattock, colonel, 4th Mississippi.

R. E. M.

W. W. Davis, private, 35th Mississippi.

W. N. Swift, lieutenant, 34th Georgia.

A. Kelley, lieutenant, 10th Arkansas.

J. D. Conway, private, 19th Virginia cavalry.

J. Middlebrook, captain, 45th Georgia.

J. B. Hazzard, captain, 24th Alabama.

J. P. Vaun, captain, Company E, "Bell's R," Alabama.

D. H. McKay, lieutenant, Company D, 46th Alabama.

J. R. Jackson, captain, Company H, 38th Alabama.

H. S. Dawson, lieutenant, Company H, 17th Georgia.

D. D. Johnson, lieutenant, Company A, 48th Tennessee.

J. B. Hardy, captain, Company I, 5th Arkansas.

W. T. Skidmore, lieutenant, Company D, 4th Alabama cavalry.

M. D. Armfield, captain, Company B, 11th North Carolina.

G. W. Lewis, captain, Company C, 9th battalion Louisiana cavalry.

J. N. Williams, captain, 6th Mississippi.

J. T. Sigon, lieutenant, 55th Virginia.

F. G. W. Coleman, lieutenant, 7th Mississippi.

J. E. Threadgill, lieutenant, Company H, 12th Arkansas.

J. C. Shuler, captain, Company H, 5th Florida.

B. J. Blount, lieutenant, Company H, 55th North Carolina.

J. D. Armington, lieutenant, Company H, 32d North Carolina.

James Lawson, lieutenant, Company C, 18th Mississippi cavalry.

John C. Holt, lieutenant, Company C, 61st Tennessee.

Samuel Chormle, Blunt county, Tenn.

J. W. Johnson, captain, "Green's R," Missouri S. A. S.

J. B. Cash, lieutenant, 62d North Carolina.  
Hugh Cobble, private, Company E, 5th Kentucky.  
J. B. Hardy, captain, 15th Arkansas.  
Mark Backen, captain, Company D, 60th Tennessee.  
J. R. H.  
E. M. Orr, lieutenant, 62d North Carolina.  
S. W. Henry, captain, 19th Tennessee cavalry.  
S. R. Graham, first lieutenant, Company J, 3d Texas cavalry.  
J. A. McBride, lieutenant, Company H, 60th Tennessee.  
J. Reeves, Company J, 1st Georgia cavalry.  
J. Ashby, Kentucky.  
Samuel Fox, colonel.  
E. L. Moore.  
Daniel Herrin, Poindexter's Missouri cavalry.  
J. W. Collier, lieutenant, 18th Kentucky.  
John M. Kean, captain, 12th Louisiana artillery.  
W. McWhister, captain, Company H, 3d Missouri.  
R. Hodges, Memphis, Tenn.  
E. Gibson, lieutenant, 11th Arkansas.  
D. Christian, Company E, 128th Virginia.  
S. W. C.  
William Johnson, Poindexter's Missouri cavalry.  
Peter Cole, private, 60th Virginia.  
J. W. Gregory, captain, 9th Virginia.  
W. Veasey, lieutenant, 10th Kentucky cavalry.  
B. Anderson, private, Missouri State cavalry.  
J. Hupteller, lieutenant, 1st battalion, Arkansas.  
S. G. Jetter, company H, 31st Alabama.  
D. D. Keller, private, 2d Tennessee cavalry.  
J. M. Dotson, lieutenant, 10th Tennessee cavalry.  
W. P. Harden, lieutenant, 5th North Carolina.  
L. B. Williams, lieutenant, 63d North Carolina.  
G. W. Gillispe, captain, company D, 66th North Carolina.  
C. B. Jackson, Guir'a, Va.  
J. E. Scruggs, colonel, 85th Virginia.  
E. M. Tuggle, captain, company H, 35th Georgia.  
A. E. Upchurch, captain, 55th North Carolina.  
J. P. Pedden, second lieutenant, "Hamilton's battery."  
J. Barnett, lieutenant-colonel, 9th battalion, Louisiana cavalry.  
W. J. Hudson, lieutenant, 2d North Carolina.  
D. E. Webb, captain, 1st Alabama cavalry.



J. W. Mullins, lieutenant, 6th Tennessee.

J. D. Cassaway.

In addition to the above list, there are fifty-two graves, on the headstones of which are engraved the word "Unknown."

Two graves among the number have evidently been cared for by loving friends. The first is that of

G. W. GILLISPE,

CAPTAIN COMPANY D, SIXTY-SIXTH NORTH CAROLINA INFANTRY.

DIED SEPTEMBER 9, 1863; AGED 26 YEARS.

Below this inscription there are engraved several Masonic emblems. The other stone bears this inscription:

W. T. NORWOOD,

LIEUTENANT, SIXTH SOUTH CAROLINA INFANTRY.

DIED JANUARY 11, 1864; AGED 30 YEARS.

"ANINNUS OPEBUSQUE PARATI."

There ought to be some stone or monument erected over this group of men, and a fund provided for the care of the spot where sleep so many loved ones, to the Southern heart most dear. Who will start the proper way to begin?

W. H. H. BLACKMAN.

**CONFEDERATE DEAD OF FLORIDA.**

---

**The Ceremonies Attending Unveiling of the Monument to,**

---

**AT JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA, June 16, 1898.**

---

**Presented by Charles C. Hemming, of Gainesville, Texas, formerly  
of Jacksonville, Florida, and Member of 3d Florida  
Infantry, C. S. A.**

---

[Extract from account of Unveiling by *Florida Times Union and Citizen*.]

“Should the captious critics of American institutions or the observer of Republican principles require evidence of their stability, more than the story that one hundred and twenty years have given, they would have found convincing proof in the scene which Jacksonville witnessed yesterday.

“A thousand young men, the flower of the Seventh corps of the United States Army, escorted Confederate Veterans of thirty-five years ago through the streets of the city to the dedication of a monument erected by the generosity of one of Florida’s sons, to the memory of Florida heroes who fell in the war which estranged for four years those who had been before and have since then been brothers.

“Greater contrasts in the whirl of time have rarely, if ever, been seen in any land, and such as that would hardly be deemed possible in any but America. To the sounds of martial strains they marched, the blue uniform of a reunited nation leading its grizzled veterans of the gray of former years. The Starry Cross and the Star Spangled Banner mingled in the same procession, and no one murmured. Splendid tributes of praise to Confederate heroes fell from eloquent lips to shouts welcomed by approval, which rose from the throats of the North and the South alike. Illinois and Virginia, Iowa and North Carolina, Wisconsin and New Jersey, through their soldiers, joined with Florida in honor to those who fought and bled and died for the Lost Cause, the cause which in the words of one speaker, ‘went down in defeat, but not in dishonor.’

## ENTHUSIASM NOT EFFECTED.

"The sun dawned yesterday on another day of heat and discomfort, but it effected not the enthusiasm of those who had looked forward for months to the occasion, which was to see the erection and dedication of the Hemming Monument. At an early hour the streets were filled with the throngs of those who had come from other parts of the State to mingle with Jacksonville's citizens in the ceremonies. The line of march made known through the press was lined with crowds who were anxious to see the pageant.

"At St. James Park a stand had been erected, south of the monument, from which the speakers were to be heard, the songs to be sung, and on it were reserved places for the members of Camps of Veterans who had come to the celebration of the day, for the Daughters of the Confederacy, and for distinguished guests, including the chief officers of troops encamped here, and for the members of their staffs. As the head of the long procession came to the stand, the applications for space on it were innumerable, and even with the most careful management of the committee, the greatest difficulty was experienced in allowing within the railing only those for whom places had been reserved. On every side the crowd extended to the limits of the buildings which surround the park. Thousands were in sight, the light colors of women's and children's costumes alternating with the blue of the Volunteers' uniforms. The luxuriant semi-tropical growth of the park shrubbery made a strong background for the sea of faces that was turned to the stand or upward to the monument, its summit shrouded in the canvas of secrecy.

## THOSE ON THE STAND.

"Among those who were accorded places on the stand were the speakers of the day, the chorus, which rendered several patriotic songs, the sponsors and their maids of honor, the young ladies representing the different States, many of the Daughters of the Confederacy, delegations from the various camps of Confederate Veterans, a delegation from O. M. Mitchel Post, G. A. R., and several relatives of Mr. Hemming, the donor of the monument. The distinguished guests of honor were General Lee and his staff, beside General Arnold and General Burt and their staffs, and other and prominent military officers now in command of the soldiers at Camp Cuba Libre; Governor Bloxham and his staff were also present."

THE PARADE,

Starting from Bay and Market streets, was as follows:

City Police, Mounted.

Second New Jersey Drum Corps.

Grand Marshal and Aids.

Col. Hines, 2d New Jersey Vols., Commanding the Military.

Companies from each of the following Regiments of the Seventh

Army Corps, U. S. V.:

2d New Jersey Volunteers.

2d Illinois Volunteers.

2d Virginia Volunteers.

1st North Carolina Volunteers.

1st Wisconsin Volunteers.

49th Iowa Volunteers.

50th Iowa Volunteers.

4th Virginia Volunteers.

4th Illinois Volunteers.

Wilson Battery, Florida State Troops.

Mitchel Post, G. A. R.

Florida Division United Confederate Veterans.

Float drawn by four gray horses, upon which were Young Ladies representing the Confederate States and the States and Indian Territory having troops in the Confederate Army, as follows:

Confederate States—Miss Belle Dewson.

South Carolina—Miss Mai N. Colcock.

Mississippi—Miss Julia Stockton.

Florida—Miss Elizabeth Legere Fleming.

Alabama—Miss Kitty L. Roby.

Georgia—Miss Minnie Sollee.

Louisiana—Miss Marie M. Prioleau.

Texas—Miss Annie Champlain.

Virginia—Miss Anna Virginia Taliaferro.

Arkansas—Miss Julia Cook.

North Carolina—Miss Mamie Rogers.

Tennessee—Miss Aline Buckman.

Missouri—Miss Ruby DuPont.

Kentucky—Miss Isabelle Livingston.

Maryland—Miss Mary T. Fleming.

Indian Territory—Miss Lena Dancy.

Each young lady was attired in white, with a broad red sash, on which, in white letters, was the name of the State represented. The float was the most effective feature of the procession.

Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Carriages with Governor W. D. Bloxham and Staff.

Col. R. H. M. Davidson, Orator of the Day.

Miss Sarah Elizabeth Call and Escort.

Hon. Noble A. Hull, Commander R. E. Lee Camp U. C. V.

Officers of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

Sponsors and Maids of Honor.

Distinguished Visitors.

Fire Department.

The line of march terminated at St. James Park, the site of the monument.

---

### EXERCISES AT THE PARK.

The assemblage was called to order by Hon. Noble A. Hull, commanding R. E. Lee Camp, No. 58, U. C. V.

---

#### PRAYER.

Commander Hull introduced the Right Reverend Edwin G. Weed, S. T. D., Bishop of Florida, and Chaplain of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 58, U. C. V., who made the following prayer:

O Almighty Lord, who fashionest the hearts of men and considerest all their works, grant, we beseech Thee, to us and all the people of this land, the spirit of obedience to Thy commandments; that, walking humbly in Thy fear, we may, under Thy almighty protection, continue to dwell in righteousness and peace. Defend our liberties, save us from lawlessness, dishonesty and violence; from discord and confusion; from pride and arrogance, and from every evil way. Continue Thy goodness to us that the heritage which we commemorate this day may be preserved in our time and transmitted, unimpaired, to the generations to come. Grant this, we beseech Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

---

#### HYMN.

Our Father's God to Thee,  
Author of Liberty,  
To Thee we sing:

Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King.

Bless Thou our native land!  
Firm may she ever stand  
Through storm and night;  
When the wild tempests rave,  
Ruler of wind and wave,  
Do Thou our country save  
By Thy great might.

For her our prayer shall rise  
To God, above the skies;  
On Him we wait;  
Thou who art ever nigh,  
Guarding with watchful eye,  
To Thee alone we cry,  
God save the State!

---

THE MONUMENT UNVEILED

By Miss Sarah Elizabeth Call.

---

SALUTE OF THIRTEEN GUNS

By Wilson Battery.

---

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

BY EX-GOVERNOR FRANCIS P. FLEMING, CHAIRMAN OF THE  
COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

*Ladies and Gentlemen, my Friends, and Comrades:*

In behalf of R. E. Lee Camp, United Confederate Veterans, and the committee of arrangements, it is my pleasure and privilege to welcome you to an occasion which will ever be memorable in the annals of our city and State, and to bid you join us in dedicating a monument to heroes and patriots.

As we look upon this beautiful shaft, surmounted by the figure of a Confederate soldier, what memories of the past crowd upon us! In the retrospect of thirty-seven years we may recall the States of the South, not by rebellion or revolution, but each in solemn convention, in the exercise of its sovereignty, withdrawing from a union that had ceased to be fraternal. We see another compact formed,

another republic created, upon the plan of that which the South had helped to build, another nation born and baptized "The Confederate States of America."

Differences of opinion have existed, and probably ever will, as to whether the States had the right to secede. A right first asserted by a New England statesman, the merits of which I will not undertake to discuss at this time. But leaving out the question of right: The States, in fact, did secede. The Confederate Government, in fact, existed complete in all its departments. And when war was waged, it was neither a civil war nor a rebellion, but a war between separate *de facto* nations. This removed from the citizens of these States all question of divided allegiance as between State and National Government. And it is from this standpoint the Southern people must be viewed. No intelligent and well-informed person of the present day, whose mind is not imbued with fanatical teachings, believes that the Confederates were traitors. No people ever espoused a cause, or went forth to battle in defense of home and country, with a clearer consciousness of right in the discharge of duty.

Tell me not that any but patriots, inspired with the highest principles of right and justice, could have fought with the courage and valor of the Confederate soldier, or evinced, as he did, that heroic fortitude in the endurance of every hardship, privation and suffering, with insufficient food and scanty clothing, contending against fearful odds. True to country; steadfast to duty, and faithful to the last! Surrendering only to overwhelming numbers, when all hope of further resistance was at an end. No traitor's heart found place in the breast of the Confederate soldier!

Comrades, we welcome you to the dedication of Florida's monument to her Confederate dead, presented by a noble son of her soil, who, in the tender years of early youth, represented his State in the Confederate armies; and whether on the march, in the forefront of battle, or in prison, illustrated that valor and patriotism, the memory of which we are here to perpetuate on bronze and granite, as it will ever be preserved on the pages of history and in the breasts of our people.

Florida, the smallest of the Confederate States in population, has a rich heritage in the record of those times. Of general officers, she contributed Kirby Smith, the Blucher of Manassas, afterward a full general in command of the Trans-Mississippi department; Loring and Patton Anderson, major-generals; and Finegan, Perry, Davis, Miller and Finley, brigadiers, all gallant and distinguished soldiers.

I cannot trespass upon your time to go through the list of her heroes, but let us give an honored place to the private soldier, whose representatives we welcome here to-day. He went to battle and offered his life on the altar of country, without the stimulus of fame, and with but little hope of promotion, his only reward being the consciousness of duty well performed. I have in mind a private soldier of my company, uneducated, and from the humblest walks of life, who, in the attack upon the Federal works at Jonesboro, though weakened by sickness, was among the most advanced in the charge when stricken down by a fatal shot. As I supported him and saw the life blood flow from his brave young breast, I felt that no one better deserved the title of hero. And on this occasion, and in this presence, I offer this tribute to the memory of Isaac Varnes, of Company D, 1st Florida cavalry, Army of Tennessee, a type of the humble private soldier, hero and patriot.

Soldiers of the Union! You who have nobly responded to the call of your country, whether you come from the far North or from the sunny South, we accord you our heartiest welcome. Let us realize that the blood which stained the blue or the blood which stained the gray represented a sacrifice to duty, which we may all claim as a proud heritage of American valor and American manhood. If in the war in which you have enlisted you will but emulate the soldiers of the sixties, you will well deserve the plaudits of a grateful country.

Especially do I welcome these fair women, who join us in honoring the memory of Southern heroes. What would the cause of the South have been without the support of her daughters? No monument can ever adequately commemorate their heroism and virtues. Bereft of loved ones and protectors, and sharing in the poverty of desolated homes, yet never faltering in works of devotion for their country's cause, or in the encouragement of her sons when the dark cloud of disaster had all but obscured the star of hope.

O daughters of the South! You who were faithful to a cause which went down in defeat, but not in dishonor, be mindful of the duties which now rest upon you, as upon us all, and while lovingly and reverently we fold the Starry Cross, enshrined in the memory of our tenderest affections, be true to the flag that waves over a reunited people, under which our sons are now facing a common foe. Instil in your children that love of country which is the highest inspiration of patriotism and honor. And should a time of peril come when luxury shall beget vice and greed of gain threaten to stifle the



nobler aspirations, point your sons to this column and recount to them the story of the patriotic sacrifices and heroic virtues which it commemorates, and if a spark of true manhood remains, you will have done much toward the salvation of your country and the preservation of liberty.

---

#### INTRODUCTION OF THE ORATOR.

The orator of the day was introduced by Hon. F. P. Fleming, in the following words:

"It is now my pleasure to present to you, as the orator of the day, one who gallantly illustrated the valor of Florida's son on the field of battle, and has ably and faithfully represented his State in the halls of Congress; one whom our people have ever delighted to honor, Colonel Robert H. M. Davidson, of the 6th Florida infantry."

---

#### ORATION AND TENDER OF THE MONUMENT.

BY COLONEL ROBERT H. M. DAVIDSON.

*Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen :*

The vast audience before me demonstrates that the living approve the ceremonies of this day, and, could voices from the spirit-world reach us, methinks we might hear now, from angelic choirs there, songs of commendation. Almost from the beginning, pyramid, mausoleum, granite shaft and marble column have been erected as memorials.

And orator, poet, sculptor and painter, through the ages, by enrapturing eloquence, by enchanting song, by exquisite statue, and by beautiful picture, have contributed to perpetuate the glorious deeds of the soldier-dead. Patriotic heroism should ever be honored.

For that laudable purpose we have come now to this park, beautiful for situation, in the metropolis of our State, and near by the murmuring waters of her great river. Appropriate place, indeed, is the city of Jacksonville for the majestic column from which the veil has just fallen. Appropriate not only because it is the metropolis of our State, but also because it was for years the home, "the dearest spot on earth," of the estimable and noble-hearted gentleman to whose unsurpassed generosity and devotion to principle Florida is to-day indebted for this splendid tribute to the "chivalry and courage" of her Confederate soldiers. If I were not prevented by that

gentleman's modesty from doing so, most gladly would I speak of his wonderful and thrilling career as a soldier in his youth and of his great work as a citizen in his mature years. But I am not permitted to panegyryze him as he deserves to be, yet I can express a wish for him. And well do I know, hearers, that you will heartily unite with me in that wish, which is, that his life may be as long and happy as the soul which sustains it is generous and patriotic, and that distant, far distant, may be the time when monumental legend or eulogistic addresses shall tell us that he is no longer in the land of the living.

This beautiful shaft, dedicated "To the Soldiers of Florida," with its fitting and impressive inscriptions, though silent, yet eloquently speaks to us, and will so speak to coming generations, of the brave men whose intrepid valor and ardent love of home and country it is intended to commemorate. Who were these men and whence came they? They were citizens of Florida, many of them "native here and to the manner born," and others citizens by adoption. They came from every section of the State—from the shores of ocean and gulf, from field and forest, and from mainland and coral isle. They came from every vocation in life—from bench and bar, from bank and counting-room, from editor's sanctum and teacher's study, from farm and shop, and from the pulpit, the Lord Almighty's rostrum on the earth. Why did they come? Because their State called them.

On the 10th day of January, in the year 1861, the people of the State of Florida, in convention assembled, did solemnly ordain, publish and declare:

"That the State of Florida hereby withdraws herself from the confederacy of States existing under the name of the United States of America, and from the existing government of said States, and that all political connection between her and the government of said States ought to be, and is hereby, totally annulled, and said union of States dissolved. And the State of Florida is hereby declared a sovereign and independent nation. And that all ordinances heretofore adopted, in so far as they create and recognize said Union, are rescinded. And all laws and parts of laws, in so far as they recognize or assent to said Union, be, and they are hereby, repealed."

Florida having thus seceded from the Union, and her citizens believing that to their State, in which were their homes and loved ones, they owed allegiance, promptly responded to her call and soon became actors in the great "war between the States." They were animated by that heroic spirit which was conspicuously displayed at

that eventful period of our country's history by men both from the South and the North—that spirit which is beautifully portrayed by Thomas Gray, Jr., when he says:

“ No fearing, no doubting thy soldier shall know,  
When here stands his country and yonder her foe;  
One look at the bright sun, one prayer to the sky,  
One glance at our banner, which floats glorious on high;  
Then on, as the young lion bounds on his prey;  
Let the sword flash on high, fling the scabbard away;  
Roll on, like the thunderbolt over the plain;  
We come back in glory or come not again.”

Fellow citizens, small indeed, was the population of our State during the war, yet “the soldiers of Florida” had “a place in the picture near the flashing of the guns” on almost every battlefield of that unequal and unparalleled conflict. Though rations were short, though clothing was poor and scant, though superior numbers opposed, and though loved ones were dependent and suffering, yet they never faltered, but with undaunted courage followed where duty led, and fought and bled and died for their homes and their native land.

I do not err, I think, when I say, that Florida, in proportion to her population, gave to the Confederate cause, more men than any other State of the South. A gentleman, who was a gallant Confederate officer during the four years of terrific strife, and who is now an official of the State at Tallahassee, and in a position to be well informed, kindly handed to me a few days since, the following:

“ Florida sent to the Confederate armies eleven regiments of infantry, two regiments of cavalry, and five batteries of artillery, aggregating at the first enlistment, 10,527 men. To these must be added a regiment of infantry reserves, and Munnerlyn's battalion, which was organized to gather and distribute the beef supply for the armies in the field, besides eight or ten companies of ‘ Home Guards,’ consisting of old men and boys, making in all about 15,000 combatants, out of a voting population of about 13,000.”

“ The soldiers of Florida ” came not only from every section of the State and every vocation in life, but also from every age, indeed from the “ cradle to the grave.” What a glorious record and what convincing proof that they battled for what they believed to be right.

As the years come and go, their patriotic service will be remembered as long as men shall admire and love heroic virtue.

Confederate veterans, survivors of the "Lost Cause," you who marched with Lee and Jackson and Johnston and Bragg. You who heard the thunder of guns at Sharpsburg and Gettysburg and Shiloh, and Perryville and Chickamauga, though the cause for which you fought was engulfed in the fiery waves of war and lost, the conclusion must not be, that therefore it was unjust and wrong.

The failure of a right cause does not make it wrong any more than does the success of a wrong cause make it right. If the cause for which our Revolutionary forefathers struggled for more than seven years and at last gained, had been lost, would it therefore have been wrong?

A cause may fail, but the principle involved may be right.

We cannot praise and commend the martyr and at the same time condemn the cause for which he gave his life.

In the great and bloody conflict now ended, more than thirty-three years ago, the people of the South fought for a cause which they sincerely, religiously believed to be right and just.

In their sunny land, their men, from the days of boyhood, had been taught to believe that the distinguished Virginian, James Madison, was correct, when, in convention on the 31st of May, 1787, he declared that "the use of force against a State would be more like a declaration of war than an infliction of punishment, and would probably be considered by the party attacked as a dissolution of all previous compacts. A union of States containing such an ingredient, seems to provide for its own destruction."

They had been taught also to believe that Alexander Hamilton was correct when, in a debate in the New York State Convention, he said: "To coerce a State would be one of the maddest projects ever devised."

The men of the South, a large majority of them, believed, honestly believed, in the doctrine of absolute sovereignty of the State, in the right of secession and in the doctrine that the consent of the governed was the only correct foundation of government, and that the true construction of that doctrine was, that the consent meant was that of a State, and not of the whole or entire number of the States.

Thus thinking and believing, the controversy between the people of the South and those of the North who entertained different views of the great questions at issue, continued for years until the Southern States seceded and the crisis came, and then the terrible conflict began.

Shall I discuss now those great questions which entered into the

controversy and were advocated on the one side by the South and the other by the North? I do not propose to do so.

It is enough for me to say now that the questions were submitted by the contending parties to the sword for arbitration, and the award was against the South. Yes, my hearers, after four years of battle and blood, the men of the South were vanquished, but not dishonored.

And here and now, in behalf of our "dear departed" comrades, and in behalf of Finley and Miller and Dickson and Bullock and Hemming and Lang and Baya, and others "tried and true" who, thank God, yet survive, I say, hushed be the voice and still be the tongue that would stigmatize them and us as traitors.

They and we, in the great contest, followed where honor and manhood and patriotism led. They and we rallied around the "Stars and Bars," the flag of the Confederate States, and over a hundred battlefields and more that flag waved in glorious triumph, and baptized and rebaptized it was in the best blood of our land before it became the "Conquered Banner." We loved it, and as evidence of our devotion we risked our lives for it, and thousands of our comrades gave theirs.

But, my countrymen, our flag now is the starry banner of the Union. With pride and joy and thanksgiving we can sing the thrilling lines of Francis Scott Key:

'Tis the star spangled banner, O long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Yet we can also, with the purest emotions and with the sincerest love for our country, chant the sad and beautiful words:

Furl that banner; true 'tis gory,  
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,  
And 'twill live in song and story,  
Though its folds are in the dust.  
For its fame on brightest pages,  
Sung by poets, penned by sages,  
Shall go sounding down through ages,  
Furl its folds though now we must.

Fellow-citizens, I wish, I long, for the coming of that time when a complete and impartial history of the war between the South and the North shall be produced—a history that will be a truthful record of the causes, the events both civil and military, and the results of that war. And I rejoice to say that the indications are, to my mind,

that the time is not far distant in the future when such a history will be written.

Glorious, but sad, indeed, will be that history. It will tell of an unfortunate, cruel and fratricidal war; of charges and battles; of victories and defeats; of sufferings and sacrifices, and of patriotism and heroism that will be intensely interesting to its readers. It will tell that, after four years of bloody conflict, unutterably sorrowful and yet wondrously illustrious, the weaker side went down before overpowering numbers and superior military resources; but it will not record that therefore the weaker side fought for that which was unjust and treasonable.

On the pages of that history it will appear that among those whose cause was lost there were thousands of educated Christian men who loved law and constitutional freedom, and whose heroic efforts and brave deeds in behalf of what to them was right and just have not been surpassed in the annals of the world.

And O how the pages of that history will sparkle with lustre, on which will be written the names of the military chieftains of the South, the name of Robert E. Lee, whose noble virtues and martial deeds gave glory and renown world-wide to his beloved country; of Jackson—"Stonewall Jackson"—

Whose eye met the battle  
As the eagle's meets the sun—

that military genius whose fall on the bloody field of Chancellorsville made "freedom shriek"; of Smith and Polk, the Christian soldiers; of Albert S. and Joseph E. Johnston; of D. H. and A. P. Hill; of Cleburne and Stuart and Morgan and Bragg and Hardee, and a host of others, who in life labored and fought for the South, and who are at rest now, we trust, on the shining shore of the other side.

But no pages of that history will be brighter and more resplendent than those which shall record the marvelous deeds and terrible trials of the women of the South. Those pages will tell of wives and mothers and daughters and sisters who, in their wonderful courage and in their true and constant love for their dear ones, their homes and native land, equalled, if they did not excel, any of whom Sparta could ever boast. Oh! that I were rich in language, abundantly rich, that I might now praise them as they merit and I desire to do.

But I will say in the words of another: "I thank God that I lived in the same generation with such women, and was an actor in the same transactions with them. To have known and lived and acted

with such gives a kind of immortality. He was a 'Waterloo' was a diploma of nobility. How much greater: He was the friend of the matrons of the South."

Years have passed since bugle call and roll of drum were heard summoning the soldiers of the South to battle against the soldiers of the North. Since then many of those who participated in the great contest, have embarked on "eternity's ocean" and a new generation has come on life's stage. Flower and shrub and fruit tree make beautiful now the fields that once were made red with the blood of the soldier's heart. The States of the North and of the South, thanks to the Master, are one great and glorious Union.

But, Confederate Veterans and Sons of Confederate Veterans, "still I say to you," drop not from memory's roll the names of "Our Heroes," and remember, especially remember, the martyrs of your own State—Ward and Lamar and Call and Parkhill and Bird and Bradford and Simmons and McLean and Pyles, and other sons of Florida, whose lives went out in war's wild tempest. Remember, also, Anderson, Finnegan, Maxwell and Beard, and Brevard and Daniel, and others, who escaped death on the field of carnage and have "passed over the river" since the smoke of battle cleared away.

Can we forget them?

No; no; no;  
And years may go,  
But our tears shall flow  
O'er the heroes who fought and died for us.

Though I speak to you thus, my hearers, think not that it is my desire to awaken in your hearts feelings of the terrible days gone by and to revive the animosities of the past. Nay, I would not if I could, and sure I am that I could not if I would.

But I would have, while cherishing and honoring the memory of your "gallant dead," to be ever wishing and hoping that the valor displayed, the trials endured and the blood shed by the soldier who wore the gray, as well as by him who wore the blue may conduce, "as time steals away," to cement more firmly together the different sections of our country, and to make stronger and stronger the regard and love of its citizens for each other, and that continually there may be ascending from the hearts of all throughout our broad and free land the prayer:

The Union!

O! long may it stand and every blast defy,  
'Til Time's last whirlwind sweeps the vaulted sky.

I would have you, on occasions like the present, to remember that every monument erected to Confederate soldiers is a reminder of the skill and bravery of the Northern soldiers, who triumphed over courage and heroism unsurpassed.

And I would have you, on Memorial days and Decoration days to be actuated by the kind and tender feelings which must have inspired these touching lines:

“ From the silence of sorrowful hours,  
The desolate mourners go,  
Lovingly laden with flowers,  
Alike for the friend and the foe.—  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Under the roses the Blue,  
Under the lilies the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,  
Or the winding rivers be red;  
They banish our anger forever,  
When they laurel the graves of our dead;  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Love and tears for the Blue,  
Tears and love for the Gray.”

Fellow-citizens, we have this day abundant cause to rejoice. The presence in this city of a Lee, and with him a grandson of Grant, as a member of his military family; the thunderings of Dewey's guns in the far East, and of Sampson's and Schley's along Cuba's coast; the martyrdom of Bagley; the heroism of Hobson and the thousands of men from the North and the South, in the uniform of American soldiers, all, all, tell us that we are not a divided people, and that the Union has been, and is forever restored. And may we not, at this time, with hearts profoundly thankful, exclaim, “God bless our country?”

Governor Bloxham, it is now my pleasing duty and exalted privilege, as the representative of Mr. Charles C. Hemming, a citizen of Texas, to present to Florida, the State of his birth, through you, its Chief Magistrate, the imposing monument before us, which has been



erected by him, "in testimony of a comrade's love," "To the Soldiers of Florida."

In this beautiful and henceforth consecrated place, as the years pass away, may that granite column stand, and, a silent witness though it be, yet ever testify to all who come here, in behalf of devotion to principle, patriotic valor and love of home and native land.

---

MONUMENT RECEIVED.

Acceptance of the monument in behalf of the State of Florida by Governor William D. Bloxham, who, being introduced, spoke as follows:

*Mr. Chairman :*

It becomes my pleasant task to accept, on behalf of the State, this monument, given by a warm-hearted and generous Florida soldier as a votive offering, that memory may forever garland the deeds of his brave comrades.

On many of the bloody fields in that gigantic struggle between the States, so eloquently pictured by the orator of the day, Florida gave her soldiery. In the thickest of the fight fell her splendid officers and her private soldiers—those unepauletted martyrs of liberty—whose lives illustrated those excellences that sparkle brightest in duty's crown. This beautiful shaft with tongueless eloquence will forever tell that they live in fame if not in life, and that their names are written on memory's deathless scroll.

Behold the Confederate soldier! No earthly crown too brilliant to deck his brow; no monument too grand to perpetuate his memory.

Though many rest in unknown graves, their heroic virtues will forever peal from mountain top to mountain top, and swell along the valleys of the entire South,

Whose smallest rill and highest river  
Roll mingling with their fame forever.

It has been said that there was a stone in Bologna that, ever since the stars sang of creation's wonders, each day absorbed the brightest sunbeams from Heaven, and to-day gleams magnificently with those accumulated treasures of untold centuries. So as the years have rolled on, and the passions of the past allayed, and the rhetoric of hate drowned in the swelling tide of a united country and admiration for heroic deeds, the record of the Confederate soldier has grown

brighter, and his devotion to duty and patriotic promptings received the world's recognition. No soldiers braver ever trod the field of fame; nor firmer, marched to duty, in "one red burial blent."

That great conflict between the States illustrated the grand heroism of both sections. It should be known as the Heroic Age of America. The world never witnessed greater valor. The entire continent trembled beneath the intrepid tread of the noble followers of Lee and of Grant, who seemed to spurn the dull earth under their feet and go up to do Homeric battle with the greater gods. The richest heritage of the nineteenth century is the self-renewing splendor of the heroes of America as they were marshalled to the marriage feast of death beneath the eye of Lee and of Grant.

Grant and Lee! Lee and Grant! Had I the power, those two names would be garlanded together on one monument, reared at the capital of our beloved country, as representatives of American soldiery. It would be Fame's most jeweled crown and Glory's grandest temple.

Once more the gates of Janus have been thrown open in America. Possibly in the fulfillment of a destiny running back through the centuries, this great liberty-loving republic had to confront upon the battlefield that spirit of inquisition and superstition which has characterized Spain through her entire history. The cruelty of Alva lives in Weyler. The spirit of the bloody Philip has been the ruling spirit at Madrid. We are witnessing a great crusade in the cause of humanity that no man can stay. We are fortified in the conflict with the knowledge that "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

In this conflict of humanity against the oldest despotism of Europe, thank God we stand as one people, with one hope, one flag, and one destiny. The Lethean waters of oblivion have washed away all bitter memories of the past. No sectional lines now mar our patriotic ardor. Our soldiers to-day step to the same music, whether it be Yankee Doodle or Dixie, and march shoulder to shoulder as in the days gone by when they carried our eagles in triumph at Buena Vista and Chapultepec and into the glittering halls of the once noble Montezuma.

This glorious consummation shall also be commemorated by a befitting monument; it will be a monument which will always recall the Maine and her human sacrifices. The world will recognize it as reared to the cause of humanity and human freedom. That monument will be free Cuba.

When accomplished, let us hope that the war drums will throb no longer, and the battle flags be furled

"In the parliament of Man,  
The federation of the world."

Standing upon the threshold of the twentieth century, let us trust that it will be welcomed, not in the spirit of Cromwell when he placed upon the muzzles of his cannon, "Open Thou our lips, O Lord, and our mouths shall show forth Thy praise;" but as the angels welcomed the messenger of a Saviour, "Glory to God on high; and on earth, peace." Peace is the halcyon weather of the heart, where the noblest virtues brood. Perfect in patriotism as in piety, was the prayer of royal David for the people and country of his love, "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem."

In welcoming the twentieth century, let us hope that it will be crowned with the unspeakable glory of the rich pearl of peace, and a still higher civilization and a broader and more vigorous Christianity—which will evolve a strifeless progress, and consecrate the statesmanship of the world to the spirit of international arbitration. Then,

"Theseus will roam the world no more,  
And Janus rest with rusted door."

Mr. Chairman, I feel that the sentiments of our entire people are voiced when I return to Comrade Charles C. Hemming, the generous donor, their grateful acknowledgments for this noble gift. Its care is confidently entrusted to the patriotic citizens of Jacksonville.

---

RESPONSE BY MAJOR-GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE.

Major-General Fitzhugh Lee happily responded to an urgent request for words of greeting. It is regretted that his address, which was entirely extempore, cannot be given. He spoke in eloquent and forceful language of the cause for which each side had fought, involving differences which had to be settled by the sword, and by the sword were settled. "Looking out," said he, "to-day upon yonder tented city, we see Illinois and North Carolina, Wisconsin and Virginia under one flag, for a common cause, the only rivalry being as to which shall carry the flag further for freedom." He paid a beautiful tribute to those whom the monument commemorates, among whom were old comrades dear to him; that his first service after leaving West Point was in the company of Captain Kirby Smith, whose medallion appears on the monument.

PATRIOTIC HYMN.

LA MARSELLAISE.

Ye sons of fame, awake to glory,  
Hark! Hark! What myriads bid you rise—  
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary—  
Behold their tears and hear their cries.  
Shall reckless tyrants, mischief's breeding,  
With hireling hosts—a ruffian band—  
Affright and desolate our land  
While peace and liberty are calling?  
To arms! To arms! Ye braves,  
Th' avenging sword unsheath.  
March on! March on! All hearts resolve  
On victory or death.

Oh liberty, can man resign thee  
Once having felt thy generous flame?  
Can dungeons' bolts, or bars confine thee,  
Or wrongs thy noble spirit tame?  
For long the world has wept bewailing  
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;  
But freedom is our sword and shield.  
Thank God, their arts are unavailing.  
To arms! To arms! Ye brave,  
Th' avenging sword unsheath.  
March on! March on! All hearts resolve  
On victory or death.

CHORUS.

To arms! To arms! Ye brave,  
Th' avenging sword unsheath,  
March on! March on! All hearts resolve  
On victory or death.

---

The ceremonies terminated with the following benediction, pronounced by the Rev. W. H. Dodge:

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all. *Amen.*

---

Among the responses to invitations sent by the Committee of Arrangements, were letters of regret at inability to be present from President McKinley, the Governors of Maryland, Alabama and Virginia, General S. G. French, U. S. Senator S. Pasco, Major Thomas

M. Woodruff, and Generals Wade Hampton and John C. Underwood.

---

[From the *Times Union and Citizen*.]

### THE MONUMENT.

The Confederate monument is regarded by everybody as being most beautiful in design and finish in every way. The monument was selected as having been the choice of three different committees that were appointed, each committee being unknown to the other, and as being the best from the designs submitted. Two of the best artists in the United States have approved the design as being the best for purity, simplicity and design. The contractor for the monument, and who has been in the city superintending its erection, is George H. Mitchell, of Chicago.

The monument is sixty-two feet in height, being surmounted by a Confederate soldier in winter uniform, standing at ease with his gun resting on the ground. On his cap are the initials "J. L. I."

The foundations consist of three steplike elevations, the bottom and largest one being twenty feet, eight inches square. On this are several other stones, on which rests the die stone. The shaft of the monument, which is round, is seventeen and one-half feet in length, and is one solid piece of Vermont granite. The weight of the die stone is ten tons.

On the north side of this stone is the bronze bust of General E. Kirby Smith, one of the noted Confederate leaders, who was born in St. Augustine. Above the bronze plate, which is inserted in the die stone, two crossed rifles are carved. Above the bust on the bronze plate is inscribed in raised letters, "Christian Soldier," and beneath the bust, the name, "E. Kirby Smith."

On the east side, on the top of the die stone, is carved an anchor and a pair of oars, representing the navy of the Confederacy, and below, on the bronze plate, are the words:

"To the Soldiers of Florida. This shaft is by a comrade raised in testimony of his love, recalling deeds immortal, heroism unsurpassed.

"With ranks unbroken, ragged, starved and decimated, the Southern soldier, for duty's sake, undaunted, stood to the front of battle until no light remained to illuminate the field of carnage, save the luster of his chivalry and courage.

“ ‘ Nor shall your glory be forgot,  
While fame her record keeps,  
Or honor points the hallowed spot  
Where valor proudly sleeps.’ ”

Below this, on the block surmounted by the die stone, are the words: “ Confederate Memorial, 1861-1865,” carved in the stone.

On the south side of the monument, cross swords in an alcove over the die stone are carved. Beneath them, on the bronze plate, are the words: “ Tried and True,” and below this the bust of General J. J. Dickison, commander of the Florida division of the United Confederate Veterans, now a resident of Ocala, and a military leader during the Civil War. Under this is the name, “ J. J. Dickison.”

On the west side are two cannon crossed in the alcove above the die stone, under which are the words, “ Our Heroes,” and on the plate is General R. E. Lee, on horseback, with his drum corps, facing General Jackson, with his drum corps, representing the army of Northern Virginia.

## CHARLES C. HEMMING.

### A BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF.

**From the Souvenir Programme of the Unveiling Ceremonies, June 16, 1898, of the Monument to the Confederate Dead, erected at his Cost at Jacksonville, Fla.**

Charles C. Hemming, now of Gainesville, Texas, was born in Jacksonville, Florida, in 1845. Charlie Hemming, as he was known to all his comrades, enlisted in the Jacksonville Light Infantry, 3d Florida infantry, in January, 1861. He participated in every battle fought by the Western Army, in which Florida troops were engaged, up to the time of his capture, except the battle of Chickamauga, at which time he was at home sick.

He was wounded in the battle of Perryville, Ky., and captured at Missionary Ridge. He was sent as a prisoner to Nashville, and then sent to Rock Island, Ill., arriving there early in December, 1863, which was the beginning of the coldest winter ever known in the Northwest. During the next month the thermometer was at times more than 40 degrees below zero. It was while in this prison that

Colonel (now General) Shafter, fearing an outbreak, offered Charlie Hemming his liberty if he would report all combinations made by the Confederates, which offer he unhesitatingly declined, and as a result was put in irons for three days.

Colonel Shafter no doubt thought that Charlie Hemming was of Northern birth, from the fact that he had an aunt living in the State of New York, to whom he frequently wrote.

On the 28th of September, 1864, he escaped from prison, dressed as a Federal soldier, having obtained different articles of the uniform from comrades in the prison. He went immediately to Canada, and by order of the Confederate Consul there, was attached to the raiders under Captain John Y. Beall, who was later captured and hung as a spy. Hemming was with him when captured, but made his escape and visited all the Federal fortifications from Niagara Falls to Chicago, in disguise, and obtained many maps and charts. While thus engaged he was three times captured, but escaped each time. Had he been held and tried, he would, of course, have been executed. He was sent from Canada in January, 1865, as a bearer of dispatches to the War Department of the Confederate Government, and after travelling through New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and going to West India Islands, he secreted himself on board a ship sailing out of Havana, and landed in an open boat on the coast of Florida, and from thence made his way, partly afoot, to Richmond and delivered his dispatches. He immediately rejoined his regiment near Greensboro, N. C., and was promoted for meritorious conduct as a soldier, and remained with the command until it surrendered, having served four years and five months in the Confederate army. When he removed to Texas in 1866, he was without means and acquaintances there, and during that year worked as a laborer on the docks at Galveston. In 1870, he entered the bank of Giddings & Giddings at Bronham as cashier, which position he held until 1881, when he removed to Gainesville, and has since been connected with the Gainesville National Bank as cashier or president.

Mr. Hemming is now also president of the Texas State Bankers' Association, and regards Texas as the grandest country in the world.

It has been the ambition of Mr. Hemming since the period of his patriotic service to erect a monument to the heroic dead of the Confederacy in the city of his birth.

At the State reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, held at Ocala, February 22, 1896, he took his comrades by surprise by announcing that his plans for the erection of the monument had been

matured, and that as soon as practicable he would arrange to select a site on which to erect it.

This was made known to R. E. Lee Camp, Confederate Veterans, of Jacksonville, by telegraph the next day. That organization at once held a meeting and formally invited Mr. and Mrs. Hemming to visit Jacksonville as the guests of the Camp.

The invitation was accepted, and a reception in their honor was held at the Everett Hotel. Notwithstanding the limited time for preparation and notification to the public, it was attended by several hundred prominent citizens, accompanied by their wives and daughters.

Commander Boyleston and Mr. D. U. Fletcher made addresses of welcome, to which Mr. Hemming responded.

A committee from the Camp, with prominent citizens, with Mr. Hemming, viewed several sites for the location of the monument, but Mr. Hemming deferred the selection of the site until he had reached his Texas home, from whence he wrote, deciding in favor of the centre of St. James Park, where for a long time a fine fountain stood.

It should be remembered that the monument is the gift jointly of Mr. Hemming and his wife, who has been a zealous helpmate in his every worthy effort and noble plan. She was formerly Miss Lucy Key, of Brenham, Texas, where they were married in 1868.

From the incipency of his plan, Mr. Hemming sought the counsel and co-operation of R. E. Lee Camp, requesting the appointment of a committee to adjust matters of detail, etc. The committee appointed were ex-Governor Francis P. Fleming, ex-Commander Chas. D. Towers, and Adjutant J. A. Erlow, Jr., who have in all things most happily acquitted themselves of their trust.



## AN EFFORT TO RESCUE JEFFERSON DAVIS.

---

### Statement of General Wade Hampton as to the Connection of Himself and Command Therewith.

---

[The following communication was elicited by an article by General Wheeler, which appeared under the caption above in the *Century* of May, 1898 (pp. 85-91). Every reference in it to General Hampton seems to be dictated by respect and consideration, and it would scarcely be generally inferred that there was any desire on the part of the gallant General Wheeler to impute dereliction or disaffection in the companions of General Hampton. General Hampton's letter is published by request through a distinguished Confederate cavalry officer.—EDITOR.]

DAGGERS SPRINGS, VA., August 16th, 1899.

*My Dear General*,—Your absence on your patriotic mission, where you not only had the opportunity of gaining additional distinction, but availed yourself of it most gallantly, prevented an earlier answer to your article in the *Century* of May last. I need not tell you that, like all others of your old Confederate comrades, I have been gratified by your distinguished and brilliant success, for it has been a matter of pride to all of us that an old Confederate soldier was able to "show how fields were won," and this has been a special cause of pride to me, because you ended your career as a Confederate soldier as a member of my command. All these considerations, which actuate me now in writing to you, will tend to assure you that my only object in correcting some mistakes into which you have fallen in your article, unwittingly I am sure, is to do justice to my staff and to the brave men I had so long commanded. I have been asked by some of these men to do this, for they have felt that any intimation that they had deserted, even in the darkest hour of the Confederate cause, was an aspersion on their loyalty to that cause and the commander upon whom they had never turned their backs. Major McClellan, of my staff, has spoken already for himself, and I must do the same for the other members and for my men. In order to make my narrative clearly understood, it will be necessary to give some papers copied from official source, and to be found in Vol.

XLVII, Series I, of War of the Rebellion. The correspondence between President Davis and myself, here inserted, will show what plans were made for the purpose of trying to take him across the Mississippi river, and I shall explain why those plans failed. The letter which led to the correspondence between President Davis and myself was written by me, and is dated Hillsborough, N. C., April 19th, 1865. The following extracts from it will give its main purport:

*His Excellency President Davis :*

My Dear Sir,—Having seen the terms upon which it is proposed to negotiate, I trust that I may be pardoned for writing to you in relation to them. Most of our officers look only at the military side of the picture at present, but you regard it in other aspects also. The military situation is very gloomy, I admit, but it is by no means desperate, and endurance and determination will produce a change. There are large numbers of the Army of Northern Virginia who have escaped, and of these many will return to our standard if they are allowed to enter the cavalry service. Many of the cavalry who escaped will also join us if they find we are still making head against the enemy. \* \* Give me a good force and I will take them safely across the Mississippi, and if you desire to go in that direction, it will give me great pleasure to escort you. \* \* I write to you, my dear sir, that you may know the feelings which actuate many of the officers of my command. They are not subdued nor do they despair. For myself, I beg to express my heartfelt sympathy with you and to give you the assurance that my confidence in your patriotism has never been shaken. If you will allow me to do so, I can bring to your support many strong arms and brave hearts—men who will fight to Texas, and who, if forced from that State, will seek refuge in Mexico rather than in the Union. With my best wishes, I am,

Very respectfully and truly yours,

(Signed,) WADE HAMPTON.

On the 22d of April I wrote again from Greensborough to President Davis, and a few extracts from that letter are here given:

“My Dear Sir,—I came here intending to go to Salisbury to see you, but hearing that you are not there, I am not able to reach you at present. My only object in seeing you was to assure you that many of my officers and men agree with me in thinking that nothing can be as disastrous to us as a peace founded on a restoration of the Union. \* \* \* If you should propose to cross the Mississippi, I

can bring many good men to escort you over. My men are in hand and ready to follow me anywhere. \* \* \* My plan is to collect all the men who will stick to their colors and to get to Texas. I can carry with me quite a number and I can get there."

To this letter, or my first one, I received the following answer by wire:

"NEAR GREENSBOROUGH, April 22, 1865.

"Letter not received. Wish to see you as soon as convenient. Will then confer.

"(Signed,)           JEFF'N DAVIS."

I think the word "not" in the above was used instead of "just," for the telegram was obviously an answer to some communication from myself. On the 26th April, President Davis telegraphed to me from Charlotte, N. C., as follows:

*"To General Wade Hampton, Greensborough:*

"If you think it better, you can, with the approval of General Johnston, select men as proposed for a later period, the small body of men, and join me at once, leaving General Wheeler to succeed you in the command of the cavalry.

"(Signed,)           JEFF'N DAVIS."

In response to the summons of President Davis, I had met him in Charlotte, where, after a full consultation, he approved of the plan suggested, and he gave me a letter authorizing me to join him with all the men who were willing to accompany us, and to take as many of the wagons and artillery horses as might be necessary to mount such of the infantry as decided to go with us. Having the authority of the President to carry out the plans which had been agreed on, I returned to Hillsborough, arriving there at 11 o'clock P. M. on the 26th April, and I found that the army had surrendered. This defeated all the arrangements which had been made, for I recognized, of course, that my command had been embraced in the convention entered into between Generals Johnston and Sherman. Informing General Johnston that I had special orders from President Davis, I did not consider myself as embraced in the surrender, and that I should at once endeavor to join the President, but that I should take none of my command with me. Learning that a large part of my command—cavalry and one battery—which had served with me during the whole war, having refused to surrender, had left their camps,

I sent a courier to tell them to halt until I could overtake them; and at 12 o'clock that night I left my headquarters, accompanied by several of my staff and seventeen of my scouts and couriers. At sunrise this body of brave and faithful men was overtaken, and I adjured them to prove themselves now, as they had always done, good soldiers, by obeying the command of General Johnston, by whom his army had been surrendered; that I knew they were willing to share my fate, whatever it might be, but they would go as outlaws if they went with me; but that I was acting under the order of President Davis, and was therefore free to join him. After a most painful interview, which brought tears, not only from the eyes of many of these brave men, but from my own, I bade a last farewell to these true soldiers, whom it had been my pride to command, and with my little escort we pushed on towards Charlotte, where I hoped to meet President Davis.

On the last day of our journey, after a long ride, which had tired men and horses, we reached Charlotte late in the afternoon, only to find that the President had gone to Yorkville, in South Carolina, thirty or thirty-five miles distant. I directed my escort to remain in Charlotte that night and to join me at Yorkville the next day. Taking a fresh horse, I left the former city at sunset and alone rode on, swimming the Catawba river in the night and reaching Yorkville at 2 A. M. the next day. The President had gone to Abbeville, thus again disappointing my hope of meeting him, but here I met you and I gave you a letter to the President, and asked you to endeavor to overtake the President as soon as possible. You left on this mission immediately, but failed in it, as did two of my couriers who were afterwards dispatched on the same errand.

One mistake into which you were led is explained by the fact that I did reach Yorkville alone, but all of the men who had started with me joined me the next day, after you had left, for not one of them had deserted me, as you naturally, but ignorantly, supposed. You know, my dear General, that every officer is jealous of his own reputation and of that of his men, and you will understand my solicitude to keep the honor of my command untarnished. My knowledge of your character gives assurance that nothing could induce you to cast any reflection on the conduct of your former comrades, and that the errors into which you were led in your article were due solely to misapprehension and misinformation. I am therefore sure that you

will appreciate the motives which prompted this communication, and that you will believe me to be,

Very truly your friend,

(Signed,) WADE HAMPTON.

*Major-General Jos. Wheeler.*

[From the *Virginia Pilot*, Norfolk, April 30, 1899.]

## CAPTURE OF THE UNDERWRITER.

At New Bern, North Carolina, February 2, 1864.

### AN INTERESTING PAPER.

**Read by Request Before Pickett-Buchanan Camp, Confederate Veterans, this city, April 25th, 1899, by B. P. Loyall Commander Confederate States Navy—Reminiscences that will be Read with Interest and Profit.**

The following reminiscences of the capture of the U. S. S. gun-boat *Underwriter*, at New Bern, N. C., February 2, 1864, were read before Pickett-Buchanan Camp, Confederate Veterans, April 25th, by special request, and are reproduced in these columns in response to the earnest solicitation of many of our readers:

#### *Commander and Comrades:*

I thank you for the invitation to speak to you this evening, and respond to it cheerfully, but with some misgiving, lest I should fail to give honor where honor is due, and because the subject is so personal to me. A boat expedition is somewhat out of the ordinary events, and to make it understood by all, I will have to go into particulars at the risk of being tedious.

After the fall of Roanoke Island in the winter of 1862, the Federals had control of the sounds of North Carolina, and of some of the rivers emptying into them. They had occupied all the towns situated on the water, and among them New Bern, which lies at the confluence of the Neuse and Trent rivers, occupying an angle between the two—a place easily defended by the power having control of the

water. They had built strong earthworks on the land side, stretching from river to river, and had several gunboats cruising about to protect the place on the water side.

Among these gunboats one was the *Underwriter*, which had been a heavy ocean tugboat at New York, and purchased by the United States government, had been converted into quite a formidable vessel of war. She was the ship that fired the first gun in the attack upon Roanoke Island, where your speaker had the misfortune to be captured, and it may be said there was something like the rule of compensation when said speaker had a hand in capturing her. She was armed with two 8-inch guns, one 3-inch rifle and one 12-pounder Howitzer, and had a crew of about eighty-five all told. Picture to yourself a steamer about the size of the *Northampton*, with very low guards, and stripped of her sides or bulwarks, except a wooden rail with rope netting from that to her deck. The quiet possession of New Bern by the Federals had distressed and worried the patriotic people of North Carolina, and General Hoke, than whom there was not a more competent or brilliant officer of his rank in the Confederate army, strongly advocated a quick movement upon the place by the army, assisted by the navy on the water, predicting certain success, and large reward in stores, munitions and prisoners. The matter took definite shape in January, 1864, and it was decided to send General Pickett with as much of his division as might be available, to make the attempt. On Friday, January 29, 1864, orders were received by the four ships lying at Drewry's Bluff, each to fit out a cutter fully armed for service on a secret expedition. No one in the squadron knew of our destination, except your speaker and Captain Parker, serving on the *Patrick Henry*, and we were ordered to take five days' rations. I was put in command of that part of the expedition, with confidential orders to report to Captain John Taylor Wood (his naval rank), at Kinston, N. C.

To escape notice as much as possible, we pulled down James river to the Appomattox, and reached Petersburg before daylight. There was a railway train waiting for us, and we hauled our boats out of the water, and, by hard work, loaded them on the flat cars before the people were up and about.

We started off at once, and it was a novel sight to see a train like that—Jack sitting up on the seats of the boats and waving his hat to the astonished natives, who never saw such a circus before. Many of them had never seen a boat. We reached Kinston on Sunday morning, and immediately got the boats in the water of the Neuse

river, dropped down a short distance below the village and put things in shape for the trial of battle. Captain Wood met us at Kinston (where we were joined by three boats fully armed, from Wilmington, N. C.), and took command of the expedition. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon we shoved off from the river bank and started down for New Bern, which is about forty miles distant by the river.

When we had gotten some two miles below the town, orders were given for every man to put a band of white cotton cloth on the left arm, above the elbow, and the name "Sumpter" was given as the watchword.

These precautions are necessary in a night attack, as there are no flags in sight to rally upon. Every man was armed with a cutlass and navy revolver.

Before dark the commander ordered all the boats to assemble together, and, as we floated down the quiet stream, he offered up the petitions from the prayer book to Almighty God for those about to engage in a battle. It was a solemn and impressive scene—just as the shades of evening were falling—this unusual assemblage of armed men. Then, with muffled oars, a single line was formed, and we pulled with measured stroke down the stream. The river is narrow and full of turns, winding in and out, with low, sedgy banks. Here and there huge cypress and water oak trees, which almost lock their heavy branches over the stream.

The night was so dark that we could not see each other, and often the leading boat ran into a shoal point, got aground, and the whole line would be jumbled up in a crowd.

After 2 o'clock in the morning, the river widened, and we began to see better around us. Soon we reached the mouth of the river and sniffed the salt air of the sound. Every eye was strained to see a ship. We pulled in the direction of the town of New Bern, and searched in vain to find something afloat, although we got close enough to the wharf to hear talking, probably the sentries on the dock.

There was nothing to be done but find some refuge out of sight until next night, but it was a hard letting down from the pitch of excitement and expectation we had been under—the unbending of the bow that had been strung for action. We moved up the river some three or four miles to Bachelor's creek, where among the reeds and rushes we tried to hide ourselves and rest until next night, and try it again. We felt very uneasy lest we should be discovered, and our purpose known; for unless our attack should be a surprise, it would

be useless and madness to undertake it. No force in small boats, except in overwhelming numbers, can capture an armed ship, unless by taking her unawares. We spent a day of tedious waiting. Officers and men laying low, spinning yarns and talking about our prospects. I happened to hear the talking of one of the group, where a fine young officer said: "Fellows, where will we be this time to-morrow?" He was among the killed, and it was such a lesson on the uncertainty of human life. Among the killed there was Hoge and Gardner and Henry Cooke and Gill and Palmer Saunders and Goodwin, from our State, and Gift and Porcher and Scharf and Williamson and Kerr and Roby, all trained at Annapolis and true as steel—among these, three were from Norfolk and Portsmouth. In plain sight of us was a tall crow's nest, occupied by a lookout of the Federal army on their pickett line, and I assure you it gave us a creepy, uneasy, feeling to think that our whole movement and intention might be discovered. And here let me remark that this very situation determines and exemplifies what I judge to be a man of war—a leader who does not allow his plans to be upset by what he thinks the enemy is going to do. He must be always combative and not calculating chances. Wood paid no attention to doubts and surmises, but had his eye fixed upon boarding and capturing that ship, and doing his part in the fall of New Bern.

We were in full hearing of Pickett's dashing attack upon the Federal outworks that day, and knew that he was driving them from the advanced line of fortifications. Before sunset Wood called for the swiftest boat, and, with your speaker in company, pulled cautiously down the river, keeping close under the banks. We had not gone two miles, when simultaneously we both cried: "There she is."

We discovered a black steamer anchored close up to the right flank of the outer fortifications of New Bern, where she had come that day, and having located her exactly, we returned to our hiding place, with the understanding that we would attack her between 12 and 4 o'clock in the morning. Orders were given accordingly, and all hands were made to know the order of battle and what they had to do. In rushing pell mell upon the side of a ship with boat, they naturally rebound and leave a gap that is not easy to get across, so each bow oarsman was ordered to be ready to jump aboard with a grapnel as soon as she struck and make her fast; and our coolest men were picked for that duty, which you will easily see is risky. Some time after midnight we got under way and pulled slowly down



the river in two columns of four boats each, Wood to board her forward with his boats and your speaker to board her abaft with his.

The night was very dark and gloomy, and we could not see a light anywhere, except an occasional glimmer about the town; but we knew pretty nearly where the vessel was, and with our glasses in the evening understood her build and structure. The stroke of the muffled oars was almost noiseless, and suddenly the dark hull of the ship loomed up; and it seemed almost at the same moment there came from her the shout: "Boat, ahoy!" Then we heard the loud and cheering cry from Wood: "Give way, boys," which was caught up and echoed along both lines of boats. Then rang out and sharp from the ship the rattle, calling the men to quarters for action, and now the fight was on. No need for orders now to these disciplined men. I suppose the distance was about one hundred yards, and while our men were straining at their oars, we heard the sharp click of rifles, and the only reply we could make was by the marines (three or four being in each boat), who delivered their fire with great coolness.

It seems to me now that of all the uncomfortable things a fighting man might have to do, that of pulling an oar with his back to his foe must be the most trying and disheartening, but not a man weakened. In less time than is required to tell of this, we were into her. Our boat struck the vessel just abaft the wheelhouse, where the guards make a platform, an admirable place for getting on board. The ship's armory, where all the small arms were kept, was in a room just there under the hurricane deck, and they did not stop to reload, but loaded guns were handed to the men, as fast as they could fire. It seemed like a sheet of flame, and the very jaws of death. Our boat struck bow on, and our bow oarsman, James Wilson, of Norfolk (after the war with the Baker Wrecking Co.), caught her with his grapnel, and she swung side on with the tide.

As we jumped aboard Engineer Gill, of Portsmouth, among the first, was shot through the head, and as he fell dead our men gave a yell, and rushed upon the deck, with the crews of the two other boats close behind. Now the fighting was furious, and at close quarters. Our men were eager, and as one would fall another came on. Not one faltered or fell back. The cracking of fire arms and the rattle of cutlasses made a deafening din. The enemy gave way slowly, and soon began to get away by taking to the ward room and engine room hatches.

They fell back under the hurricane deck before the steady attack of our men, and at that time I heard the cheers and rush of our comrades from forward, and I knew we had them. They came along from forward with cutlasses and muskets they had found, clubbing and slashing. In a short time I heard the cry: "We surrender."

They could not stand the force and moral effect of an attack like that, and remember, they were not Spaniards we were fighting.

Wood gave the order to cease firing, and after a brief consultation with your speaker, we ordered the two firemen we had with us to go down into the engine and fire room to see if they could get her under weigh, and take her up the river, where we might put her in shape, and, as she was the largest vessel at New Bern, we would have temporary command of the river. It was in the fight on the forward deck that the intrepid young Palmer Saunders gave up his life for his country. He attacked a stalwart sailor with his cutlass and killed him, but had his head split open and a shot in his side. I wish I could relate the deeds of individual prowess and gallantry, but in such a melee as that, one has all he can do to keep on his feet and look out for himself.

We found the fires banked and not steam enough to turn the wheels over. At this juncture Fort Stevens opened fire upon our vessel, regardless of their own people. One shell struck part of her lever beam, went through a hen coop near where the marines were drawn up, and passed through her side. Upon further consultation we decided to burn her, and gave the order to man the boats, taking special care of our own and the enemy's wounded and our dead, and all prisoners we could get hold of.

I thought it very strange that the captain of the vessel could not be found, but, upon inquiry among his men, we learned that he had been wounded in the leg and had jumped overboard. He was drowned.

Poor Palmer Saunders was carefully placed in a blanket and lain in the bow of my boat, where he could be better supported than aft. He was breathing, but entirely unconscious. Of course, some of the men missed their boats, as nobody stood upon the order of his going in the face of the firing from those forts.

After seeing all the boats under my charge get away, we shoved off and pulled off from the ship. The duty of setting fire to the *Underwriter* had been assigned to Lieutenant Hoge, of Wheeling, a talented young officer of fine attainments and undaunted courage. When we had gotten half mile from the ship, Wood pulled up

toward our boats and asked if I had ordered the ship set afire. I said: "Yes"; but it looked as if it had not been done successfully. Just then Hoge came along in his boat and said that he had set fire to her.

Wood ordered him to go on board and make sure of it, and he went promptly. Here was trying duty to perform. The forts were firing every few minutes in our direction—wildly, of course, as big guns cannot be aimed well at night, but you never can tell where they are going to strike.

In about ten minutes we saw a flame leap out of a window forward of the wheelhouse, where the engineer's supplies were kept, and Hoge pulling away. In a very few minutes the whole expanse of water was lighted up, and you may be sure we struck out with a vim to rendezvous at Swift creek, about six miles up the river, on the opposite side from New Bern, where General Dearing had a small cavalry camp. As we were pulling up we could hear now and then the boom of the guns of the *Underwriter* as they were discharged by heat from the burning ship, and just before reaching our landing place we heard the awful explosion of the sturdy vessel, when the fire reached her magazine.

After daybreak we reached the place on the bank of the creek, where there was a clearing, and landed our cargo of dead and wounded and prisoners.

As we were taking Saunders out of the boat he breathed his last, and so passed into the presence of God the soul of that young hero.

As soon as the surgeon had made the wounded as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, the prisoners were drawn up in line to make a list of them. As I passed down the line, a strapping big fellow, without any trousers on and barefooted, said: "My Lord, is that you?" I looked him over and recognized him as an old quarter-gunner that had been shipmate with me in the frigate *Congress* ten years before, and among the wounded I was called to have a greeting from a young fellow, who had been a mizzen-topman in the same ship, and after the war got me to give him a certificate to secure his pension.

Our casualties had been six killed, twenty-two wounded, all of them brought away. Two were missing and afterwards accounted for. The Federal loss was nine killed, eighteen wounded and nineteen prisoners—about thirty of her crew escaped.

The wounded and prisoners were promptly taken care of by General Dearing's command, and sent up to Kinston. Captain Wood

proceeded to Richmond at once. As soon as proper arrangements could be made the command was summoned to pay the last rite of burial of the dead. At three o'clock in the afternoon, under the stately pines that bordered the stream, your speaker read the church service for the burial of the dead, and the bodies of our lamented comrades were tenderly laid in mother earth, there to rest until we shall all be summoned to the great assize.

General Pickett's plans miscarried, it was alleged, by the failure of one of his brigadiers to make an attack at the appointed time on the Trent river side of the defense.

He withdrew his force leisurely and retired upon Kinston.

I could never understand why the other gunboats at New Bern did not attack the *Underwriter* after her capture by us. Instead of that two of them got under weigh and steamed around into Trent river, as fast as they could. While we were getting ready to abandon the ship, it worried us very much to see one of those boats coming directly toward us, but she soon turned and went in the other direction, much to our relief.

In speaking of our casualties, it was said that there were two missing, and it was under laughable circumstances. When we took to our boats two of the men rushed to the stern where they saw a boat made fast, and they slid down into her. In a few moments other men piled into her, and "shove off" was the word. It soon developed that the boat had eight Yankees and two rebels on board, and these two poor fellows set up a fearful cry for help. We heard them howling from our boat, but could not see, nor imagine what it meant. The poor fellows were rowed ashore to New Bern by their Yankee prisoners—so to speak. They were afterwards exchanged and I met one of them in Richmond. He said he never felt so mean in all his life, and he almost split his throat hallooing for us to get them out of the scrape.

The attack upon New Bern was well planned, and we all know that the assault of that intrepid division was irresistible, but here was another case of somebody has blundered. If General Pickett's plan had been carried out, there would have been another exemplification of the power of a navy, by its very absence in this case; for the neutralizing of the help given by the *Underwriter* in the defense of New Bern would have made General Pickett's assault upon the right flank of those defences a very different affair.

Referring to this capture, Admiral Porter, U. S. N., wrote at that time:

"This was rather a mortifying affair for the navy, however fearless on the part of the Confederates. This gallant expedition was led by Commander John Taylor Wood. It was to be expected that with so many clever officers, who left the Federal navy, and cast their fortunes with the Confederates, such gallant action would often be attempted, and had the enemy attacked the forts, the chances are that they would have been successful, as the garrison was unprepared for an attack on the river flank, their most vulnerable side."

That night our command pulled up to Kinston, tired and fagged from four days of work and unrest, and so we went back to our ships at Richmond.

---

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, May 21, 1869.]

### **BATTLE OF CEDAR RUN DESCRIBED.**

---

**By an Old "F" Company Man Who Took Part Therein.**

---

#### **WAS HOT FROM THE BEGINNING.**

---

**Guns, Bayonets, Swords, Pistols, Rails from Fences and Rocks were Used with Telling Effect at Times all Along the Line.**

---

Jackson's army, after its arduous and brilliant campaign, were quietly resting in the neighborhood of Weyer's Cave, when it received orders to join Lee at Richmond. In a few hours they were marching, and a few days thereafter struck McClellan's army at Pole Green church, where he commenced the battles with that army and ended by the enemy being driven to Westover on the James. The second day after reaching Westover, Jackson was ordered to Richmond, and his troops immediately took up their march, going into camp at Morris Farm, on the Mechanicsville turnpike, about four miles from the city, resting here four days; then he marched into Richmond and took the cars of the Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac railroad at its depot, corner of Broad and Eighth streets. And the campaign against Pope has begun.

We disembark at Louisa Courthouse and stay there a day, and then march to Gordonsville; from there we march to Liberty Mills, and we march from there to Mechanicsville, near Louisa Courthouse;

and on August 4th we marched to Liberty Mills again. These movements are occasioned by reports from the enemy in our front, who are now commanded by General Pope, who says he has been doing great things in the western army, and in his order to his troops on taking command, "said he had never seen anything but the backs of the rebels; his headquarters were in the saddle, and he wanted the task of guarding his rear stopped, as an invading army had no rear; it was useless to make any provision to look after communications in that direction." In less than a month he found out that he did not have any rear, but he would have given anything if he could have gotten there.

#### MARCHED TO ORANGE.

On August 7th we left Liberty Mills and marched to Orange Courthouse. We were joined on the morning of the 8th by A. P. Hill's division and Stafford's brigade, and Jackson's force now consists of Jackson's, Ewell's and A. P. Hill's division and Stafford's brigade. We marched early towards the Rapid Ann. The advance meeting with slight resistance at Barnett's Ford, just before we got to this ford we passed a "Quaker Cannon" that the advance had rigged up, it was the hind part of a wagon with a black log fixed on it, the men ran this out on a hill in full sight of the Yanks at the ford, made the advance with a cheer and the enemy retreated, they could not stand the sight of the cannon. I saw at this ford soon after crossing, the first man who claimed to be wounded by a sabre, his ear was badly cut.

We take the direct road for Culpeper Courthouse and ford Robinson river in the evening, and about sundown go into camp in a wood near the road. About midnight we are awakened by firing of musketry and the sizzling of balls falling amongst us, each man gets up and into his place in ranks quicker than I ever saw it done, and when the order was given to "take arms," every man had his gun ready for action, we were marched out to the road and halted to await orders from headquarters. The firing soon ceased. It turned out to be from some Yankee cavalry on their way from Madison Courthouse to Culpeper Courthouse, who did not know of our advance and on being halted by our guard commenced to back out when a brisk skirmish took place, they making off as soon as they could. In this affair my regiment got into ranks directly from their beds and when we were marched back to our camp the laugh began, and those old

rebels made the woods ring, some of the men were in their shirt sleeves, some with nothing but shirt on, some with one shoe on, etc., hardly one with a hat, but every man was in his place.

POPE'S STAND.

Next morning, August 9th, we resume the march, Ewell's division in front, about 1 o'clock we hear the boom of a cannon in our front and know that Pope has made a stand.

"Peace and beauty all around us, death and danger just ahead,  
On our faces careless courage, in our hearts a sombre dread.

Then the skirmish line went forward, and the only sounds we heard  
Were the hum of droning insects and the carol of a bird;  
Till, far off, a flash of fire, and a little cloud went by,  
Like an angel's mantle floating down from out an azure sky.

Then a shell went screaming o'er us, and the air at once was rife  
With a million whispering hornets, swiftly searching for a life;  
And the birds and insects fled away before the 'rebel yell,'  
The thunder of the battle and the furious flames of hell."

We are hurried along for some distance when the Second brigade is marched to the front of our division and halted, roll is called and we are ordered to load, after a few minutes rest we resume the march and are hurried up, after going a short distance we find that Ewell's division has filed to the right of the road, we, however, keep the road and on going a short distance further, the men on the left of the road clear the way for a cannon ball that comes bouncing along like a boy's ball, but to show with what force it was travelling, soon after passing my regiment it struck the stump of a tree, glanced up, and went out of sight. A little farther on we come to four men lying in the road dead, killed by this same ball. The road is fairly alive now with shot and shell from the enemy, and to protect us some we march a short distance into the woods on the left of the road, or more properly speaking, as the road ran here north and south, we were marching north to Culpeper Courthouse.

WAS NOT MAD.

We now enter the woods west of the road; Ewell's division had gone to the east of the road some time ago. We continue the march in the wood parallel to the road; here we pass an old rebel standing beside a small sapling, with his hand resting on it; we ask

him what is the matter; he says: "I don't want to fight; I ain't mad with anybody." This puts us all in good humor, and amidst laughter and cheers we continue the march; after going a short distance we are halted and ordered to lie down. The Yankees are shelling this wood terribly, and soon our captain, Morgan, is killed by them. We are now ordered forward, and halt at the edge of the road; this is the same road we had been marching on. The woods ran north along this road about 200 yards from where my regiment now was, when it came to an open field. In the corner or angle of the wood the Second brigade is now formed; the 21st Virginia on the edge of the wood along the road and facing east; the 48th Virginia on our left and along the road facing east; the 42d Virginia on their left in the edge of the wood, but at right angles to the road and facing north with the field in their front; then on their left and an extension of their line, the Irish battalion, which, in the left of the brigade and as we are thus formed, it makes a right angle. The field mentioned above ran along the road about 200 yards, when it comes to a second wood. In this second wood, which is in front of the Irish battalion and the 42d Virginia regiment, are a part of the Yankee line of battle, lying down. In front of the 21st Virginia and the 48th Virginia is a large open field surrounded by a rail fence, the road running between the wood we are in and the fence; about 200 to 300 yards left obliquely in front of the 21st regiment is a corn field. This corn field is full of the enemy, it making a splendid screen, and a line of them are advancing on us when we reach the road; we open on them at once, and the battle of Cedar Run is hot from the beginning. The Second brigade is alone, as none of our division has gotten up. The Yankees who have been lying down in front of the Irish battalion and 42d regiment now make an advance, and, as their line is longer than ours, it overlaps the Irish battalion, and that part of their line swings around, doubles up the battalion, and occupies the position that we had recently advanced from, which is directly in our rear.

#### KEPT THEM BACK.

The Twenty-first and Forty-eighth are fighting the force at and near the corn-field, and with such effect as to keep them back. The force on our flank are firing directly up the road in the flank of the Forty-eighth and our regiment and our men are falling fast from this fire. Our Colonel, Cunningham is sick; he now comes along the line



walking and leading his horse and says to the men that the enemy is in our rear and he wants to get us out of the position we are in and we must follow him; his voice is one of loud compass and great command, but he can hardly speak now, and as he passes me he says: "John help me get the men out of this, I can't talk loud." I get all near me to face down (south) the road and we start; have hardly gotten two steps when I see a Yankee sergeant step into the road about fifty or seventy-five yards ahead (south) of us, at the same time we can hear the firing of the rapidly approaching enemy in our rear. The sergeant has his gun in his left hand and his drawn sword in his right; he turns towards us and approaches; now a Yankee private steps into the road just ahead of him. A great dread goes up from me now for Jackson, as I had seen him at this spot only a minute or two before.

COMPLETELY SURROUNDED.

Now this road that the two Yankees are in is the same road we marched up to get to our position, and it showed that the enemy were not only in our front, flank and rear, but had us completely surrounded. The sergeant did not stop his advance towards us until he actually took hold of one of the men of our regiment and pulled him out of ranks and then started towards the rear, one of our men who had been capping his gun, raised it to his shoulder, fired, and the sergeant falls dead not ten feet away. By this time the road is full of Yankees, and now ensues such a fight as was not witnessed during the war, guns, bayonets, swords, pistols, fence rails, rocks, etc., were used all along the line. I have heard of a hell spot in some battles; this surely is one. Our color-bearer knocks down a Yankee with his flag staff and is shot to death at once, one of the color-guard takes the flag and he is also killed; another bayonets a Yankee and is immediately riddled with balls, three going through him; four color-bearers are killed with the colors in their hands, the fifth man flings it to the breeze and carries it through the terrible battle unhurt. Colonel Cunningham now crosses the road, leading his horse, and starts to pull down the fence, when he and horse are both killed. It's a terrible time. The Second brigade is overwhelmed; nearly half of the 21st Virginia regiment lay on the ground dead and wounded. "F" company, of Richmond, carried eighteen men into action; twelve of them now lie on the ground, six dead, and six wounded; many of the regiment are prisoners, the remnant

is fighting still. Jackson now hurries men to our relief, the Stonewall brigade coming in on west of the road and the Third brigade on the east. They succeed in surrounding a part of the command who have us, and take nearly all of them prisoners, including their brigadier-general, and then release those of our men who were made prisoners, and those men now join in the advance; just at this moment the enemy hurl a line of cavalry against us from that cornfield, but our fire was so hot that those who were not unhorsed, made a wheel, and off to the rear they go. Our whole line now advances, and the enemy are in full retreat. We can plainly see Ewell with a part of his division on Slaughter mountain, way off on the right of our line, advancing too, as the mountain at this point was clear or open, we can see his skirmish line in the front firing as they advance, his line of battle following, and his cannon belching out fire and smoke, and the enemy's shells bursting on the mountain side; it was a magnificent and inspiring sight. We keep up the pursuit until 9 or 10 o'clock, when it ends in a terrific cannonade by the enemy.

#### THE BATTLE WON.

The battle is fought and won; the 21st Virginia regiment has written its name high on the scroll of honor—but at what a cost! They went into battle with two hundred and eighty-four men. Thirty-nine of them lay dead on the field and eighty-four are wounded; many of these men are shot in several places. Old F Company of Richmond has Captain Morgan killed; he was shot through the body by a piece of shell. He was a splendid soldier and the best posted on military matters of any man I knew during the war. Henry Anderson, Joe Nunnally, John Powell, Wm. Pollard, were killed, and Roswell Lindsay, after bayoneting a Yankee, was killed also; Bob Gilliam was shot through the leg, Clarence Redd through both wrists, Ned Tompkins in arm and body, Porter Wren through arm, Harrison Watkins through body, Clarence E. Taylor through hip.

The other regiments lose as badly as we do, and nearly half of Jackson's loss in the battle is in the Second brigade. Amongst the killed is Brigadier-General Charles S. Winder, of the Stonewall brigade, who commanded the division, and Lieutenant-Colonel Richard H. Cunningham (an old F), who commanded the 21st Virginia regiment, two as gallant men as the cause ever lost. They were a great loss to our command and the army. Both were conspicuous on

every battlefield for brave deeds, and bid fair to be eminent soldiers. I have always thought that there was a similarity in their death; each was on the sick list; each had been riding in an ambulance during the day; at the sound of the guns, each mounted his horse and came to the front and took command of his men. Winder was posting his advance artillery in the open field just to the right of our regiment when killed, and Cunningham was killed a few minutes later very near the same spot. I also think if they had lived each would have been promoted, Winder to major-general and Cunningham to brigadier-general, both dating from this battle.

#### A TERRIBLE SCENE.

Here is what Major Dabney, on Jackson's staff, says in his life of Stonewall Jackson. After describing the position of the brigades that were already in line of battle to our right, he comes to that occupied by the Second brigade: "The whole angle of forest was now filled with clamor and horrid rout, the left regiments of the Second brigade were taken in reverse, intermingled with the enemy, broken and massacred from front to rear. The regiments of the right, and especially the 21st Virginia, commanded by that brave Christian soldier, Colonel Cunningham, stood firm, and fought the enemy before them like lions, until the invading line had penetrated within twenty yards of their rear. For the terrific din of the musketry, the smoke, and the dense foliage concealed friend from foe, until they were only separated from each other by this narrow interval. Their heroic colonel was slain, the order of officers were unheard amidst the shouts of the assailants, and all the vast uproar; yet the remnant of the Second brigade fought on, man to man, without rank or method, with bayonet thrust and musket clubbed, but borne back like the angry foam on a mighty wave toward the high road."

Lieutenant-Colonel Garnett, commanding the Second brigade, pays the 21st Virginia special mention in his official report. As likewise does Brigadier-General Taliaferro, of the Third brigade, and Brigadier-General Early, of Ewell's division, says in his report that his attention was directed especially in the general advance towards a small band of the 21st Virginia with their colors, as every few minutes the color-bearer would shake out his colors seemingly in defiance to the enemy.

#### BURYING THE DEAD.

We stay on the battlefield all next day gathering the wounded and burying the dead. General Jackson was joined by General J. E. B.

Stuart during the day, and he got Stuart to reconnoitre for him. He found that Pope had been heavily reinforced; in consequence he did not renew the advance, and Pope, being so much surprised at seeing the front of a rebel, had not gotten over his daze sufficient to attack Jackson. About three weeks after this, Jackson taught him some more new tactics. About midday he asked permission of General Jackson to succor such of his wounded as had not already been treated by us, and to bury his dead. This General Jackson granted, and put the field under the command of General Early. Soon the Yanks and rebels are engaged in friendly converse and trading papers, tobacco, etc.

As night comes on General Jackson finds that Pope's force has been reinforced so largely, he falls back, and next day recrossed the Rapidan and goes into camp between the river and Gordonsville, where he remained until the 16th of August, when, having been joined by General Lee with the greater part of his command, the advance against Pope is again taken up. Stark's Louisiana brigade joins Jackson's division while we are here, and the division now consists of the First (Stonewall), Second and Third and the Louisiana brigades.

AN OLD "F."

---

## ADDRESS OF Hon. T. S. GARNETT

---

### Upon Presenting the Portrait of

---

Hon. R. M. T. HUNTER,

---

To the Circuit Court of Essex County, at Tappahannock, Va.,  
June 20, 1898.

---

*Judge Wright, and Ladies and Gentlemen:*

In response to your kind invitation, I am here to present to the Circuit Court of Essex county, the portrait of the Honorable *Robert Mercer Taliaferro Hunter*.

Before venturing upon the performance of this honorable duty, I cannot refrain from expressing my gratitude to you for the great and good work you have so wisely conceived and so devotedly executed throughout your judicial circuit, in rescuing from dull forget-

fulness the memories of the past, and from oblivion the names and features of so many of our Tidewater Virginians who made that past forever memorable.

All honor to you, sir, for this noble work, and Heaven's blessings upon your unselfish and patriotic labors.

This portrait of Mr. Hunter, the gift of his great-niece, is a faithful likeness of that great man.

To no man who is at all acquainted with his career is it necessary for me to prove the correctness of the use of that term.

If the county of Essex had produced no other distinguished son, she would still be entitled to honor him as among the foremost of the world's great men.

In all the elements which go to make up true greatness, in purity of character, in fearless advocacy of truth and right, in strength of purpose and lofty intellectual power, he shone pre-eminent among the intellectual giants of his day.

Recall, if only for a moment, the outline of his life. Brilliant as a scholar at the University—a pupil in law at the feet of that distinguished jurist, Judge Henry St. George Tucker, he commenced the practice of his profession here. Entering public life at the age of twenty-five, he passed successively through every stage of that fascinating but exciting and delusive drama—from the General Assembly of Virginia, through the Federal Congress and Senate, until it seemed that the Presidency of the United States was to be the easy prize for his surfeited ambition. The youngest speaker that ever ruled the conduct of the House of Representatives, he soon became the most honored, trusted and distinguished Senator in that body.

Glance at some of his great work:

The establishment of the independent treasury of the United States, as it exists to-day; the Tariff for Revenue of 1846; the retrocession of Alexandria county and city to the Old Dominion; the preservation of the peace with Great Britain, so nearly broken over the Oregon boundary question; his firm and dignified stand in every assault against the Union of the States, and their equality in the Union, when the Mexican war and its results were sought to be used by the politicians of the North to weaken and degrade their brethren of the South.

Then, as now, the South was sending forth to battle its best soldiers, its most precious youth, in numbers far exceeding its proper quota, and shedding its best blood for a cause which could redound chiefly to the advantage of the North.

As chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate in 1848, and for years thereafter, Mr. Hunter practically guided the financial legislation of this country, and gained for himself a place among the great political economists of the world.

In the excellent memoir of Mr. Hunter, by Mr. L. Q. Washington [printed in the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vol. XXV, pp. 193-205], now on file among the archives of your Honor's court, the learned author says of him:

"His integrity, purity and knowledge of affairs gave him an almost absolute veto on everything corrupt, base or dangerous in fiscal legislation." \* \* \* "He shaped and carried through the Compromise Tariff bill of 1857, a measure supported not only by Democrats, but by many prominent Republicans—Wm. H. Seward, Henry Wilson, N. P. Banks, Solomon P. Chase, and others." "They were content to follow a Virginian of the Virginians."

The establishment of the Court of Claims at Washington and the life tenure of its judges was the work of "the statesman of Essex."

The first Civil Service law, and one which puts to shame the abortive effort at reform now existing, was the work of R. M. T. Hunter.

He put an end, or showed the way to end, all controversy over the money question, and the recent unhappy warfare over the coinage of gold and silver would never have taken place if the wisdom of Senator Hunter had been the guide of those who have brought on the conflict. Without pretending to know anything about the matter, I am willing to believe Mr. Washington when he says:

"If I were called upon to name a document which best expounds the true principles of finance and statesmanship on this difficult subject, and in a perfectly unanswerable manner, free from ill-temper or bias, and full of wise prescience and overwhelming argument, I should name the report made by Robt. M. T. Hunter in March, 1852, to the United States Senate, which accompanied the bill proposed by him to regulate the coinage of gold and silver."

It is not mere eulogy to say that, "Since the passing away of Jefferson, Madison, Marshall and Monroe, hardly any Virginian has borne so influential a part in political affairs as R. M. T. Hunter."

In great qualities of mind and character, he was the peer of any, without the eccentricities of genius which marred so many of the worthies of that day.

But time would fail me to depict in detail his varied labors in the achievement of his fame. When that fame was at its zenith, and in

the very height of useful promise, at the age of 52 years, he bade farewell to all the scenes of his greatness and followed his native State into her gallant but desperate struggle for independence.

On the day when McDowell's defeated and demoralized host was driven back upon Washington from the plains of Manassas, July 21, 1861, Mr. Hunter became Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President Davis.

It is not generally known, though I believe it to be true, that the original plan of those who founded the Confederate government at Montgomery, Ala., was to make Mr. Hunter President of the Confederacy, and Jefferson Davis General-in-Chief of its armies in the field. Whether such a course would have won success or not may be questioned, but certain it is that no wiser counsellor, no better financier in the desperate straits of the Confederate exchequer, no more devoted patriot than Mr. Hunter could have been found in all the limits of our new republic.

He soon became President *pro tem.* of the Confederate Senate, and all through the disheartening struggle gave his best efforts to the success of our doomed cause.

Among his last acts in its behalf was his visit to Hampton Roads as one of the commissioners to negotiate for peace between the North and the South.

His report of that memorable conference with Mr. Lincoln is an accurate record of what transpired, and is a valuable contribution to history.

Of his life after the war I need not speak.

Imprisoned as he was by Federal tyranny, insulted by a barbarous enemy with a cruelty which was equalled only by fiendish ingenuity, he was released from captivity only to return to Font Hill to find his home devastated by their deeper malignity.

Yet, in the closing years of his well-spent life, he still cherished the hope of better days for the republic, and he devoted his few remaining years to philosophical reflection and dissertation and a calm review of the motives which had impelled him to espouse the cause of the South, and vindicated the principles of her people by his masterly essays and articles of great historic value. The papers of the Southern Historical Society abound with these admirable writings and justified the assertion of one who knew him well: "That he was the most accomplished, wisest, most disinterested, best and gentlest of all the men who were his contemporaries." He was the

Treasurer of Virginia and collector of customs of the port of Tappahannock.

He died at "Font Hill" on the 18th day of July, 1887, *poor*, as men count riches in this world, "but rich, immeasurably rich, in honor."

An incident recently published in the columns of the *Free Lance*, Fredericksburg, Va., touchingly illustrates the equanimity of Mr. Hunter in adversity. A correspondent of that paper wrote:

"Your editorial of a recent date, in which you sketch the political life of R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, recalls to my mind the last time I saw him. It was in 1883, at his little country mill in Essex. As I entered the mill he measured for a customer a peck of meal, and said: 'I think that is good measure.'

"He who had had the applause of 'listening senates to command' took the place of a laborer without a murmur when necessity required."

Great in learning, great in the purity, gentleness and simplicity of his character, great in thought and statesmanlike virtue, he has left to his family and friends the heritage of a good name and to his beloved county of Essex and this Commonwealth a memory that can never fade away.

## ADDRESS OF HON. T. S. GARNETT

---

On the Presentation to the Circuit Court of Essex county,  
Va. (Honorable T. R. B. Wright, presiding),  
of the Portrait of the

---

Honorable M. R. H. GARNETT, at Tappahannock, Va., July 20, 1898.

---

Muscoe Russell Hunter Garnett was the son of James Mercer Garnett, Jr., who was the son of James Mercer Garnett, of Elmwood, and Maria Hunter, sister of Honorable R. M. T. Hunter.

His father was educated at Princeton College and devoted himself to the law, but died at too early an age to be remembered by any but his immediate family, by whom he was esteemed as a man of great intellectual force.



His son, Muscoe, was born July 25, 1821, and was educated at the Elmwood School, established there by his grandfather. He entered the University of Virginia at the opening of the session of 1838-39, and graduated that session in Latin, Greek, French, German and Mathematics. After a year's intermission he returned to the University to pursue the study of law, and graduated as Bachelor of Law at the close of the session 1840-41. He was the companion at the University of John Randolph Tucker, William J. Robertson, William T. Joynes, John L. Marye, and others, who became prominent in the history of the State.

Being exceedingly fond of reading and study from an early age, he devoted himself to acquiring the riches of learning which he afterwards displayed in the wider fields of national life. His stories of learning were very remarkable and he was undoubtedly one of the best read men in history and literature that have ever adorned public life. His first political position was as a member of the Virginia constitutional convention of 1850, in which he took a prominent place, and participated largely in its debates. It was in this year that he wrote his pamphlet entitled: "The Union, Past and Future; how it works and how to save it—by a citizen of Virginia," which created such wide-spread interest throughout the South, and was deemed worthy of review in the old *Southern Quarterly Review*, published in Charleston, S. C. This pamphlet is remembered to the present day, although the issues which it discussed are long since dead, for it was only very recently that a gentleman inquired where he could obtain a copy of it.

Soon after 1850, Muscoe Garnett entered the Virginia Legislature, of which he was a member for several years, and on the death of Judge Bayley he was sent to the U. S. Congress from this district, and represented it until the war broke out. He was a member of the convention of 1861 which passed the ordinance of secession, and at the next election he was sent to the Confederate Congress, of which he continued a member until his death in January, 1864, although he had been defeated for re-election to the succeeding Congress.

Associated all his life with his uncle, Honorable R. M. T. Hunter, he had drawn his political principles from the same sources of inspiration; he was a great admirer of Mr. Calhoun, and was ardently devoted to the South and to the principle of State's rights. He was no mere politician, but his political faith was founded in philosophical principles, strengthened by deep thought and reflection, and believed

in with all the ardor of his nature. He was naturally calm, gentle and reserved, but when roused by the inspiration of his subject he became filled with the orators' fire, and soared to the loftiest height of true eloquence. His well trained mind and rare learning enabled him to present with clearness and force any subject on which he spoke, even the intricate one of the tariff, which he frequently discussed in the House of Representatives. Believing thoroughly in the doctrine of the right of secession, he was one of the leaders of that party in the convention of 1861, and proved himself a strong advocate of the rights of the South.

It is not fulsome praise to say of him, that he was the most brilliant of all the younger generation of the sons of Essex, and when death claimed him in the prime of his manhood, the county lost its most prominent citizen, the State a gifted and devoted supporter, and the Confederacy an ardent champion. Peace to his honored ashes.

---

[From the Abbeville, S. C., *Medium*, July 20, 1899]

## **ORR'S SOUTH CAROLINA RIFLES.**

---

**Brief Sketch of the Famous Regiment from the Pen of  
One who Fought in its Ranks.**

---

**By J. W. MATTISON, of Company G.**

---

Orr's Regiment of Rifles went into camp of instruction at Sandy Springs camp ground, ten miles above Anderson C. H., July 19th, 1861, with the following field officers: James L. Orr, colonel; J. Foster Marshall, lieutenant-colonel; Daniel Ledbetter, major; Ben. Sloan, adjutant; T. B. Lee, sergeant-major; Company A, J. W. Livingston, captain; Company B, James M. Perrin, captain; Company C, J. J. Norton, captain; Company D, F. E. Harrison, captain; Company E, Miles M. Norton, captain; Company F, Robert A. Hawthorn, captain; Company G, G. McD. Miller, captain; Company H, George M. Fairlee, captain; Company K, G. W. Cox, captain; Company L, J. B. Moore, captain.

The regiment was composed of the ten companies of one hundred men each—Companies B and G from Abbeville county; Companies A, C, E, F, Pickens county; Companies D, K and L, Anderson county; Company H, Marion county. On July 20th the regiment was mustered into Confederate service for three years, or during the war, being the first, I believe, to enlist for the war. Few, if any, thought that the war would continue for three years. The general impression was that six to twelve months would end the war and secure our independence. Some of us were afraid it would all be over before we reached the front.

The drills and camp duty we thought very hard. In a few weeks a majority of us thought we had at least learned all that Hardee knew about tactics.

During our stay at Sandy Springs we learned very little of actual camp life. We were all quartered in tents used by tent holders at camp meetings. We had plenty to eat, such as it was, and it was roughly prepared in many cases.

While we were drilled very hard, we had many pleasant hours in camp. Friends and relatives of the members of the regiment visited the camp daily by scores and hundreds.

Dress parade at 6 P. M. was the hour to see the ladies out in large numbers to witness our military evolutions and soldierly bearing.

The regiment remained in camp until the first week in September. One detachment left September the 4th for Summerville, twenty-two miles above Charleston, another the 5th, and the balance the 6th. We remained at Summerville ten days, and from there we moved to Sullivan's Island and occupied the dwellings then standing on the island. Part of the regiment was quartered in the old Moultrie House. Daily drills were still the order of the day. About the last of November, Companies B and G were sent down the coast about twenty-five miles to picket on the Edisto river. Company B was stationed at Willtown Bluff and Company G at Pineberry, doing picket duty on Jehossee Island. During our stay at Pineberry, our pickets on the island were fired at on two occasions, but no one hurt.

Some mounted low country negroes on Edisto Island attacked our picket commanded by Lieutenant Higgins and fired a few shots one morning. One of their number was killed. On another occasion a party of the enemy came up the river in yawl boats and fired on our pickets commanded by Lieutenant Latimer. After a few shots were exchanged the enemy retired and left us alone afterwards.

About the last part of January, 1862, Company B and G were relieved by other troops and rejoined the regiment on Sullivan's Island. During the winter Colonel Orr resigned his commission and entered Congress. Lieutenant-Colonel Marshall was now Colonel of the regiment.

Colonel Marshall received orders on April 19th, to report with his command at Richmond, Va., at once. Our surplus baggage was packed and sent home at once. On Sunday, April 20th, we left the Island rejoicing that we were going to the seat of war.

The regiment was called by other troops "The pound cake regiment," because of our easy position. Our trip to Richmond was slow and tedious. We left Charleston on the evening of April 20th. When we reached Florence we were delayed the balance of the night. Monday night we reached Wilmington and remained there all night. Tuesday we made Weldon. Wednesday morning we took breakfast at Petersburg, Va., and reached Richmond about 12 o'clock noon. We left Richmond in the afternoon on the Fredericksburg road, reaching Guiney's Station after night. Tents were pitched in short order and a good night's rest obtained. The next morning (April 24th), when reville sounded we formed line in about three inches of snow. After remaining stationed a few days we were moved nearer Fredericksburg, to a point near Massaponax church, picketing the roads towards Fredericksburg.

We remained in this camp until the last week in May, when General Johnson evacuated Yorktown and Peninsula and withdrew his forces to around Richmond. The commands near Fredericksburg were ordered to Richmond. When we reached Ashland we met some of our cavalry who had that day engaged the enemy on our extreme left wing. Branch's brigade and the cavalry had driven the enemy back before we reached the field.

The next day we reached the Chickahominy above Richmond and camped in a low marshy piece of Woodland. The night of the 29th was a night of continued downpour of rain, our camp was a pond of water, and slop was out of the question. The Chickahominy bottom lands were overflowed and the water extended from hill to hill.

The battle of Seven Pines was fought May 31st and June 1st.

Our command was moved down the Chickahominy Saturday, May 31st. We could hear the battle of Seven Pines raging as we moved down the river. We were not engaged in the fight. A few shells were thrown by the enemy in our direction.

After the battle was over we went into camp near the nine mile road, a few miles east of Richmond.

The camp was in a low, swampy piece of timber land, which proved to be a very unhealthy location. A large number of our regiment and brigade were on the sick list in a few days. Orr's Rifles lost during the summer quite a number of men by disease; nineteen of Company G, died in the hospital with fever. June, July and August quite a number were unable for duty during the campaign of the summer.

Some time in June, Orr's Rifles were transferred from J. R. Anderson's brigade to Gregg's brigade. The brigade was now composed of 1st, 12th, 13th, 14th and Orr's Rifles.

During the month of June we were quiet, until the 25th, when we received orders to prepare for a move. Rations were issued and cooked and all made ready for a march. Soon after dark we formed line. And our Chaplain, Rev. H. T. Sloan, offered an earnest prayer, asking the God of battles to be with us in the conflict that was soon to come. We moved out of camp early in the night and marched up the Chickahominy somewhere north of Richmond, and near Meadow bridge. We remained at this place the balance of the night and until two or three o'clock next evening. All the while concealed from the view of the enemy posted on the opposite side of the river.

About 3 o'clock P. M., June 26th, skirmish firing commenced near the railroad bridges. Soon the artillery opened on each side. We were now ordered forward to support the advance line, composed of North Carolina troops.

The enemy were soon dislodged from the bridge, and retreated to Mechanicsville. Our command crossed the stream and followed the advanced line which was engaged with the enemy at Mechanicsville. Our position at this time as support was trying to men not yet initiated into the horror of war.

The shells from the enemy's guns came thick and fast, and kept us awake and uneasy. We expected every minute to be ordered to the front.

S. C. Reid, of Company G, was mortally wounded by a shell just before night. I think he was the only man killed in our regiment on the 26th.

The enemy made a stubborn resistance around Mechanicsville, but were finally driven to their strong defence on the east side of the Beaver Dam creek, at Ellisons Mill.

This was a strong position. The enemy were posted behind heavy earthworks on the hill. One line of defense was on top of hill, another lower down on the hill side. Both lines were well manned and protected from the fire of our men.

Our loss in front of this position was very heavy. The troops making the attack failed to dislodge the enemy. On the morning of the 27th, Stonewall Jackson turned their right flank, which caused them to hastily abandon their strong works and retreat to Gaines's Mill without much resistance.

Gregg's brigade was put in advance on the morning of the 27th, the 1st and 12th in advance, Orr's Rifles and 13th, support. The 14th was left on picket line near our old camp. After crossing the creek we entered the deserted camp of the enemy, where we found immense piles of flour and bacon burning. We pushed on from this place to Walnut Grove church, something over one mile from the Mill.

There we halted and rested for an hour or two. It was at this place that we first saw Stonewall Jackson. He passed us as we rested by the roadside, and his troops and Hill's Light division were now united. After a delay of some time, Jackson's command moved out along a road bearing to the left, while Hill's Light division followed the road leading direct to Gaines's Mill, some three miles distant.

Between Walnut Grove church and Gaines's Mill in an open field the pontoon bridges of the enemy were abandoned and fired. Their retreat was so rapid that they did not attempt to save army supplies but applied the torch to everything that they could burn, and hurried on to their next line of defence. About 12 o'clock we reached Gaines's Mill without any opposition. Our skirmishers encountered the rear guard of the enemy at the Mill, and soon drove them off, without much loss on our side. After our skirmish line passed the Mill, about twenty-five Yankees were found in the mill-house, and sent to the rear, and on to Richmond, I suppose.

On the hill west of the Mill large quantities of army supplies and sutler stores had been destroyed or partially destroyed. We found coffee, cheese, can goods, and a general assortment of eatables not entirely destroyed, that we soon appropriated to our personal use. We had cheese on toast for dinner. The fire and hot sun had toasted them thoroughly. This was our first meal at Uncle Sam's expense, but not the last with some of us.

After a short rest at the Mill, we crossed Powhite creek and moved in the direction of Old Cold Harbor, leaving New Cold Harbor to our right. Just after we crossed the creek and reached high ground, and were advancing in line of battle, one Yankee was seen running across the old field in our front, some 200 yards distant, I suppose. Several shots were fired before he fell.

When we had gone about a half mile beyond the mill and reached high ground, we could see the enemy in line of battle beyond a small stream on a hill.

Their artillery opened on us at this point and threw some shells uncomfortably near, and gave us what is called bomb ague.

Dr. Frank Clinkscales was killed by a cannon shot near the road running from New Cold Harbor to Old Cold Harbor, making two men of Company G killed by cannon shot before we had fired a gun.

Our command soon reached the swampy ground, where we were allowed to rest, where we were protected from the artillery fire also. Crenshaw's battery was planted on the hill in our rear and replied to the guns of the enemy with good effect.

The fire was kept up for some time with vigor. Our command remained in the ravine about one hour, I think. All the time we remained there the artillery fire was heavy on both sides.

There was heavy firing also to our right near the Chickahominy and back towards Gaines's Mill. General Longstreet's command was hotly engaged on that part of the line. About three or four o'clock we were ordered to advance. It was generally understood that we were to charge and take a Yankee battery in our front. No calculations were made that we would fail. The advance was made by the brigade, Orr's Rifles on the right wing.

The regiment passed through some small pines skirting an open field near two hundred yards wide.

When the open field was reached, the enemy opened a destructive fire on us from our right, where they were posted in a piece of oak timber. As we came into the open field, the fire of the enemy was so heavy that we changed course to our right and charged the enemy posted in the forest. As we charged across the field with guns at right shoulder, our men were falling at every step. Numbers were killed and wounded before having a chance to fire a gun. The battery that we expected to capture was nowhere in sight. They had limbered up and gone to the rear.

The enemy held their position until we were in thirty or forty yards of them, pouring volley after volley into our ranks. We suc-

ceeded in reaching the forest, and drove the enemy back on their reserve line posted in the undergrowth.

After firing a few rounds, a force of New York Zouaves was seen forming line. Across the open field we had charged through a few minutes before they also opened fire on us with telling effect, killing and wounding a number of our men.

When Colonel Marshall discovered the enemy forming on our left flank and moving to our rear, he ordered the regiment to retreat, which was not heard by all of the regiment. Over one-half of the regiment was killed and wounded in a few minutes. The open field and woodland was strewn with dead and dying and wounded, not able to get off the field.

Companies G and K suffered the greatest. Company G had twenty-one killed on the field and mortally wounded as follows: Lieutenant B. M. Latimer, Sergeant-Major A. H. McGee, L. A. Callahan, W. J. Calvert, Dr. Frank Clinkscales, R. F. Cunningham, J. A. Davis, Samuel Fields, M. Freeman, R. A. Gordon, John B. Gordon, I. L. Grier, E. J. Humphreys, A. P. Lindsay, A. H. McGhee, Jr., J. G. Martin, J. Morrison, E. W. Pruitt, George B. Richey, S. O. Reid (26th), W. H. Simpson, over 33 per cent. killed and mortally wounded, 80 per cent. killed and wounded.

The regiment carried into action 537 men, of this number 81 were killed and 234 wounded. Very few commands suffered in any one engagement so heavily.

The writer was severely wounded about the time the order was given to retreat, and left on the field and fell in the hands of the enemy.

My command had gone but a short distance, falling back, before the Yankees line of battle was reformed in the edge of the woodland where I was. A reserve line was soon brought up to support the line in front, while the Yankees were around me, they asked me several questions, my command and where from, &c. They did not attempt to move and treated me kindly while among them with one exception. One fellow demanded my cartridge box, and enforced the demand at the point of the bayonet. I was slow in delivering it to him, when he threatened to bayonet me if I did not obey his demands at once.

The line in the front and the reserve line both were hard to manage by the officers. They were expecting to be attacked and would not line up, and keep in elbow touch. During the time they were adjusting their lines the conflict was raging in other parts of the field.



The thunder of cannon and roll of musketry along the lines was terrific. After a lapse of thirty minutes, I suppose, I heard the familiar yell of our men near by. The two lines of battle near me fired one volley and gave ground—retreating through the woods in disaster. Our men (a Georgia command I think), succeeded in reaching the edge of the woods but could not hold the position, a flanking column on their left forced them to give way.

The enemy soon formed their lines and advanced beyond their former position. Crossing the open field through which the Rifles charged a few hours before, the wounded were now in their rear for some time. Night was fast approaching and I could hear heavy firing on the left, and the rebel yell plainly indicated that the enemy along that part of the line was giving ground.

The firing gradually passed to the rear of the former line held by the Yankees. The line of battle formed near me soon retreated in the direction of the Chickahominy.

The fighting around the McGee house on our left seemed to be the most stubbornly contested part of the field late in the evening.

The roar of battle was heavy nearer the Chickahominy. The artillery fire was severe; batteries on the south side of the river were shelling the field until dark.

About sundown the ground was cleared of the enemy and I made an effort to get off the field by using a gun for a crutch. I managed to reach the ambulance corps of Hood's Texas troops and was carried to their field hospital, near Old Cold Harbor, where I remained until the evening of the 29th without any attention.

Hood's troops were badly cut up, and the surgeons were kept busy attending to their own wounded. They were kept busy amputating arms and legs of the wounded; other wounded could not be attended to properly. On the evening of the 29th I was moved to the hospital in Manchester and placed in the roundhouse of the Danville railroad. I remained there until the last week in August, when I was given a furlough for thirty days. I came home and remained there for two years before I was able to rejoin my command.

I have written this from memory. I kept no record at the time. May be in error along some lines.

The recollections of the days long past are often called up in memory—days that are never to be forgotten by those engaged in the conflict and those at home watching and waiting to hear from the front.

Members of Company G, Orr's Rifles, who died with disease, summer, 1862: W. D. Anderson, R. S. Ashley, T. J. Beacham, S. N. Bowen, W. T. Ellis, Robert M. Ellis, C. N. Graham, J. B. Graham, J. Moon Jones, T. G. Law, J. R. McAdams, J. T. McWhorter, F. M. McKee, S. L. Pratt, W. N. Shirley, Moses Smith, J. R. Swancey.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, January 14, 1900.]

## **PRESIDENT LINCOLN.**

### **His Character and Opinions Discussed.**

#### **THE CHAPTER AND VERSE CITED.**

**No Ground Whatever for Supposing that he was a Religious Man.  
Lincoln's Connection with the "First Chronicle of Reuben," &c.**

*To the Editor of the Dispatch:*

A late editorial in one of our most honored—and most deservedly honored—Southern newspapers has likened Lincoln to Washington and to Lee, and has held up Lincoln's character and personality for the admiration and imitation of this future generation. To try to re-awaken or to foster ill-will between the North and South would be a useless, a mischievous, and a most censurable task, but it is a duty for one who knows the truth to correct so serious a mistake as is contained in the above statement, and the subscriber offers the following convincing correction of it to the many thousands of readers of the *Dispatch* for whom the subject has interest.

Such claims for Lincoln are entirely inconsistent with the concessions of very grave defects in him that are made by his most respectable and most eulogistic biographers. Brief mention of each of them will first be made, and it will be seen that it is quite impossible to suppose that they would acknowledge such faults in their hero as they do acknowledge from any motive but the necessity to concede truths known personally to themselves as his intimate associates, or established on testimony they were obliged to accept.

"The Life of Lincoln" (dated 1866), by Dr. J. G. Holland, long editor of *Scribner's Magazine*, rates Lincoln among the greatest of men, not only intellectually, but morally and spiritually. The object of this letter does not require, nor do its limits permit, that it should record these biographers' attempts to reconcile their estimate of their hero with the conflicting concessions that are extracted below from their books.

#### HIS ' JOKES.

As to Lincoln's indecent stories, jokes and behavior, we have testimony as follows, from Holland (page 83): "It is useless for Mr. Lincoln's biographers to ignore this habit. The whole West, if not the whole country (he is writing in 1866) is full of these stories, and there is no doubt at all that he indulged in them with the same freedom that he did in those of a less objectionable character." Again he says (page 251): " \* \* men who knew him throughout all his professional and political life \* \* \* have said that 'he was the foulest in his jests and stories of any man in the country.' "

As to Lincoln's attitude towards religion, Dr. Holland says (page 286), that twenty out of the twenty-three ministers of the different denominations of Christians, and a very large majority of the prominent members of the churches in his home (Springfield, Ill.), opposed him for President. He says (page 241): " \* \* \* Men who knew him throughout all his professional and political life " have said " that, so far from being a religious man, or a Christian, the less said about that the better." He says of Lincoln's first recorded religious utterance, used in closing his farewell address to Springfield, that it " was regarded by many as an evidence both of his weakness and of his hypocrisy, \* \* \* and was tossed about as a joke, 'Old Abe's last.' "

Colonel Ward H. Lamon published his "Life of Lincoln" in 1872. He appears, in the accounts of Mr. Lincoln's life in the West, as constantly associated in the most friendly relations with him. He accompanied the family in the journey towards Washington, and was selected by Lincoln himself (see McClure's "Lincoln," &c., page 46), as the one protector to accompany and guard him from the assassination that he apprehended so causelessly (Lamon's "Life," &c., page 513), in his midnight passage through Baltimore to his first inauguration. He was made a United States Marshal of the district, in order (McClure's "Lincoln," &c., page 67) that Lincoln might have him always at hand. Though Lamon recognizes and sets

forth with great clearness (page 181), his duty to tell the whole truth, good and bad, and especially (page 86, *et seq.*), to correct the statements of indiscreet admirers who have tried to make Lincoln out a religious man, and, though he indignantly remonstrates against such stories, as making his hero a hypocrite, the whole book shows an exceedingly high estimate of the friend of his lifetime.

#### PIOUS WORDS CHASE'S.

Hapgood (page 291, *et seq.*) records that the pious words with which the emancipation proclamation closes were added at the suggestion of Mr. Secretary Chase. Lamon says that, after Lincoln (page 497) "appreciated \* \* \* the violence and extent of the religious prejudices which freedom of discussion from his standpoint would be sure to rouse against him," and "the immense and augmenting power of the churches," \* \* \* (page 502) "he indulged freely in indefinite expressions about 'Divine providence,' the 'justice of God,' the 'favor of the Most High,'" in his published documents, "but he nowhere ever professed the slightest faith in Jesus as the Son of God and the Saviour of men." (Page 501, *et seq.*) "He never told any one that he accepted Jesus as the Christ, or performed one of the acts which necessarily followed upon such a conviction." (Page 487.) "When he went to church at all, he went to mock, and came away to mimic." On page 157 and thereafter, Lamon tells minutely of the writing and the burning of "a little book," written by Lincoln with the purpose to disprove the truth of the Bible and the divinity of Christ, and he tells how it was burned without his consent by his friend, Hill, lest it should ruin his political career before a Christian people. On pages 487 to 504 he records numerous letters from Lincoln's intimate associates, and one from his wife, that fully confirmed the above testimony as to his attitude of hostility to religion.

Herndon's "True Story of a Great Life" (dated 1888), sets forth on the title page that Lincoln was for twenty years his friend and law partner, and says (preface, page 10): "Mr. Lincoln was my warm, devoted friend; I always loved him, and I revere his name to-day." He quotes, with approval, and reaffirms Lamon's views as to the duty to tell the faults along with the virtues and great achievements, and says (preface, page 10): "At last the truth will come out, and no man need hope to evade it," and he betrays his sense of the seriousness of the faults he has to record by calling

them (preface, page 9) "ghastly exposures," and by saying (preface, page 8) that to conceal them would be as if the Bible had concealed the facts about Uriah in telling the story of King David; and the biographer next mentioned (Hapgood), just fresh from the press, written with all the light yet given to the world, says (preface, page 8): "Herndon has told the President's early life with refreshing honesty, and with more information than any one else."

#### HERNDON QUOTED.

Herndon, in his "True Story," &c., dated 1888, is silent about Lincoln's attitude towards religion, and his silence is significant, for Lamon gives in his "Life," dated 1872, the following extract from a letter from Herndon, written in answer to questions on this point: "As to Mr. Lincoln's religious views, he was, in short, an infidel. \* \* \* He did not believe that Jesus was God, nor the Son of God. Mr. Lincoln told me a thousand times that he did not believe the Bible was a revelation from God. \* \* \* The points that Mr. Lincoln tried to demonstrate (in his book), were: First, that the Bible was not God's revelation; and, second, that Jesus was not the Son of God."

Another letter of Herndon's, published in Lamon's "Life" (page 492, *et seq.*), says of Lincoln's contest with the Rev. Peter Cartwright for Congress in 1848 (page 494): "In that contest he was accused of being an infidel, if not an atheist; he never denied the charge—would not; 'would die first,' because he knew it could be and would be proved on him."

Herndon concedes the indecency of the jokes and stories, and gives (Volume I, page 55) a copy of "The First Chronicle of Reuben," and an account of the slight provocation under which Lincoln wrote it; and, in two foot-notes, describes the exceedingly base and indecent device by which Lincoln brought about the events which gave occasion for this satire. Morse (Volume I, page 13) denounces Herndon bitterly for publishing this chronicle, but suggests no doubt of its authenticity.

Morse's "Lincoln," one of the American Statesmen Series, published in 1892 by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., shows throughout, but notably in its last three pages, as ardent admiration for Lincoln as any other biographer; yet he concedes (Volume I, page 192) the truth of "the revelations of Messrs. Herndon and Lamon" as given

above, and the duty and necessity that rested on them to record these truths.

In "Lincoln and Men of the War Time," by A. K. McClure, the author's intimate association with Lincoln (page 112, *et seq.*), is shown in many places, and his estimate of his hero may be measured by the following tribute (page 5, *et seq.*): "\* \* \* He has written the most illustrious records of American history, and his name and fame must be immortal while liberty shall have worshippers in our land." Yet, writing as late as 1892, he offers no contradiction of the above-given "revelations" and "disclosures" of Herndon and Lamon, but, on the contrary, says (preface, page 3): "The closest men to Lincoln, before and after his election to the presidency, were David Davis, Leonard Swet, Ward H. Lamon and William H. Herndon." Letters of the two first named are among the letters referred to above, published by Lamon as evidence of Lincoln's attitude towards religion.

Hapgood's "Abraham Lincoln," dated 1899, shows the author's attitude of admiration in the first page of the preface, declaring that he was "unequalled since Washington in service to the nation," and quoting the verses—

"He was the North, the South, the East, the West,  
The thrall, the master, all of us in one."

#### LINCOLN'S GROSSNESS.

Hapgood concedes (preface, page 5, *et seq.*) the worst that was ever said of the grossness of Lincoln's jokes and stories, likening him in this respect to the Rabelais. Some readers will need, I am glad to think, to be told that Rabelais is best known to the world for hideous indecency, so that "Rabelesian wit" is the name for the filthiest wit the world has known.

If any would take refuge in the hope that the responsibilities of his high office raised Lincoln above these habits of indecency and godlessness, they are met by many authentic stories of his grossly-unseemly behavior as President, by the evidence of Lamon, the chosen associate of his lifetime, that his indulgence in gross stories was (page 480), "restrained by no presence, and by no occasion," and by a letter (Lamon's "Life," pages 487 to 504), of Nicolay, his senior private secretary throughout his administration, which states that Lincoln's attitude towards religion did not change after his entrance on the presidency. Want of space forbids further details,

but it would be as easy to prove from precisely the same sort of evidence that Lincoln's character and conduct provoked the bitterest censure from a very great number of the most distinguished of his co-workers in his great achievements, among whom may be named Greely, Thad. Stevens, Sumner, Trumbull, Zach. Chandler, Cameron, Fred. Douglas, Beacher, Fremont, Ben. Wade, Winter Davis and Wendell Phillips, while the most bitter and contemptuous and persistent of all Lincoln's critics were Chase, his Secretary of the Treasury and Chief Justice, and Stanton, known ever since as his great War Secretary.

The testimony submitted above seems to show that Lincoln was habitually indecent in his conversation—that he was guilty of grossly indecent, and yet more grossly immoral, conduct in connection with his satire called the “First Chronicle of Reuben;” that he was an infidel, and was, till he became candidate for the presidency, a frequent scoffer at religion, and in the habit of using his good gifts to attack its truths, and that he was author of a paper, the purpose of which was to attack the fundamental truths of religion, and that he never denied or retracted those views.

CHARLES L. C. MINOR,  
*Baltimore, Md.*

[From the Charlotte, N. C., *Observer*, reprinted in the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, of September 17, 1899, with further account of the same, December 15, 1899.]

### **TARHEELS' THIN GRAY LINE.**

**Colin Campbell's Highlanders Outdone By North  
Carolinians.**

**By Gen. BRADLEY T. JOHNSON.**

**With Corrections and Additions by R. D. Stewart.**

(An incident of the battle of Winchester, Va., that surpasses the 93d regiment's famous stand on the morning of Balaklava.—How General Robert D. Johnston repelled repeated charges of Yankee cavalry far outnumbering his attenuated brigade—as told by General Bradley T. Johnston.)

At the battle of Balaklava occurred an incident which Kinglake has painted in words, and thus immortalized. The Highland brigade, the 42d, the Black Watch, the Cold Stream Guards, the Grenadiers, and the 93d, Sir Colin Campbell's old regiment, were in position which threw the 93d just along the crest of a slight rise of the ground.

The Russian artillery had become annoying, and the 93d lay down just behind the crest, where they were better sheltered and concealed. A division of Russian horse was moving to the left of Sir Colin's whole line, and its head of column nearly with the British, where at once four squadrons of Russians—four hundred men—swung quickly out of column and struck a gallop towards the English position. Instantly the Highlanders rose from the ground, and with their tall forms and towering black plumes looked like a line of giants. The Ninety-third was not in touch with either of the other battalions of the brigade, so they stood and took it, and when the Russians got within three hundred yards opened fire upon them and drove them back. They never repeated the charge. This scene has been celebrated in song and story as "Sir Colin Campbell's Thin Red Line." It was witnessed by the allied armies—English, French and Turkish—and simply astounded the Russians, for both sides saw it.

#### EXCELLED BY JOHNSTON'S MEN.

But I, myself, with thousands of others, saw Johnston's North Carolina Brigade—First North Carolina Battalion Sharpshooters, 5th North Carolina, 12th North Carolina, 20th North Carolina, and 23d North Carolina regiments—do a thing on September 19, 1864, which far excelled in gallantry, in firmness, and in heroism this feat of the "Thin Red Line," and I have never seen a description of it in print, and I do not think it was referred to in the reports. I am sure Bob Johnston did not, for he was as modest as he was handsome and brave.

In September, 1864, Early's army was lying about Winchester. We had been through Maryland, and terrified Washington into fits, and had gotten safely back into Virginia, with thousands of horses, cattle, medical stores, and hundreds of wagon-loads of eatables of every kind. I had a cavalry brigade of wild southwestern Virginia horsemen, as brave and as undisciplined as the Virginia Rangers. Colonel Washington surrendered at Fort Necessity, or Andrew Lewis fought Cornstalk with at Point Pleasant. I was bivouacked—we had no tents, about three miles north of Winchester, on the Valley 'pike,



and picketed from the Valley 'pike to the Berryville 'pike, running east from Winchester, General Robert D. Johnston, of North Carolina, had a brigade of 800 to 1,000 muskets on the Berryville 'pike, on the top of the ridge running across the road. My pickets were a mile in advance of his, in Ashe Hollow. Sheridan, with 45,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry, lay eight to fifteen miles beyond our picket lines, from Berryville and Ripon to Charlestown and Halltown, in Clarke and Jefferson counties, Va. Now, every morning the Yankee cavalry would rush my pickets in on Johnston's posts. He would stop them until I got up, and then I'd drive the Yankees back and re-establish my original picket posts. This done, I would send my command back to camp.

I had about 800 mounted men, and I'd ride up to Bob Johnston's headquarters, which was a wagon under a tree, one camp stool, and a frying pan sizzling with bacon, and a pot of rye coffee and sorghum. I'd get my breakfast. But after a week of this proceeding, it either became monotonous or my appetite showed no signs of weakening, I don't know which. One morning I dismounted after my usual morning call to boots and saddle, and swung myself very comfortably into Johnston's single and only camp stool. I smelled the bacon and sniffed the coffee and waited. In a few moments the cook handed me a chip for a plate and a tin cup of red-hot coffee—so hot you had to set the cup on the grass, and Bob spoke up.

Says he: "Bradley, you let those Yankees do you too bad. You have got so scared of them that you all run the very first dash they make at you."

"Is that so, Robert?" said I. "That's a pity; but I don't know how to help it. I do the best I can. How many Yankee cavalry do you think you are good for?"

"Well," said he, "I've got 800 muskets present for duty. By a week's time, as the boys get back from the hospital, I'll have 1,000. Well, with 1,000 muskets, I think I can take care of 5,000 Yanks on horseback."

"All right," said I, "wait and see. I hope you can."

So I got my breakfast and went off, mightily tickled at the conceit of the Tarheel, for Sheridan's cavalry, with Custer, Torbett and Devens, were about as good soldiers as ever took horse or drew sabre. We had drilled them so that in three years we had taught them to ride. They were always drilling enough to fight, and they learned the use of the sabre from necessity.

Well, things went on as usual. Every morning Sheridan would send a regiment out to feel Early, to drive in his pickets, so as to make sure where he was and to know where to find him, and every morning I'd ride over to the Berryville road, re-establish my lines, get my breakfast off Johnston, and back to sleep.

#### SHERIDAN'S ADVANCE.

By daylight, the 19th of September, a scared cavalryman of my own command nearly rode over me, as I lay asleep on the grass, and reported that the Yankees were advancing with a heavy force of infantry, artillery and cavalry up the Berryville road. Early was up towards Stephenson's Depot, and Johnston and I were responsible for keeping Sheridan out of Winchester, and protecting the Confederate line of retreat, and of communication up the Valley. In two minutes my command was mounted. We always saddled up and fed an hour before dawn, and moving at a trot across the open fields to the Berryville road and to Johnston's assistance. There was not a fence nor a house, nor a bush, nor a tree, to obscure the view. Way off, more than two miles, we could see the crest of the hill, covered with a cloud of Yankee cavalry, and in front of them (500 yards in front), was a thin gray line moving off in retreat solidly, and with perfect coolness and self-possession. As soon as I got to realize what was going on I quickened our gait, and when within a mile broke into a gallop. The scene was as plain as day. A regiment of cavalry would deploy into line and their bugles would sound the charge and they would swoop down on the thin gray line of North Carolinians. The instant the Yankee bugle sounded, North Carolina would halt, face to the rear rank, wait until the horse got within one hundred yards, and then fire as deliberately and coolly as if firing volleys on parade drill. The cavalry would break and scamper back and North Carolina would "about face" and continue her march in retreat as solemnly, stubbornly, and with as much discipline and dignity as if marching in review. But we got there just in time. Cavalry aids the Tarheels. Certainly, half dozen charges had been made at the retreating thin gray line, and each and every time the charging squadrons had been driven back, when the enemy sent his line with a rush at the brigade of Tarheels, and one squadron overlapped the infantry line, and was just passing it when we got up. In another minute they would have been behind the line, sabering the men from the rear, while they were held by the fight in front. But

we struck a head-long strain and went through the Yankees by the flank of North Carolina and carried their adversaries back to the crest of the hill, back through the guns of their battery, clear back to their infantry lines. In a moment they rallied and were charging us in front and off both flanks, and back we went in a hurry, but the thin gray line of old North Carolina was safe. They had gotten back to the rest of the infantry, and formed lines at right angles to the 'pike, west of Winchester.

I rode up to Bob Johnston, very "piert," as we say in North Carolina, and said I: "Pretty close call that, Mr. Johnston. What do you think now of the Yankee cavalry's fighting qualities?" And the rest of the day we enjoyed ourselves. We could see everything that was going on for miles around. The country was entirely open. The day was beautiful, clear and bright—September the 19th. They would form for a forward movement—three lines, one after another—march sedately along until they got within touch of our lines, then raise a hurrah, and rush in a charge; and in two minutes the field would be covered with running, flying Yankees. There were 40,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry and 3,000 mounted gunmen. The thing began at daylight and kept up till dark, when, flanked and worn out, Early retreated to escape being surrounded.

This is the story of the Thin Gray Line of North Carolina and the cavalry charge—a feat of arms before which that of Sir Colin Campbell's Highlander's fades into insignificance.

BRADLEY T. JOHNSON, of Maryland,  
*Brigadier-General Confederate States Army.*

---

BALTIMORE, MD.

*To the Editor of the Dispatch:*

Some time ago there was published in the Winston-Salem *Sentinel*, and copied in the *Dispatch*, a very interesting article called "The Tarheels' Thin Gray Line," by General Bradley T. Johnson, describing an incident of the Valley campaign of 1864. The article, as published in the *Sentinel* and *Dispatch*, contained a serious typographical error. The sentence, "There were 45,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry and 3,000 mounted gunmen," should read, "There were 45,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry in an open field, against 8,000 infantry and 3,000 mounted gunmen."

"The Tarheels' Thin Gray Line" was first published in the Baltimore *News*, some five or six years ago.

Brigadier-General Robert D. Johnston is a native of North Carolina, but is now a resident of Birmingham, Ala. He was commissioned as second lieutenant, Beattie's Ford Rifles, North Carolina State troops, May 9, 1861, and in a year's time became colonel of the 23d North Carolina infantry. He was made a brigadier-general September 1, 1863. During the Valley campaign his brigade consisted of the following regiments: 5th North Carolina, 12th North Carolina, 20th North Carolina (colonel, Thomas F. Toon, afterwards brigadier-general), 23d North Carolina (colonel, Charles C. Blacknall), and the famous 1st North Carolina battalion sharpshooters (major, R. E. Wilson). Johnston's brigade, with Godwin's North Carolina brigade and Pegram's old Virginia brigade, under Colonel John T. Hoffman, formed Pegram's division. The Old North State is justly proud of General "Bob" Johnston.

General Bradley T. Johnson is a Marylander, and entered the Confederate army as captain of Company A, 1st Maryland infantry, Colonel Arnold Elzey commanding. He succeeded George H. Steuart, another gallant Marylander, as colonel of the regiment in June, 1863. At Second Manassas, where he commanded the Second brigade of Jackson's division, his troops ran out of ammunition and fought with stones. In the early part of 1864 he was assigned to the command of the Maryland line, stationed at Hanover Junction to protect Lee's line of communication with Richmond. He rendered valuable service in repulsing the Dahlgren raid. On June 28, 1864, Colonel Johnson was made a brigadier and placed in command of the cavalry brigade of General William E. Jones, who had been killed at Piedmont, June 5, 1864. This brigade of "wild southwestern Virginia horsemen" consisted of the 8th, 21st and 22d regiments, and the 34th and 36th battalions of Virginia cavalry. Johnson's brigade, with the brigades of Imboden, McCausland and H. B. Davidson, formed Lomax's cavalry division—all Virginians, except the 1st Maryland cavalry, of Davidson's brigade. During the Appomattox campaign General Johnson commanded a division of Anderson's corps. He is now a resident of the State for which he fought in the dark days of 1861-'65.

Another North Carolinian who fought and fell in the "Tarheels' thin gray line" deserves special mention. The 23d North Carolina (General Robert Johnston's old regiment) was commanded by Colonel Charles Christopher Blacknall, of Granville county, N. C., a descendant of the Blacknalls of Wing, Buckinghamshire, who intermarried with the "noble and exclusive Norman family of Harcourt."

At the outbreak of the war, Colonel Blacknall organized the "Granville Riflemen" (Company G), 23d North Carolina, and was elected captain of the company. He rose rapidly to the colonelcy of the regiment. On the 19th of September, 1864, the 23d occupied, as a picket, the extreme outpost of Johnston's North Carolina brigade, and upon it fell the full force of the Federal onslaught. While the handful of "Tarheels" were slowly retreating before the enemy's cavalry, Colonel Blacknall was mortally wounded. He was removed to Winchester, and when the Confederates retired up the Valley that night, he fell into the enemy's hands. To quote from his biographer:

"Dying in the home of a Washington, and on the site of Washington's ancient fort, built in the French and Indian war, his death was in keeping with his picturesque career.

"Courage and command of faculty under fire distinguished Colonel Blacknall, even among Confederate officers, where the standard of manhood was as high as the world has seen. It is to be doubted if any officer of like rank in Lee's army had in greater measure the love and confidence of the private soldier. Handsome, eloquent, intellectual, gifted with singular charm of manner, and beloved by all men because his heart was as big as humanity, he has been termed by a comrade who knew him well in all the trying vicissitudes of a soldier's life, as the ideal Confederate officer, and by another, as one of the most chivalrous men he ever knew."

And to this we may add, in the words of the great English poet:

"His life was gentle; and the elements so mix'd in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

The story of the "Tarheels' thin gray line" should be published in pamphlet form and placed in the hands of each and every North Carolina schoolboy.

R. D. STEWART.

*November 30th.*

# ORDNANCE REPORT OF GRIMES'S DIVISION,

Second Corps, A. N. Va., Made at Appomattox C. H., Va., April 10th, 1865.

"REPORT OF ARMS, ETC., OF GRIMES'S DIVISION, SECOND CORPS, A. N. V., FOR APRIL 10TH, 1865.

Ordinance Report of Grimes's Division.

177

	Small arms—Calibre, 58.	Small arms—Calibre, 69.	Bayonets.	Cartridge Boxes.	Cartridge Box Belts.	Waist Belts.	Bayonet Scabbards.	Cap Pouches.	Ball Screws.	Screw Drivers.	Wipers.	Rounds Ammunition— Calibre, 58.
	722	....	47	689	205	676	103	681	25	28	22	22,590
On hand to-day { In hands of men, In brigade ordnance wagons, In division train,	11	1	....	19	....	28	11	23	1	....	....	28,750
	30	....	....	14	....	10	10	2	....	....	....	11,000
Total on hand,	763	1	47	722	205	714	124	706	26	28	22	62,340

"Respectfully submitted,

"For Lt.-Col. B. G. BALDWIN,

"JAMES M. GARNETT,

"Chf. Ord., A. N. V.

"Capt. and Ord. Off., Grimes' Div., 2d Corps, A. N. V."

Copy of ordnance report of Grimes's Division, Second Corps, A. N. V., made at Appomattox C. H., Va., April 10th, 1865, to the Chief of Ordnance, A. N. Va. From the duplicate original retained by the ordnance officer of the division.

To understand aright the foregoing report, it should be stated that Grimes's division (formerly Rodes's), consisted of four brigades, Battle's Alabama, Cook's Georgia, Cox's North Carolina, and Grimes's North Carolina, the last commanded by Colonel D. G. Coward.

Battle's brigade comprised the 3d, 5th, 6th, 12th and 61st Alabama regiments; Cook's brigade, the 4th, 12th, 21st and 44th Georgia; Cox's brigade, the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 14th and 30th North Carolina; Grimes's brigade, the 32d, 43d, 45th and 53d North Carolina regiments and the 2d North Carolina battalion, as large as some of the regiments. There were thus twenty regiments with 722 muskets in their hands, an average of thirty-six to the regiment, not four to the company. There were, however, about thirty-two rounds of ammunition per musket in the cartridge-boxes, forty in the brigade ordnance wagons, and fifteen in the division train, or eighty-seven, say, all together, enough to put up a pretty stiff fight, as it was the usual custom to have at least a hundred rounds (better a hundred and twenty), per musket with the troops. This division was the largest of the three in the corps, so the 2d corps (Gordon's) had but about 2,000 muskets at the surrender the day before (April 9th).

If now we examine Volume XV (1887), of the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, containing the paroles of the army of Northern Virginia (pp. 237-271), we shall find that there were paroled in Battle's Alabama brigade, officers, 33; rank and file, 330; in Cook's Georgia brigade, officers, 28; rank and file, 320; in Cox's North Carolina brigade, officers, 51; rank and file, 517; in Grimes's North Carolina brigade, officers, 34; rank and file, 492; total in division, officers, 146; rank and file, 1,659; a good illustration of the quality of the "Tarheels" for sticking it out, as over 1,000 of their men were from the "Old North State;" but as I have not the brigade reports, it cannot be determined how many muskets were in each brigade.

The discrepancy between the number of men with muskets (722), and the number paroled (1,659), is great, but it should be remembered that the latter figure includes musicians, teamsters, and detailed men of all kinds in the commissary, quartermaster, medical and ordnance departments of the four brigades and the division. It is

possible too that some stragglers may have come up in the meantime, although the ranks were kept pretty well closed up after the enemy got in our rear. However, 722 muskets represents the fighting strength of Grimes's division on April 9th, 1865.

JAMES M. GARNETT.

---

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, June 4, 1899]

## GENERAL HUNTER'S RAID.

---

### Story of How General McCausland Held Immense Odds In Check.

---

#### BURNING OF THE INSTITUTE.

---

#### Execution of Two Citizens by Order of General Hunter—The Battle of Lynchburg—Recollections of a Confederate Cavalryman.

---

No event of the Civil war more interested me than the raid of Hunter through Lexington in 1864, on his way to Lynchburg. It was the first appearance in our historic town of a live, armed Yankee on destruction bent, and the whole population of women, children and slaves viewed them with awe.

The impress of that visit can be seen easily now—thirty-five years after. All was done that could be done to keep them away, and it is marvelous to think of the stout resistance made by McCausland's 1,500 cavalrymen to the 25,000 Yankees. General McCausland did his part well. By cutting trees across the roads, burning bridges in front of them, and stationing cavalrymen, armed with Enfield rifles, behind trees, rocks, etc., he was able to check the advance of Averill's 5,000 cavalry, and compel a delay until their infantry could be brought up and dislodge us by flanking.

The 16th, 17th and 8th regiments of McCausland's command were West Virginians, and brought up to endure hardships. Their courage was of the unflinching kind, natural haters of those who were despoiling their homes, and woe to the Yankee who came within range of their unerring aim.



The destruction of the Virginia and Tennessee railroad was a cherished object of the United States Government. It was, so to speak, the aorta of the Confederacy. If destroyed, where could we get supplies from to feed the big army at Richmond? As early as December, 1863, Averill's cavalry made a hazardous attempt to accomplish its destruction, and was partially successful. At Salem, he destroyed considerable stores and ten to fifteen miles of railroad, besides five railroad bridges. It was desperately cold weather, and well do I recollect the tales of excruciating suffering told me by our men who were after them. The suffering of the Confederates, of course, was greater than these well-fed and well-clothed Federals, for at best the Confederate clothes were indifferent, and only those who had homes to draw upon to supplement their thin garments could stand it at all. A Yankee's diary, written every day, has this to say of this event:

"No language can tell the suffering of our brigade on that raid. We were cold, wet, muddy, tired, sleepy and hungry. Over icy mountains, slippery paths, rocks, logs, through rain, sleet, snow, mud, swamps, gullies, creeks, rivers, frost, forest and bullets we rode, walked, ran, stumbled, plunged, swam, waded, scrambled, climbed, charged, retreated, fought, bled, fell, drowned, and froze."

These brave and daring riders were not like the heroes of the charge at Balaklava, for nearly all of them lived to tell the story and receive a brand-new uniform as a present from the government for the inconvenience they had been subjected to.

Again, on the 1st day of May, 1864, General Averill made another raid. His starting point was Charleston, and passing through Wyoming, Logan and Tazewell counties, on the 10th he arrived at Wytheville, when he again struck the railroad. John Morgan and his raiders were close after them. Averill was compelled to evade Morgan to accomplish his purpose, and he struck for Dublin. Most of the railroad between this point and Christiansburg he destroyed, but was side-tracked by our cavalry sent to intercept him. They wheeled to the left and took a northward course through Blacksburg. A force of cavalry met them in the gap beyond Blacksburg. The Yankees were out of ammunition and half famished, so they would not try to fight, but stole away in the darkness and crawled over the mountain, following an unfrequented path in single file. Twenty-five or more horses were killed belonging to this command by slipping from the path and plunging over precipices. They arrived at Union next day, where they met General Crook, who was returning

from the battle of "Cloyd's Farm," where General Albert G. Jenkins, our beloved commander, was killed.

This brings me now to the commencement of the raid on Lynchburg. On June 3d, the combined forces of Averill and Crook left Lewisburg and marched in the direction of Staunton. Among Crook's men were two soldiers who afterwards became Presidents of the United States—Rutherford B. Hayes and William McKinley. McCausland's cavalry was in Crook's front, never losing an opportunity to harass and annoy him. We had one stiff little fight near the Warm Springs, but there being ten to one, of course we had to give back, and by the night of the 8th we were in the vicinity of Staunton, where Crook's and Averill's forces united with the forces of General David Hunter, who had won the battle of Piedmont two days before, and where General William E. Jones and Colonel John M. Templeton, of Rockbridge, were killed.

These two armies, now united, according to the statement of the commanders, numbered 25,000 men—5,000 cavalry and 20,000 infantry. To oppose this large number, were the 1,500 cavalry of McCausland, and well they did the work assigned them. In season and out of season they would pinch them in their side, rear and front, and retard them in every way. On many days not a half-dozen miles' progress was made by the enemy. The enemy's cavalry consisted of the 1st, 2d and 3d West Virginia; the 8th Ohio and 14th Pennsylvania, and one or two battalions of cavalry. The 14th Pennsylvania was commanded by Colonel James M. Schoonmaker, a Pittsburgh millionaire, and was a crack regiment of the Union army. In the United States service they had the best men selected from other arms of the service for the cavalry. If a soldier distinguished himself for gallantry, he was promoted to the cavalry. But they were not invincible. The long, lean and lank Confederate, hair in strings, and tobacco saliva creeping out both sides of his mouth, was always the equal of the most pampered of the Federal soldiers. Around camp he was genial and clever, liberal to a fault, but woe to his antagonist when the Confederate looked over a rusty gun barrel at him. He was a dangerous man then.

Well, we left Staunton on the morning of the 10th of June, 1864, with our faces towards Lexington. Everything moved along well until we got to Middlebrook, and then there was a little friction. The Federal cavalry attempted to ride over us, but in this they were deceived. We planted a few in the ground, or rather put them in a

condition to be returned to Mother Earth, and we again pursued our journey south.

The gallant Captain E. E. Bouldin, at present a practicing lawyer in Danville, and at that time captain of the Charlotte cavalry, was bringing up the rear with his company and the Churchville cavalry. The idea that they could ride over us was not entirely disabused from their minds at Middlebrook, so, gathering up all the energy they could command at Newport, two miles further on, they "made for us."

Slowly and stubbornly the rear guard fell back—or rather, was pushed back—until the regiment was reached. The order came for my regiment and the 16th or 17th to dismount and take a position on a high hill overlooking the road, and the horses to pass on. This did not take but a moment, comparatively, and we arranged ourselves as best we could along the crest of the hill. We lay down flat on the ground to await developments. In the distance could be seen the Yankees, very active and busy, closing up by fours, preparatory to a charge.

It was shortly after noon, with the sun putting in its best licks on this June day, when all of a sudden there was a yell, and the road for a quarter of a mile turned blue. Our rear guard was resting in the road parallel to our dismounted men.

Now had come the time that they expected to fulfil their cherished hopes of riding over us. Kind providence had favored us in the construction of that road. It made an oblique bend just in our front, about the fourth part of a circle, and gave the whole firing line "timber to work on." When they got to the proper place there was a roar went out from our lines that would have waked the snakes in February. They

"Reeled, and shook, and fled,"

with Captain Bouldin's company right after them, pouring hot shot into them, and not letting up until the enemy were forced back on their infantry line.

This charge was made without orders, but Captain Bouldin saw the chance to put in some good work at this juncture, and he effectively did so. This put an end to the riding over business by these cavalymen. How many we killed I don't know, but quite a number, I should say. The killed and wounded on their side we had to leave for their disposal, as we had to move on when the infantry came

up. Several of the Charlotte cavalry were wounded, among them Norman Spraggins, now of South Boston, Va. There were two men buried in a fence-corner by the road, and their bodies remained there until after the close of the war, when they were disinterred and taken away.

#### HANGED FOR KILLING MARAUDER.

The invaders camped that night near Brownsburg, twelve miles from Lexington, where one of the most indefensible acts of the war was committed—the hanging of David Creigh, of Greenbrier, an excellent and honorable man, and one of the most prominent and devoted members of the Presbyterian church of Lewisburg, of which the Rev. Dr. McElhenny was so long the pastor. Mr. Creigh had held several positions of trust and responsibility.

The story of Hunter's crime is brief. Mr. Creigh, being beyond the age for service in the army, was residing on his farm at the time of arrest. A short time before, a camp-follower of the Federal army came to his house, intent on plunder, and after forcibly entering several rooms, was about to continue his search, when he was forbidden to open the door. Regardless of protestation, he persisted in making his way further, when Mr. Creigh stopped him. A desperate struggle ensued. Mr. Creigh was unarmed when they grappled, but he saved his life by taking that of the ruffian with an axe that was handed him by "Old Aunt Sally," a family servant. The hostility between the Southern people and the Federal soldiery being bitter at the time, it was deemed best to hide the deed. It is said that a white man, who had learned the fact, communicated it to a negro, who some time afterwards ran away to the Federal army and disclosed the secret. When the army passed through Greenbrier the next time, Mr. Creigh was arrested and brought along to Rockbridge county. He was given no opportunity for defence, but was hanged simply by Hunter's order. That Creigh had slain the invader of his home and the assailant of his own life was not a sufficient plea. Thus was this good man made the victim of unmilitary brutality by this Weyler of the Federal army. His body was taken to Lewisburg and interred in the Presbyterian burying-ground, and at the head of his grave stands a tombstone on which are inscribed these words: "Sacred to the memory of David S. Creigh, who died as a martyr in defence of his rights and in the performance of his duty as husband and father. Born May 1, 1809, and yielded to his unjust fate June 11, 1864, near Brownsburg, Va." I have often

seen the tree upon which this good man was hanged in the meadow of the Rev. James Morrison, and an uncontrollable desire seizes me to see his judge dangling at the end of a rope from one of its limbs. But Hunter has gone to his reward, having died in March, 1886.

It is said as the Federal army under Hunter, shattered and starving, was passing through Lewisburg on its disastrous retreat from Lynchburg, the Rev. Mr. Osborne, a Federal chaplain, called at the residence of Rev. Dr. McElhenny, pastor of the Presbyterian church in that place, and related the circumstances attending the murder of Mr. Creigh. Dinner coming on, he was pressed by the Doctor to join in a family meal. The chaplain declined, declaring that since that atrocious murder he could not "consent to break bread under a Southern roof."

TOLD IN VERSE.

This incident has been so beautifully and fully told in verse by the wife of General F. H. Smith that this story would be incomplete without its reproduction:

"He lived the life of an upright man,  
And the people loved him well;  
Many a wayfarer came to his door,  
His sorrow or need to tell,  
A pitying heart and an open hand,  
Gave succor ready and free;  
For kind and true to his fellow-man  
And a Christian was David Creigh.

"But o'er his threshold a shadow passed,  
With the step of a ruffian foe;  
While in silent words and brutal threats  
A purpose of darkness show;  
And a daughter's wild, imploring cry  
Called the father to her side—  
His hand was nerved by the burning wrong,  
And there the offender died.

"The glory of autumn had gone from earth,  
The winter had passed away,  
And the glad spring-time was merging fast,  
Into summer's ardent ray,  
When a good man from his home was torn—  
Days of toilsome travel to see—  
And far from his loved a crown was worn,  
And the martyr was David Creigh.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The tramp of your men is at our door,  
On an evil errand come;  
But for love of them whose garb you wear,  
I invite you to my home."  
So spoke the Southron! the Chaplain thus:  
"Though sick and weary I be,  
I can't break bread 'neath a southern roof,  
Since the murder of David Creigh!"

"Here where he lived, let the end be told,  
Of a told of bitter wrong;  
Here let our famishing thousands learn,  
To whom vengeance doth belong.  
Short grace was given the dying man;  
E're led to the fatal tree,  
And share the grace to our starving hosts,  
Since the murder of David Creigh!"

Our hosts were stayed in their onward cry,  
Exulting in power and pride,  
By an unseen hand—defeat and unrest,  
Our banners march beside;  
And a heavier burden no heart hath borne,  
Than the one that came to me,  
With the dying words and the latest sigh  
Of the martyr David Creigh.

The beast of the desert shields its young,  
With an instinct fierce and wild,  
And lives there a man with the heart of a man,  
Who would not defend his child?  
So woe to those who call evil good—  
That woe shall not come to me—  
War hath no record of fouler deed,  
Than the murder of David Creigh.

#### CAPTURE OF LEXINGTON.

On the approach of the Yankees to Lexington General McCausland had the bridge which spans North river burned in order to cause delay. While the Yankees were making pontoons, a section of their artillery amused themselves by shelling the Virginia Military Institute, Washington College, and other portions of the town. The residence of the Misses Baxter, Professor John L. Campbell, and others were struck, and two shells pierced the walls of the county jail, but, fortunately, there was no loss of life. On the 13th the enemy entered Lexington, and their whole force camped immediately around the

town. The house occupied by the Superintendent, General F. H. Smith, of the Virginia Military Institute, was used as General Hunter's headquarters, while the Presbyterian parsonage was put to a similar purpose by General Averill.

It was sad to me to leave Lexington, the scene of my boyhood, and have it turned over to pillage and plunder. In its confines were the most hospitable and cultured people the sun ever shone on, and now I had to turn my back upon them when they were in despair. In this town was then, and is now, located the Virginia Military Institute, which had sent many gallant men to the armies of the Confederacy, and probably the greatest American soldier that ever trod its soil—Thomas J. Jackson. This school, "the West Point of the Confederacy," was an object of intense hatred, and to destroy it would be the acme of all good.

Hunter came with fire and sword, and most effectually did he accomplish his purpose. The barracks, mess-hall, officers' quarters, a library containing 10,000 volumes, and all the apparatus and instruments of the various departments of the school were quickly reduced to ashes. From providential causes the home of Superintendent Smith escaped destruction, and was the only building left standing upon the grounds. The statue of General Washington, which stood in front of the institute, erected by resolution of the General Assembly, was taken down and hauled away. Some ancient cannons, of no use whatever, except as ornaments, taken from a stranded French man-of-war more than one hundred years ago, were also hauled away. The statue and cannons were recovered after the war, and to-day stand where they formerly stood.

For some reason the enemy did not burn Washington College. At the first alarm of war a company had been raised here, largely from among the students of the college, and known as the Liberty Hall volunteers, the germ of the college having been old Liberty Hall Academy. This company was a part of the Stonewall brigade. The enemy was content with destroying the chemical apparatus of the institution and a number of valuable books, principally scientific works, but which would be of little value now, except as relics, as science has left them in the rear. The Federals used the lecture-rooms of the college as stables for their horses and in many ways defaced the antiquated buildings. Through the efforts of Hon. John Randolph Tucker, after the war a claim for \$17,000 damages was allowed and paid. The home of Virginia's war Governor, John Letcher, was burned to the ground, the family not being allowed to

take anything out of the building, and barely escaping with their lives. This ended the burning in Lexington.

#### MURDER OF CAPTAIN WHITE.

An incident occurred here during Hunter's occupancy of the town that stirred it from centre to circumference. It was the deliberate murder of Captain Matthew X. White. It was so atrocious and unwarranted that many generations will not forgive or forget Hunter. Captain White belonged to one of the most highly-respected families of the town, and was a man of wealth and social influence. Before the war he was captain of the local cavalry company here, and his company was the first to leave the county when it was known that actual hostilities could not be avoided, being mustered into service at Harper's Ferry, April 25, 1861. He was made Company C, 1st Virginia cavalry. During the summer of 1861 he resigned, and returned home and joined a company from this county in my regiment as a private—Company H, 14th Virginia cavalry. For several days previous to the coming of Hunter he was at home.

For two weeks previous to the raid and invasion two men were boarding at the Lexington House, claiming to be from the far South, and ostensibly enjoying a furlough. The sequel shows they were Yankee spies. On the day Hunter came to the suburbs of the town, Captain White had scouted about four miles out, and until he met an armed man dressed in citizen's clothing. I do not know whether Captain White knew him or not, but it was John Thorn, who was thought to have led the Yankees through the lower end of the county and on towards Lexington up to the time he met his death. Thorn was a man well known by people of that time, and a citizen of Rock-bridge, a farm laborer by occupation. From the statement made by the toll-gate keeper, in front of whose house the tragedy occurred, and from a description the woman gave of the man and the little white mare he rode, it was evidently Captain White who killed Thorn. When Captain White returned from his scout he met at the hotel his supposed friends, and, enjoying together a glass of whiskey he incidentally mentioned to them that he had been scouting and had shot a man at the toll-gate. Captain White went to his farm, three miles west of the town, that night, and next day the Yankees entered the town. It was a surprise to the people of Lexington to see these two men who had been at the hotel for several weeks riding at the head of the column, having left the night before and joined the



Yankee forces. Next morning Captain White was arrested at his farm, and taken through the town, and three miles beyond, near to the place where Thorn was killed, and there murdered.

It was said that he was first hung and then shot, but the testimony of the two men who prepared his body for burial—Major John W. Houghawout and Alexander McCown—who are living to-day, is that he was shot in the back, the large ball going entirely through his body. He was told to walk in front of the two men, who were his guards, and they evidently shot him when he was not aware of their intentions.

These two men returned to Lexington and informed Captain White's mother that her son was safe and would not be harmed, and after having, not an hour before, assassinated him. His body was left where it fell, and but for an accident would not have been found. An Irishman named O'Brien, who lived near by, having never been naturalized, and claiming to be a British subject, kept his horses at home; but the old man having two sons in the Confederate service, the Yankees paid no regard to his protestations and the British lion, and took his stock. The bridge that spanned the river between him and town had been burned, and he went down through an unfrequented wood to where he knew there was a canoe, which he intended using to get to Lexington and see Hunter and get his horses back. He, however, never got them, as Hunter's and Averill's uppermost idea was to denude the country of stock. On his way down through this dense forest he came upon the body of Captain White, and went back and informed the Misses Cameron, on whose land and near whose home this murder had been committed. The Yankees had left the place and gone towards Lynchburg the same day. A messenger was dispatched to Lexington, informing Captain White's aged mother and father of the murder of their son, and Dr. James McCleery, with the assistance of several colored men, brought the body to town and interred it in the Lexington cemetery.

Poor Mat, friend of my youth and boyhood days, you deserved a better fate. When he passed through Lexington he seemed to be aware of his fate, for as he went by the residence of his old friend, Houghawout, he said to him, "Good-by, Huck, I am gone up," and marched on to the place of his assassination with the firmness and fortitude of a stoic. He had no trial, and it is presumed that he was shot by the order of David Hunter.

## THE FIGHT AT LYNCHBURG.

After remaining in Lexington three days, the Yankees departed, with Lynchburg as their objective point. We annoyed and harassed them, and made their march as tedious as possible. When we got to Buchanan we burned the bridge across James river, which did not delay them as much as we expected. They found a ford a mile above, and crossed by wading. Here we turned to the left and crossed the mountain by the Peaks of Otter, and camped that night at Fancy Farm, about eight miles north of Liberty. Next day we pursued our journey through Liberty, and on the high hill south of the town we gave the Yankees much trouble with our four six-pounders, with which we shelled them and made further progress impossible for a time. About night they struck both our flanks, and we had to give back. While in the vicinity of Liberty they burned the residence of Colonel Leftwich, a Confederate soldier, and prominent citizen of Bedford county in ante-bellum times.

The next stopping place was in full view of Lynchburg, where we determined that if any Yankees got into Lynchburg somebody would certainly be hurt. The Yankee infantry marched slowly, as it was very hot weather, and we realized the difficulty of 1,000 Confederates resisting 5,000 cavalry. But we stopped them and held our line until their 20,000 infantry came up; and as yet General Early had not put in an appearance, but was expected every moment. Hope had given way to despair, when we heard the whistle of locomotives in the distance. We knew who it was. Well do I recollect standing on a high hill overlooking the city and seeing the black columns of smoke rising from the engines, away down on the South-side railroad. Engines those days used pine wood to make steam, and a locomotive, if constantly fed with seasoned wood, could get a hustle on it. I had seen men go into battle before, but never had the opportunity of viewing the sight from a distance as I had now. Heretofore I was one of the soldiers, and now, safe from molestation and harm, I could view a battle not circumscribed by what was in my immediate front. I could see both the offensive and defensive armies.

The trains came in full view, plastered over sides and tops with men. A halt was made, and out swarmed men like blackbirds, piling their knapsacks into huge piles. Quickly forming, a "double-quick" was made towards the firing line. Up hill and down they rushed,

eager to get there. I do not know how many there were of them, but several thousand. They cheered all the time, especially loudly when they neared our cavalry line and could hear the whistle of the bullets. On they came, and took the places of our dismounted cavalry, which withdrew and remounted. The reinforcements were about seven or eight hundred yards from the Yankee infantry, but they kept moving closer. The Yankees outnumbered our men and were constantly trying to flank, but every effort was repulsed. The enemy, too, was very stubborn, and held their ground well, but in an hour or more they had been driven from the first position back several hundred yards.

At this juncture, about 4 o'clock in the evening, our brigade galloped off to the right of the infantry, and went towards Forest Depot, where we vigorously attacked their wagon train, guarded by a brigade of infantry.

I thought we had secured this train, but our men got disorganized from some cause, probably from a disposition to see what was in these wagons, and those who were in front were driven back upon those behind them, confusion ensued, and we had to abandon all we had already taken except a few prisoners and a small number of wagons and horses.

We lost a few men, probably eight or ten, among them Captain Smith, of the Seventeenth cavalry, whom we brought out, and the last I ever saw of him was a citizen of the community carrying water from a near-by well bathing his face, when he was practically dead.

We could still hear the rattle of musketry towards Lynchburg, which did not cease until the stars were visible, and then it stopped.

Napoleon never looked upon his "Old Guard," or Cæsar his "Tenth Legion," with more pride than I did that evening upon the advance of Early's men through those fields of golden grain. I once had been a part of it, serving one year in the 27th Virginia infantry, "Stonewall Brigade." Among these men were the comrades of my boyhood, and I could not help, even if I wished otherwise, but feel proud of such heroism. Verily, I believe, if old Leonidas and his Spartans were allowed to come back to earth, they would raise their hats in deference to the survivors of Early's division. I had seen a great deal of fighting, but had never seen such bulldog tenacity. They seemed to say: "If you don't go, I'll make you." And, as the sequel shows, they "made them."

During the night, in company with a portion of my regiment, we stood guard at a bridge near Forest Depot, and about 10 o'clock

there was great commotion in the Yankee camp. We could tell this from the rumbling wagons and the peculiar jolting of artillery over rough roads. Headquarters was informed of this incident, and about 11 o'clock an order was sent our brigade. What it was or where we were going, we knew not, but in a short time we were plunging through forests, across rivers and creeks, and when daylight came, we were near Buchanan, from which place we went in a trot to a point close to Salem, where we cut Hunter's retreating army in two for a short time, capturing seven pieces of artillery and destroying a portion of his wagon train. The Yankees were almost famished. One consumptive looking fellow whom I captured, looked so pitiful when he told me that for some time he had nothing to eat but sassafras leaves and birch bark, that I handed him a couple of crackers and a slice of raw meat from my haversack, which he devoured very greedily. I told him if he wished he might go on with his companions, as he was not armed. General Early was pressing them in the rear, and picked up a large number of men nearly starved to death. We followed them to the top of Sweet Spring Mountain, where we left them, and McCausland came back down the Valley through Lexington, Staunton, Harrisonburg, and Winchester, and crossed the Potomac at Shepherdstown on our way to fight General Lew Wallace at Monocacy.

This was a disastrous raid for the Yankees. I had it from one of them that of those who reached Charleston, West Virginia, escaping the perils of starvation and capture, many died from overeating when plenty of food could be had.

This is the story of this raid as I saw it, and is drawn entirely from personal recollection. Others may have seen it differently, but what I have stated, I regard as "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

J. SCOTT MOORE,  
*14th Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A.*

*Lexington, Va.*

## GETTYSBURG.

### **The Courageous Part Taken in the Desperate Conflict June 2-3, 1863,**

**By the Florida Brigade (General E. A. Perry), there Commanded by  
Colonel David Lang, with the Serious Casualties Sustained.**

[The following account is taken from the worthy tribute to a noble brother—"The Memoir of Captain Charles Seton Fleming, of the Second Florida Infantry, C. S. A., by Francis P. Fleming (ex-Governor of Florida), Jacksonville, 1881," in which it forms Chapter VI, pp. 79-88, and Appendix G, pp. 121-4.

Charles Seton Fleming, the son of Colonel Lewis Fleming, a planter of Florida, of gentle Irish descent, was born near Jacksonville, February 9, 1839; educated in local private school, and in youth found employment in a mercantile house in Chicago, Ill. He evinced at an early age a preference for the profession of arms, and early in the year 1858, entered as a cadet "King's Mountain Military School" at Yorkville, South Carolina, the principal of which institution was Major Micah Jenkins, who afterward served with distinction as a General in the C. S. Army, "and fell a martyr to the 'Lost Cause' on the bloody field of the 'Wilderness' on the 5th of May, 1864."

Young Fleming attended this school until June, 1859. After serving for a time as the purser on a river steamer, he entered, in July, 1860, upon the study of law, in the office of his brother, Louis J. Fleming, in Jacksonville, Florida. In consonance with his instincts he was also a member of a local military company—the "Minute Men." In April, 1861, in the "momentous call of the period," he assisted in raising a company to form a part of the Second Florida infantry, designed as a representative regiment of his State, for service in Virginia. It was organized at Pulatka, early in May, with John W. Starke as captain, C. Seton Fleming, first lieutenant, Alexander Mosely (son of ex-Governor Mosely), senior second lieutenant and John E. Caine, a native of South Carolina, as junior second lieutenant. The Second Florida infantry entered the field by going into encampment at Yorktown, Va., on the 17th September, 1861.

In the sight of Yorktown, in the spring of 1862, the Second Florida,

received its "baptism of fire" in a sortie in conjunction with the Second Mississippi battalion, made to dislodge a detachment of the enemy's sharpshooters near Fort Magruder; and in which they were successful.

As acting-adjutant of the Second Florida, in the engagement at Williamsburg, May, 1862, Lieutenant Fleming was severely wounded through the hip and was left in Williamsburg.

Upon the entrance of the enemy he fell into their hands, and in the latter part of July, was placed with other prisoners on the "Rip Raps" in Hampton Roads.

Having been exchanged, Fleming returned to his regiment to find himself without rank, the reorganization having taken place whilst he was a prisoner, and it was thought that he would not recover from his wound. He therefore took his place in the ranks of his old company, but soon after the second battle of Manassas, he was appointed Captain of company G, of the Second Florida, and participated in the investment of Harper's Ferry and the battle of Sharpsburg. Upon the return of Lee's army to Virginia the Florida regiments, the 2d, 5th and 8th were formed into a brigade and placed under the command of General Edward A. Perry. The brigade did gallant service at the battles of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862; Chancellorsville, May 3-4, 1863; at Gettysburg, as detailed; at Bristow's Station, October 14, 1863, and in other engagements—Captain Fleming constantly participating. He sealed his devotion to the cause he loved so well, being killed while leading the Second Florida, in the engagement near Gaines' Farm, Virginia, June 3, 1864. He was buried in the woods on McGehee's farm, but on June 3, 1893, his brother, ex-Governor Fleming, having found the grave, had the remains disinterred and placed in Hollywood cemetery, Richmond, where they now rest.]

---

At Gettysburg the Florida brigade, participating in the desperate charges of the Confederate centre, under A. P. Hill, on the 2d and 3d of July, sustained fearful losses in killed and wounded, being proportionately greater than that of any other brigade engaged. And it is not too much to say that the charges of Perry's, Wilcox's and Wright's brigades, of Anderson's division, on the 2d, and of Perry's and Wilcox's on the 3d, were in every sense as brilliant and heroic as that of Pickett's division, which has been immortalized by Virginia historians.

The loss of officers on July 2d placed Captain Fleming in command of his regiment, which he led in the charge of the 3d immediately after the repulse of Pickett. Speaking of it afterward to the author, he said that, in leading the 2d Florida in this charge, he experienced the happiest moments of his life.

After making the charge on the 3d, being compelled by overwhelming numbers and want of support to retreat and give up the position gained at such fearful cost, Captain Fleming and Captain William E. McCaslan, of the 2d Florida (the latter Acting Assistant Adjutant-General of the brigade), were leisurely and gloomily retiring side by side to the former position of the Confederate lines, discussing the terrible ordeal of battle through which they had passed during the last two days; McCaslan remarked that, no matter how one escaped the dangers of any particular battle, he was exposed to the same in the next, and it seemed impossible to pass in safety through them all. The words were scarcely uttered when a shell from one of the enemy's batteries struck him on the head, and he fell dead.

Thus terminated the career of a gallant soldier and courteous gentleman, admired and respected, and his loss deeply lamented by the whole brigade.

The following is the report of the part taken by the Florida brigade in the battle of Gettysburg in a letter from Colonel Lang, of the 8th Florida (who was temporarily in command), to General Perry, who, at the time of the battle, was ill with typhoid fever:

"BUNKER HILL, VA., July 19, 1863.

"*General Perry:*

"DEAR SIR,—I avail myself of this favorable opportunity of giving you an account of the part taken by the brigade in the Gettysburg fight of 2d and 3d of July.

"On the morning of the 1st, while marching from Fayetteville to Gettysburg (our brigade being the rear guard of Anderson's division), heavy firing was heard in front, and I received orders to pass beyond the wagons and close up on the troops in front. After this, the division was posted in the following order, two miles in rear of Gettysburg, viz: Wilcox on the right; then Perry, Wright, Posey and Mahone. We remained in this position until Longstreet's corps arrived on the following morning. Pender and Heth had the day before (*i. e.*, the 1st) driven the enemy to his stronghold on the heights back of town, with considerable loss on both sides, our loss

being confined chiefly to Archer's brigade. When Longstreet arrived, we were advanced to the front and posted on the right of town, in full view of the enemy's batteries, strongly posted beyond an open field, one mile in our front. While taking this position, Wilcox engaged three or four regiments of the enemy posted in a wood on our right, but after a fight of ten or fifteen minutes, the 9th Alabama drove them back, and we received orders to hold our position, without pressing the enemy, until Longstreet could come into position on our right. He came into position and engaged the enemy about 3 P. M., our line being similar to the one formed in the rear of Fredericksburg after the Chancellorsville fight—that is, Longstreet on the right, and Ewell on the left, almost confronting each other, and forming nearly a right angle, with Hill in the centre; we received orders to conform our lines to Longstreet's movements and advance with him. About 4:30 P. M., Longstreet having advanced to Wilcox, he swung his right forward and advanced. As soon as his left reached my right, I conformed to the movement, and advanced at double-quick upon the strongly fortified position in front, exposed to artillery and musketry fire from the start. Our men suffered terribly, but advanced nobly to the charge. About half-way across the field the enemy had a line of batteries strongly supported by infantry. We swept over these, without once halting, capturing most of the guns and putting the infantry to rout with great loss. Indeed, I do not remember having seen anywhere before, the dead lying thicker than where the Yankee infantry attempted to make a stand in our front.

"Pressing rapidly on after the flying Yankees, we arrived behind a small growth of timber, at the foot of the heights. Here I called a halt, in order to allow the men to catch breath and re-form our line, before charging a battery and infantry in our front, and below the heights. While reforming my line, a heavy column was thrown against Wilcox, forcing him back. I held my ground until the enemy had advanced more than one hundred yards to my rear, and were about to cut off my retreat, when I gave the order to fall back. Unfortunately, there was no ground which afforded any protection, short as the place from which we had advanced; and we were compelled to give up all the ground we had gained. This, however, was never afterward occupied by the enemy in force, although his pickets re-occupied most of it that night. In this charge Major Moore and Captain Ballantine were wounded, and left upon the field; the former seriously, the latter not so badly. Captain Gardner also lost an arm,



but got off the field. Our loss in line officers and enlisted men was very severe. Lieutenant Peeler, acting Aid-de-Camp, acted very gallantly, and was wounded in this day's fight. This charge ended the fighting for the day, the enemy seemingly, in no humor for following up his advantage.

"On the 3d, General Longstreet bringing sixty pieces of artillery up, and General Hill having fifty more in position, about 3 P. M., they opened a most terrific fire upon the enemy's strong-hold, with the intention of shelling them out. The enemy soon replied, and, for nearly three hours the most terrific cannonading I ever witnessed was kept up from both sides, until our ammunition was almost exhausted, when the fire slackened. Pickett's division renewed the assault made by us the previous evening. They advanced in beautiful order in three lines; but before they had gone far, the wounded and the frightened came running back in large numbers, and it was impossible to tell when the main body came back. During this, Wilcox's and our brigade had been lying under cover, supporting the batteries which were shelling the enemy's works. I had orders to connect with Wilcox's left, and move with him. As soon as Pickett's division had retired, we were thrown forward (as a forlorn hope, I suppose), notwithstanding the repulse of the day before, and the repulse of Pickett's whole division, not twenty minutes before. Our two brigades of about 1,400 men, advanced to the charge nobly. As we neared the point from which we had been repulsed the day before, heavy columns advanced upon both flanks, and our artillery, having exhausted their ammunition, did not fire a shot at them. Being unsupported by an advance upon any other part of the line, and having but one line, the enemy paid his undivided attention to us; and our only safety from utter annihilation was in retreat. The 2d Florida being on our left, and their color-bearer wounded, they lost their colors and the greater part of their men. In the retreat the day before, the color-bearer and the entire color-guard of the 8th were killed and wounded, and their colors were left on the field. Owing to the fact that several colors of other brigades fell back with us, the 8th did not miss their colors until after it was too late to secure them.

"In the last charge, and when almost off the field, Captain McCaslan was killed. He was a noble and gallant man, and rendered me invaluable assistance in the battles.

"Since the battles, I have had no staff at all, except David Wilson. The adjutant of the 8th has been acting adjutant-general for

me. There are now but twenty-two line officers, and two hundred and thirty-three enlisted men, for duty in the brigade.

"Our loss has been four hundred and fifty-five, aggregate, killed, wounded and missing. I think a large number of the missing are men who have been captured unhurt, as there were a large number of men exhausted by the rapidity with which the first charge was made, who were unable to keep up on the retreat.

"We held our position until the night of the 4th, when we withdrew and marched all night in the rain, and over the worst roads I have yet seen. On the 5th, we crossed South Mountain and continued our march toward Hagerstown, where we arrived on the morning of the 7th.

"Here we remained until the 10th, when we again moved on, and on the 11th formed line of battle on Salisbury Ridge, along Antietam creek, between Frankstown and Williamsport. Here we awaited the enemy's assault until the morning of the 14th, when we withdrew, and recrossed the Potomac early next morning. After crossing, we rested here until the morning of the 16th, when we moved to this point, where we have been in camp ever since. Where we will go next, I can't venture to predict. Rumors are rife of another crossing into Maryland, but I hardly think it probable.

"We are all looking anxiously for your return, and hope that your health may soon permit you to return to us again.

"Hoping soon to see you fully restored to health, and with us again, I am, General,

"Yours respectfully,

"DAVID LANG."

Colonel Lang soon after this wrote a letter to the editors of the *Richmond Enquirer*, which was published in that paper, to correct an erroneous statement of "P. W. A.," the army correspondent of the *Savannah Republican*, in his report of the battle of Gettysburg. Colonel Lang's letter was as follows:

"CAMP NEAR CULPEPER C. H., VA., July 26, 1863.

"*To the Editors of the Richmond Enquirer:*

"GENTLEMEN—Having just received and read the *Enquirer* of the 25th inst., I am surprised to see through your columns, that so reliable a correspondent as 'P. W. A.,' of the *Savannah Republican*, has (unintentionally of course), glaringly misrepresented the part

taken by Perry's brigade, of Anderson's division, in the battles of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; and in justice to myself, and the brave men I have the honor to command in the absence of General Perry, I ask that you give the following statement, in correction of a misstatement of the part taken by Perry's brigade in that battle.

“ ‘P. W. A.’ says: ‘Anderson’s division was posted for example, in the following order: Wilcox on the right, Mahone on the left, Wright in the centre, Perry in the right centre, and Posey in the left centre. Wilcox was to advance first, to be followed by the other brigades, in their order to the left. Wilcox and his unconquerable Alabamians moved out at the proper time, and fought long and desperately. Perry’s brigade (Perry was not present himself), advanced a short distance, but did not become fully engaged.’ His statement as to the disposition of, and orders given to the brigades is true; but when he says: ‘Perry’s brigade advanced a short distance, but did not become fully engaged,’ he publishes to the world a misstatement of facts, which I cannot pass over in silence. Perry’s brigade did advance at the appointed time, as ordered, with Wilcox’s brigade; it advanced as far as either Wilcox’s or Wright’s or any other brigade that advanced at the same time, and fought bravely and well until ordered by me to retire, after Wilcox had been forced back by overwhelming numbers, and the enemy had advanced, in strong force, more than one hundred yards beyond the line I was holding, almost cutting off my retreat. The loss of more than half the men carried into this charge would appear to unprejudiced eyes, that the brigade did ‘become fully engaged.’

“Again, in his account of the battle of the 3d of July, in speaking of the charge of Pickett’s division, ‘P. W. A.’ omits to mention that Perry’s brigade was engaged, although he mentions the part taken by Wilcox’s brigade; and yet Perry’s brigade moved side by side with Wilcox’s during that entire day, losing nearly two-thirds of the entire number taken into action. The men I have the honor to command, are staid, sober men, most of them having families, who, knowing the perilous condition of the country, entered the service to do all in their power to avert the impending danger; they fight, not for vain dreams of glory, nor yet for newspaper fame, or notoriety; but they are unwilling to stand by in silence and see their deeds so misrepresented to posterity, as to cause their children to blush for shame when they read of them in days to come. All we

ask of those who record history, while we make it, is simply justice. Give us this, and we ask no more.

“Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“DAVID LANG,

“*Colonel Commanding Perry's Brigade.*”

P. W. A., in a letter to the *Enquirer*, written soon after, corrected the error into which he had fallen, using the following language:

“The mistake into which I was led, and into which it seems your own correspondent also fell, was a very natural one. Information reached me from so many different sources, as to leave no doubt of its correctness, that General Anderson's orders to his division were to advance and assault the enemy, the brigade on the right (Wilcox's) leading off, and the others following in their order to the left. (Such too, was the general order of battle.) Three of his brigades—Wilcox's, Perry's and Wright's—did advance, were hotly engaged, were flanked for want of timely support, and suffered heavily; while the two other brigades did not advance—their movements, we are permitted to infer from the tenor of General Anderson's card, having been arrested by their military superiors.”

Another army correspondent, signing himself “S,” had fallen into a similar error, which he subsequently corrected in a letter to the *Advertiser and Register*, paying a handsome tribute to the Florida troops, from which we make the following extract:

“No man, capable of performing his duty, can shun the field in this hour of supreme trial, without disgracing himself and his posterity, and endangering the cause so dear to every lover of liberty.

“Instead of abusing the furloughs which have been given them, or taking shelter in nitre bureaus, and behind frivolous and unmanly excuses for exemption, every able-bodied man who cannot better serve the cause at home than in the army, should esteem it a privilege to come at once to the field, without waiting to be called, and thus emulate the example of the brave Floridians, who have sent more men to the war than the number of voters in the whole State.

“And this reminds me that in my account of the great battle of Gettysburg, full justice was not done to Perry's Florida brigade. Its performance was not only creditable, but gallant, as is shown by its heavy loss, which, in proportion to the number engaged, exceeds that sustained by any other brigade on the field.”

The brigade belongs to Anderson's division, Hill's corps; Wilcox held the right of the division, Mahone the left, Wright the centre, Perry (Colonel Lang in command), the right centre, and Perry the left centre.

Wilcox was to advance first, to be followed by the other brigades in their order to the left. It appears, for reasons given in a former communication, that only three brigades became fully engaged—Wilcox's, Perry's and Wright's. Colonel Jayne's 48th Mississippi, of Perry's brigade, which had been thrown forward as skirmishers and lost heavily, supposing that the brigade proper would follow on in support; but for some reason it did not, nor did Mahone's on the left. While marching through a piece of woods to his proper place, on the 2d, Wilcox became engaged with the enemy, and soon repulsed him. About 6 P. M. (too late to co-operate with McLaws and Hood, though no blame can attach to the brigadiers), the several brigades in the division were ordered to advance to the attack, in the order given above. Wilcox moved forward promptly, followed by Lang, who, in his turn, was followed by Wright. Each fought bravely and desperately, drove the enemy back to its front, and ran over several batteries and heaps of slain; but each, in its turn, was compelled, after almost unparalleled losses, to abandon the enterprise of carrying the impregnable position of the enemy, and retrace its steps to the point from whence it had started. Had the attack been made simultaneously along the whole line at the time Longstreet engaged the enemy, or, even, when the three brigades went in, the historian might have been called on to record a different result.

"On the 3d, Wright was not engaged, but Wilcox and Lang were ordered to co-operate with Pickett and Pettigrew in the assault on Cemetery Hill. The Floridians and Alabamians fought with distinguished courage, as on the previous day, and again forced the enemy to yield to their desperate charges; but, for the second time, the assault was not made simultaneously, and when position after position had been carried, it was found that three others still, which, with their weary and wasted forces, it was impossible to storm. First, Pickett retired, and then Wilcox and Lang—each having suffered frightful losses, and leaving their dead and wounded in the hands of the foe.

"The second Florida was commanded on the first day by Major Moore, who was wounded and left on the field, as was Captain Ballantine, second in command. On the third day Captain Fleming

assumed command, Lieutenant Todd being second in rank. The Fifth Florida was commanded by Captain Gardner, who lost an arm on the second day, when the command devolved on Captain Bryan, and next upon Captain Hollyman. The Eighth was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Baya. These three regiments made up the brigade which was under Colonel Lang, of the Eighth, who handled it skillfully and bravely, in the absence of General Perry, who is detained from duty by severe illness."

To the foregoing testimonials of the valor of Perry's brigade at Gettysburg should be added the following tribute from their gallant division commander. Emanating from the high source that it does, it should be preserved a front page in the history of Florida's soldiers :

" HEADQUARTERS ANDERSON'S DIVISION,

" THIRD ARMY CORPS, August 6, 1863.

" *To the Editors of the Enquirer :*

" GENTLEMEN,—In the letter which I addressed to you a few days ago, correcting the statements of ' P. W. A. ' the correspondent of the *Savannah Republican*, I omitted to take notice of the following sentence : ' Perry's brigade advanced a short distance, but did not become fully engaged. ' This is quite as incorrect as the other statements which I have contradicted. Perry's brigade, under the command of Colonel David Lang, advanced as bravely, as perseveringly, and as far as any troops could have done in the same situation.

" They were hotly engaged—suffered heavier in loss in killed and wounded, in proportion to their numbers, than any brigade in the army, and did not retire until compelled, like all the others, to do so by the superior force of the enemy, and the great strength of his position.

" By giving this communication a place in your columns you will render an act of justice to brave men, whose honor and reputation so take pleasure in defending against the incorrectness of the statement, and the inferences which might be drawn from any omission to notice it.

" I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

" R. H. ANDERSON, *Major-General.*"

Soon after the return of the army to Virginia, the author having received and accepted the appointment of 1st lieutenant of Company "D," of the 1st Florida cavalry, doing duty with the Army of the

Tennessee, severed his connection with the Army of Northern Virginia, and parted, for the last time, from his brother—the subject of this memoir—the companion of his boyhood, youth and early manhood, and with whom, up to that time, he had served as a soldier since the commencement of the war.

APPENDIX G—PP. 121-4.

CASUALTIES OF PERRY'S BRIGADE AT THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, JULY 2-3, 1863.

*Killed—Second Florida.*

Company A—Lieutenant H. F. Riley, Privates D. Knight, Thos. Flowers, W. Bond.

Company B—Lieutenant R. S. Jenkins.

Company C—Lieutenant P. Shealy.

Company D—Sergeant C. W. Johnson.

Company E—Captain W. E. McCaslan.

Company F—Lieutenant George Pooser, Private S. D. Phretchard.

Company I—Sergeant William W. McLeod.

Company K—Corporal G. Reddick.

Company M—Lieutenant E. L. Hampton, Sergeant A. Williams.

*Fifth Florida.*

Company A—Private D. W. Scott.

Company B—Private R. R. Barnes.

Company C—Privates S. H. White, Arvin Oliver, Elias Barimna.

Company D—Private James Burney.

Company E—Lieutenant J. A. Jenkins, Privates S. H. Calhoun, R. C. Cash, R. Hudson, B. Sincoe, H. Linton.

Company F—Captain John Frink.

Company G—Private John Baugh.

Company I—Private J. C. Cox.

Company K—Lieutenant J. C. Blake, Private Thomas Mumford.

*Eighth Florida.*

Company C—Privates William Slaughter, C. B. Griffin.

Company F—Private John Rowe.

Company G—Private Thomas Galloway.

Company I—Private S. Crews.

*Wounded—Second Florida.*

Major W. R. Moore.

Company A—Captain W. D. Ballantine, Corporals J. T. Luckie, W. D. Keenedy, Privates W. H. Phillips, W. C. Bryan, A. W. Keyser, A. Villar, W. T. Sills, G. Flournoy.

Company B—Sergeant S. J. Sanchez, Corporal J. H. Boyt, Privates T. J. Finley, W. E. Stroble, J. F. Bleach, B. Jones.

Company C—Privates J. T. Suggs, A. H. Bateman, J. S. Jones.

Company D—Privates J. Talbott, R. Wolf, George Footman, D. Jordan.

Company E—Lieutenants P. P. L. Todd, J. H. Johnson, Privates B. Tate, T. Albrittam, D. Bryant, A. J. Hogan.

Company F—Privates W. J. Thompson, J. Neil, R. Cobb, D. Tillis.

Company G—Sergeant W. E. Livingston, Privates John Revels, H. Harris, H. V. Long, H. McClellan, G. R. Brooman.

Company H—Privates E. Hall, F. Medicis, M. Sanchez, J. J. Vinzant.

Company I—Lieutenant J. W. Hall, Privates W. Belote, E. H. Tomblin, William Stringheard.

Company K—Privates H. C. Grosventine, L. F. Walker, R. N. Batten, W. Hodge.

Company L—Privates T. H. Sutton, E. Dampier.

Company M—Lieutenant J. D. Perkins, Sergeant J. Betton, Privates Herndons B. M. Hora, S. Dimmock, R. W. Sirles, H. C. Billingsby, W. W. Shuman, N. A. Armstrong, P. Conniff.

*Fifth Florida.*

Company A—Lieutenant G. L. Odum, Privates R. H. McClelland, D. M. Claytor, M. D. Pratton, B. H. Lee, Robert Potts, John F. Cooper.

Company B—Privates J. R. Richard, J. Niblack, P. Morgan, John Field, T. S. Geer, M. Coon.

Company C—Privates Wiley Atkinson, D. C. Isler, J. R. Sutton, W. D. Smith, H. Norris, J. W. French, J. W. Howell, H. Stanford, C. Allegood, M. Dudley.

Company D—Lieutenant J. A. Shaw, Privates G. F. Devane, A. D. Dutton, J. R. Robertson, J. M. Hindley, J. N. Morgan.

Company E—Privates W. Carson, J. W. Johnson, Isaiah Jones, B. W. Moseley, E. Hudson, D. E. Wethington, P. Bowers.



Company F—Privates R. W. Hillhouse, A. Rawles, E. W. Dempsey, J. G. Ash.

Company G—Captain Wm. Bailey, Privates L. Long, Geo. Dice, G. W. Cole, S. M. Johnson, James Milton, J. P. Strickland, K. Ward.

Company H—Private B. F. Wood.

Company I—Private M. B. Swearinger.

Company K—Captain R. M. Gardner, Privates L. W. Shine, W. H. Arnell, M. W. Baggett, A. F. Berry, W. B. Barney, J. C. Folkel, J. M. Grambling, T. J. Isler, J. W. Nash, A. H. Wheeler.

Company L—Privates R. Faircloth, R. W. Ashmore, J. F. Herring, J. Jenkins, S. C. Revell.

The following of the 5th Florida were reported wounded and left on the field:

S. M. Sutton, J. M. Merritt, A. J. White, J. D. Russell, ———  
Wentworth, Lieutenant George Walker, J. S. Ayres, M. C. McFall,  
B. Hinman, J. Bryant.

#### *Eighth Florida.*

Company A—Lieutenant H. Bruce, Privates W. H. Newman, W. Barnier, S. Barinton, J. M. Laughton, J. Chasin, P. Hall, William Campbell, B. Gibson, H. Love, W. Andrews, F. M. Bryant.

Company B—Captain T. R. Love, Lieutenants E. R. Dismukes, John Malone, Privates H. S. Stone, W. W. Johnson, G. F. Cox, M. Lambert, J. Russell.

Company C—Privates H. Sutar, ——— McQueen, P. Hatch.

Company D—Privates A. Dial, M. L. Baker, John Irving, C. Othello, T. Harper, E. Paget, C. Harper, A. Gonzales, J. Prior.

Company E—Lieutenant W. W. Wilson, Corporal A. G. Kilgore, Privates James Wilkerson, John Welsh, F. E. Savage, E. D. Tucker, R. Kidd, J. Croome.

Company F—Privates E. Williams, W. Crews.

Company G—Captain J. Mizell, Privates G. F. Simon, W. G. Cox, E. W. Wiggins.

Company H—Captain T. B. Livingston, Private H. Dice.

Company I—Privates R. Osteen, B. Hicks, H. Bryant, H. Parish.

The following wounded, whose companies are not known, were left on the field:

F. Walker, A. Cumba, ——— Winegall, S. R. Jenkins, G. Bucran, F. C. Burrows, R. Brown, G. Garrison, E. W. Wiggins.

Killed, 2d Florida, 14; 5th Florida, 17; 8th Florida, 5; Total killed, 36.

Wounded, 2d Florida, 62; 5th Florida, 76; 8th Florida 65; Total wounded, 203.

Total casualties, 239.

---

**COLONEL JOHN BOWIE MAGRUDER.**

---

**Historical Sketch of His Life.**

---

**By Col. WM. H. STEWART, Portsmouth, Va.**

---

John Bowie Magruder was born on the 24th day of November, 1839, at Scottsville, in Albemarle county, Virginia. He was the oldest son of Benjamin H. Magruder and Maria Minor, daughter of Dr. James Minor, and great-grandson of Garrett Minor, of "Sunning Hill," who was a member of the Committee of Safety in 1775 for Louisa county, and represented it in the Legislature in 1793. The family removed to "Glenmore," about seven miles from Charlottesville, Va., when John was five years old. He first attended private schools in the neighborhood; went to Colonel John Bowie Strange's "Albemarle Military Academy," at Charlottesville, one session, then matriculated at the University of Virginia in 1856, and took the degree of Master of Arts in June, 1860. He was a teacher in Nelson's Academy, in Culpeper county, at the outbreak of the Confederate war, which position he at once relinquished and went to the Virginia Military Institute to take a two months' course in military tactics.

On his return home, he organized a military company, called the "Rivanna Guards," was elected and commissioned captain July 22, 1861. The gray cloth for their uniforms was furnished by the county, and the ladies of the three families at "Glenmore," "Edge Hill," and "Gale Hill" made them.

The "Rivanna Guards," under Special Order No. 276, Adjutant and Inspector-General's Office, Richmond, Va., dated September 12, 1861, was assigned to the 32d Virginia regiment infantry, Colonel B. Stoddert Ewell, commanding; and on the 23d day of September, 1861, it was transferred to the 57th Virginia regiment, constituted by Special Order No. 285, under command of Major E. F. Keen,

and designated as Company "H." Colonel Lewis A. Armistead was subsequently assigned to its command, and on February 14, 1862, ordered to report to General Huger at Suffolk, Va. Colonel Armistead continued in command of the 57th Virginia regiment until April, 1862, when he was promoted to brigadier-general.

On the 20th of February, 1862, Brigadier-General A. G. Blanchard, commanding at Portsmouth, Va., moved Colonel Armistead's 57th Virginia regiment, and one section of Girard's battery to defend the Blackwater river and cause its blockade. This force garrisoned Fort Dillard at the confluence of the Blackwater and Nottoway rivers, in North Carolina, until May 12th, when it was evacuated. Captain Magruder was directed to embark his company on an old steamboat and proceed up the river to Franklin. It had in tow a large schooner, which Captain Magruder was ordered to sink in the channel about seven miles below Franklin, to prevent pursuit by the enemy's gunboats, which might attempt to come up the river from Edenton. This work, after considerable trouble with the leaking steamboat, was successfully accomplished, and Captain Magruder's command disembarked at Franklin about 1 o'clock P. M., and rejoined the rest of the regiment, which, by a forced march, reached there about the same time. The artillery, ammunition, etc., were shipped to Raleigh, N. C., by the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad. After burning the county road bridge and railroad bridge over the Blackwater, they moved on and bivouacked for the night within two miles of Jerusalem. As the soldiers marched into the village next morning, the whole population turned out and treated them in the most hospitable manner.

John Tyler, Jr., son of ex-President John Tyler, was remarkably kind to Captain Magruder's company. He had a cart hitched up, loaded it with the knapsacks of the men, and directed the driver to go along with the company until encamped for the night and then return. Only those who have borne the burden of a knapsack strapped to the back on a hot day can fully appreciate such a kindness. Besides, Mr. Tyler had every man's haversack filled with deliciously cooked corn bread, which must have required fully six bushels of meal.

The camp for the night of the 13th was in a woods near Mr. Urquhart's farm, and about 11 o'clock A. M. of the 14th of May, the command arrived at Littleton where it rejoined the brigade which came up from Suffolk, and all moved to a point about two and a half miles north and east of Petersburg, where they encamped.

On the 28th of May, Armistead's brigade was engaged in obstructing the Appomattox river at Point of Rocks, and soon after this date was ordered to the north side of James river. On the 25th of June, it was posted about five miles from Richmond, between the York River Railroad and the Williamsburg road, occupying rifle pits in the margin of a woods from the railroad to the Williamsburg road. There was constant skirmishing along the line. On 29th it moved to the Charles City road; on 30th moved down the road and engaged the enemy, losing one man killed and one wounded. On July 1st, in the celebrated charge on Malvern Hill, Captain Magruder's company lost twenty-seven men, killed and wounded, in about forty minutes—one-half of the company present.

On July 3rd, Armistead's brigade reported to General Longstreet, near Temperance Hall, about three miles from "Shirley," nearly opposite the mouth of the Appomattox, and was put under the command of General A. P. Hill until the 11th of July. Captain Magruder was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel, July 31st, 1862.

On the 23d of July, Armistead's brigade was assigned to General R. H. Anderson's division, and on August 16, 1862, proceeded to Louisa, and from thence on the first Maryland campaign. Armistead's brigade was in reserve at the second battle of Manassas, and at the capture of Harper's Ferry from Maryland Heights; but it was engaged in the battle of Sharpsburg.

At Martinsburg, in September, 1862, it was transferred from Anderson's to Pickett's division, which was at the battle of Fredericksburg, December 11-15, but not actively engaged. It remained with the army on the Rappahannock until early in February, 1863, when it marched to Richmond, thence to Petersburg, thence by the line of the railroad towards Suffolk on a foraging expedition.

Lieutenant-Colonel Magruder was promoted to Colonel, January 12, 1863, and soon after Lieutenant John D. Watson, was appointed adjutant of the 57th Virginia regiment. Colonel John B. Magruder was assigned to an independent command and posted on the White Marsh road leading from Edenton, N. C., to Suffolk, Va., about four miles from the latter place. General Pickett with the remainder of the division was on the Sumerton road. Colonel Magruder's force was made up of the 11th, 17th and 57th Virginia infantry regiments and Macon's battery of four pieces.

Skirmishes were of frequent occurrence for three weeks. The enemy made an attack on the 21st of March, with force about equal to ours, and were summarily repulsed by Colonel Magruder, with

little loss to his command; but, on the 24th, an expedition in overwhelming numbers made an assault upon Colonel Magruder's command, and again retired ingloriously. At the same time another force attacked General Pickett on the Sumerton road. The force sent against Colonel Magruder was under command of General Michael Corcoran, of the noted Irish brigade. The Federal reports say it consisted of about 5,000 infantry commanded by Colonel R. S. Foster, under whom were Colonel J. C. Drake, Colonel Francis Beal, Colonel Clarence Buel and Colonel Mathew Murphey, commanding the Irish brigade, with 500 cavalry under command of Colonel Samuel P. Spier, and ten pieces of artillery under Captain John G. Simpson. Colonel Buel, of the 169th New York infantry was severely wounded, and his lieutenant-colonel reported that his regiment was placed far in advance of all others in support of battery D, 4th U. S. artillery, commanded by Captain Follet, and unflinchingly faced a continuous and unabating shower of shell, grape and cannister, from the well directed fire of the enemy until orders were received to retire. This is a high compliment to Colonel Magruder from the enemy, whose loss in men and equipment was greater than they were willing to admit. It did not take long to find out that Colonel Magruder was terribly in earnest with all work assigned to him, and it was known throughout the whole division that he was a man of fine courage and ability, and he was held in high esteem by his superiors, as well as those under him. The splendid management of Colonel Magruder and the gallant conduct of his troops were duly appreciated and acknowledged in order from headquarters, as follows:

HEADQUARTERS PICKETT'S DIVISION,

April 25th, 1863.

COL.,—The Maj.-Gen'l commanding directs me to say that it affords him great pleasure to acknowledge the important services of yourself and command during the time that you held the important position on the White Marsh Road. All of the dispositions you made to receive the enemy, and especially the manner in which you received them, and notwithstanding their greatly superior numbers, repulsed them, meets with special approval. He desires you to express his approval in orders to Macon's battery, the 11th Virginia infantry, Kemper's brigade. The 17th Virginia infantry, Corse's brigade, and your own gallant regiment, the 57th.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

RO. JOHNSON, A. A. A. G.

To Col. J. B. Magruder, 57th Virginia regiment,  
Commanding, White Marsh Road.

Thereupon the colonel commanding issued congratulatory orders to his troops. General Longstreet ordered his troops to withdraw from the siege of Suffolk on the night of the 4th of May, and Colonel Magruder's regiment marched from thence to Richmond, where it remained about a week; thence it moved to encamp within two miles of Hanover Junction, where preparations were made for the advance into Pennsylvania.

On June 24th, Pickett's division crossed the Potomac at Williamsport and bivouacked on the Maryland shore. It entered Chambersburg on the 27th of June, marched directly through the town, and encamped on the York road about four miles out. The division was detained here three or four days, destroying railroad depots, workshops and public machinery. On the morning of the 2d day of July, 1863, at 2 o'clock, it took up the march to Gettysburg, marching 23 miles, and within three miles of that place, before it was halted to rest. Early next morning it moved towards the line of battle, and in the afternoon made the great charge which shattered and immortalized Pickett's splendid division. Colonel John Bowie Magruder fell mortally wounded within twenty steps of the enemy's cannon, shouting: "They are ours." He was struck by two shots—one in the left breast and the other under the right arm, which crossed the wound in his breast.

On the spot where he thus gloriously fell mortally wounded, Colonel Magruder was made prisoner and carried to the hospital in Gettysburg. Here he languished until July 5th, 1863, when his spirit took its flight. He was a member of the "Epsilon Alpha Fraternity," and a frater caused his remains to be encased in a metallic coffin, and, with all his personal effects, sent to his father by flag of truce to Richmond, in October, 1863. He was buried at "Glenmore," in Albemarle county.

His cousin, James Watson Magruder, himself afterward killed on the battlefield at Meadow Bridge, May 11th, 1864, writing from camp near Fredericksburg, August 8, 1863, said: "From last information, John now sleeps among those gallant spirits who that day bore our banner so nobly against the ramparts of the enemy on the battlefield in a foreign land. If so, he died with his laurels thick around him. I saw him in Loudoun [county] a short while before the army left Virginia, looking better and in better spirits than I

ever knew him. It almost disposes me to quarrel with the decrees of heaven when he, the noblest of us all, in the flower of his youth, is thus untimely cut off. Why could not other men, who might be better spared, be taken in his stead? But our country demands the noblest for her altars. Our grief is increased by the fact that our country cannot afford to lose such men."

The spirit of this letter exhibits in every line the unselfish patriotism of the Southern youth. Their sacrifices made glorious the history of the Confederate States. The proud record is so close to us that we should see it at every mental glance, feel it at every move, and touch it at every step. It is a fadeless essence, beautiful and brilliant. Its stars, like diamonds in the tomb of royalty, will rest undimmed by the dust and lapse of ages.

John Bowie Magruder, in the flower of his manhood, in the 24th year of his age, fell for the glory of his country in the great battle which turned the destiny of the South. His name is enrolled amongst the heroes of his Alma Mater, the University of Virginia, and listed with the dead on the field of battle, whose courage and chivalry made the fame of the Army of Northern Virginia.

---

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, May 28, 1866.]

## SHARPSBURG.

---

### Graphic Description of the Battle and Its Results.

---

#### The Courage and Self-Sacrifice of the Confederates During the Campaign.

---

Some months since an article on the battle of Sharpsburg, which appeared in the Confederate column of the *Richmond Dispatch*, stated that the writer for the first time had cause to be ashamed of the Confederate soldier. Ever since I have waited for some one to notice this criticism—some one whose knowledge of the facts was greater than mine, and who could defend the reputation of men who never had cause to be ashamed of their actions—their deeds then and forever will speak for themselves. From Bethel to Appomattox their grand leader and their country was proud of them, and they never had cause to blush with shame themselves.

It is true that there were many stragglers (not deserters), or General McClellan would have found out before the second day after the battle that he could claim a victory. These men, please bear in mind, had in about eight weeks marched from Richmond to Frederick, Md.; had fought and won the battles of Cedar Creek, Second Manassas, Chantilly, Harper's Ferry, South Mountain—though not successful in holding the passes of the latter, they had crossed the Potomac, and then retraced their route to Sharpsburg, and with a record that never before has been claimed of any army in an enemy's country. When hungry, tired soldiers marched through a land of plenty and took no man's goods, not even apples in the orchards; when forced marches on empty stomach had broken down and worn out the men, of course the older, sick and weak men dropped out of the column and straggled from necessity.

Governor Curtin and General Wool both testify that these men—ragged, shoeless, half-fed—passed through the country without making depredations or taking anything without offering to pay for what they took, even if it were in Confederate scrip. General Lee's order had been issued to that effect, and though hungry, the men observed his request. It is for the future historian to compare such an order and the character of the man who issued it and the men who observed it, with the vandalism of Butler, Sherman, and Sheridan and their men. These were not men to be ashamed of, even if some of them did straggle, and when those who were on hand when General Lee marshalled his forces on that 17th day of September, with an army, variously estimated at from 35,000 to 40,000 men, to cope with General McClellan, with about 90,000 to 120,000 men (see his report in Vol. XIX, War of "Rebellion," dated September 20, 1862; also Long's *Memoirs of Robert E. Lee*, page 220), every man who answered roll-call knew that a terrible and bloody battle was before him, and when the day was over they had nothing then to be ashamed of, nor had the stragglers, who, weak from hunger, with bare feet, leaving bloody tracks where each step was made, crossed the river all day and joined in the battle wherever the fighting line might be. The men who fought at Sharpsburg have a record as proud and free from shame as those who fought in any other battle of the war, Gettysburg not excepted.

#### AS TO THE VICTORY.

It was not my intention when I began, to write so long a preface but only to recite an incident that occurred after Sharpsburg.



A short time since, I was talking with Colonel William H. Palmer, afterwards A. A. G. to General A. P. Hill, and asked if General Hill had ever made a report of the engagement at the ford below Sheppardstown; how many men were there, and what General Hill's opinion of the fight had been. It seems that Hill had never been fond of writing reports and seldom made one, and they are all too brief. Colonel Palmer stated that he had often talked with General Hill about the attack and defeat of the Yankees, though he had never before met one who had participated in the affair, and as General Hill had fought the battle, and by driving the Yankees back, was the man who changed the whole plan of the campaign for that year, he would be glad if I would try to remember all that occurred, as the whole honor and glory belonged to General Hill.

The battle of Sharpsburg is claimed as a Federal victory. Why, I do not know, except that in that case we failed to drive the enemy entirely off the field, as we had done before, but all the 18th, the next day after the battle, we lay waiting for "Little Mac" to come out of his hole and try another tussle. As he refused to do this, General Lee retired on the night of that day, and then, for the first time, McClellan claimed his victory.

Our battery, being on the extreme right of our line, was drawn off first, and reached the ford shortly after dark. This ford was an exceedingly difficult one, especially for an army with a "victorious" enemy in its rear. The road crossed the C. & O. canal, then down the steep berm bank to the river, which at that time was waist deep. On the southern side of the bank was again steep, and the road ran for some distance along the foot of the bluff, then crossed a deep ravine by means of a narrow bridge, and then into a gorge, so that a long time was necessary to cross an army with all its artillery, wagons, etc. As soon as we had crossed, an aide directed us to place our guns on the bluff and wait for orders. My captain directed me to wait at the ford until General Gregg (of A. P. Hill's division) crossed and to report to him (General A. P. Hill's light division being the rear guard of the army).

All night long I sat on my horse waiting for General Gregg, but it was not until morning, just after daybreak, that his brigade reached the river. I delivered my message and found my way to the battery. Just here I wish to call attention to the difference between the Confederate and the enemy: General McClellan, for more than a month after the battle, remained near Sharpsburg, trying to reorganize his army, calling for reinforcements, stating in one of his reports that a

division with 18,000 on its roll had only 7,000 for duty, the rest having returned to their homes, and, finally, provost marshals were appointed all over the States (I should say the Union States) to bring these deserters back, and during all that time the utmost efforts were made to recruit his army and outfit it in clothing, tents, ammunition, etc., while the "beaten and routed" Confederates fell into line as naturally as water seeks its level.

As I stood at the ford that night the men, as they passed, would call out the number of their regiment, or the name of their battery, soon finding their own places, and when General Lee, two days afterwards, settled on the hills around Bunker Hill, the men had reorganized themselves and were ready to fight again. As stated before, after seeing the entire army cross the river, I found my way to our battery—tired, hungry, and anxious to find something to eat. It happened that a stray chicken got in my way and found its way into the frying pan in a very short time. Up to that time, so far as I know, no orders had been issued to those five batteries; we were left there with about 175 infantry, under General Roger A. Pryor, as a shadow of support for the guns. Just about sunrise General Longstreet rode up and ordered me to take two guns to shell a point of woods on the other side of the river, where he said the enemy were massing. Like the poor innocent that I was, I took the guns and left the chicken, and when my duty with the guns was over I returned to find both General Longstreet and my chicken gone. He left orders, however, that we were to remain on the bluff as long as possible, and when driven away by larger and longer range guns to retire as quickly as possible upon the rear of the army. With the exception of the odor of fried chicken and two peaches that I had found on a tree near the battery, I had nothing to eat all that day.

During the morning we had some little firing, but were exceedingly annoyed by the infantry lying in the bed of the canal and concealed in a house and barn opposite our battery. Finding this picket fire was coming too fast and close, I determined to burn the barn with shrapnel, if possible, and I think that by one shot during this fire I gave General Lee at least four good hours in which to make his way back to Bunker Hill—the position that he had selected to meet McClellan, if that general chose to follow him. I observed an officer and an orderly riding down the hill towards the barn and house alluded to above, and, having cut the fuse and being just about to give the order to fire, I concluded to try a shot at these

men instead of at the barn. So moving the trail slightly to the left and giving the gun a very slight elevation, I was delighted to see, upon the explosion of the shrapnel, that both men had been knocked from their horses to the ground. One of them was evidently killed, the other badly wounded; but after about half an hour he succeeded in getting on his horse, with the assistance of the rail fence, and rode to the rear.

From what occurred afterwards, I am satisfied that these men came with orders for the men hidden in the barn, house and bed of the canal to charge across the river at a given signal; because just about that time a battery of 20-pound Parrotts, which we had observed for an hour or two on the extreme left of the enemy's line, commenced firing; and though the distance was estimated to be about two miles and a half, their shots fell within a few feet of our guns, though none of them exploded where they struck, but ricocheted over our heads to where General Pryor's infantry was lying in the woods. Our guns, being smooth bore, could not, of course, fight a battery of 20-pound Parrotts, so we withdrew just below the brow of the hill and awaited further orders.

Upon the withdrawal of our guns the firing of this battery ceased, and, being very tired, to say nothing about being sleepy and hungry, I stretched myself on the ground and went to sleep. How long I slept I have no idea, but was awakened by a most tremendous fire of artillery all along the line of the hill on the north bank of the river, and noticed particularly that our friends of the 20-pound Parrotts had the range of the top of our hill in a most uncomfortable manner. As I rose to my feet I found the whole woods on the other side ablaze with the fire of heavy guns, ranging from 3-inch rifles to 24-pound Howitzers—probably some twenty-five guns altogether. How many infantry were in the bed of the river and crossing the canal it would be hard to tell, but, from my frightened condition, I thought there were a million of them. The river was full of men over half way across, cheering and firing as they came on.

The men of our battery, together with those belonging to other batteries on the bluff, were mixed in helter-skelter race for the road, the whole field and road being crowded with men, guns, horses, limber chests without the guns, caissons, officers on horseback and on foot, all in a confused mass and all making the best time possible to where they expected to find the rear of General Lee's army. I had been so sound asleep that I was somewhat dazed by the noise of the guns and the rattling of muskets, the bursting of shells, and the

general confusion around me. For the moment I did not notice that the gun of which I had charge was still standing unlimbered on the edge of the hill, but calling two men, one named Solomon, and the other named Manoni, both of whom promptly returned, we succeeded in limbering the gun, the men mounted the horses, and we were quickly following the procession. For probably a mile the Yankee guns commanded the gorge up which this road ran, and every step of it I took at a gait that would have done credit to John Gilpin on his famous ride.

It is no use denying the fact, I ran as fast as my horse could carry me, through the crowded road or through fields, where possible, and the men of my gun followed me. At the first turn, which was the road running towards Shepherdstown, we turned from the column, intending to go there and find where the rear of the army was. Just after turning into this road, I came across my old comrades, the 2d and 3d Howitzers, with their horses unhitched, guns parked, both men and horses endeavoring to get supper of some kind, utterly unconscious that the Yankees had crossed the river. They had evidently been forgotten. It was only a few minutes before the battalion was hitched up and on their way also to the rear, as fast as possible.

How late that night we pushed onward, or where we struck General Hill, I have not the slightest recollection. It seemed to me, however, that the night was interminable, and that we must be many miles beyond the river. At last, however, we did strike General Hill, and our story was communicated to his headquarters. A fighter like General Hill needed no orders when his rear was pressed, and by daylight next morning the tramp of that tireless infantry that had already marched and fought until any other less hardened soldiers or men of such spirit would have given out and broken down, was heard marching back to the river, the clatter of their canteens, the occasional clanking of a musket butt against a bayonet, and the rumbling of the artillery carriages being the only sounds, but plainly showing that General Hill did not intend to allow General McClellan to push General Lee, but to give him a tussle for the advance.

How far we marched that morning I do not know, but when the infantry struck the Yankees that were encamped on the south side of the river preparing their breakfast, the tired stride that had carried these veterans over so many miles was forgotten, as, with an old-fashioned rebel yell, they opened fire, and in a short time charged, and though the Yankees fought, and fought well, they could not stand the rush of Hill's troops. I am under the impression that we did

not fire a gun on that morning. The fight lasted probably an hour, though, as Bob Stiles says, "No man knows in a fight whether he has been there five minutes or a whole day."

But as the Yankees began to give way and to rush down the sides of the ravine into the road and thence into the river, the fire of Hill's infantry became steadier and their aim truer, and how many were killed no one knows—the ravine was narrow and full of men, every man for himself in a mad effort to cross the river before the rebels could overtake them. I remember seeing the river full of men, as I recall now, not firing a single gun, while our men lay on the top of the bluff and poured volley after volley into the enemy, every man who was shot going down to his death in the river either by the shot or by drowning. It was one of the horrible sights of war, but a necessary and effectual check to McClellan.

I have been unable to find in the short time I have spent in looking over the volumes of the "War of the Rebellion" how many men Hill had and how many Federal troops there were, my impression being, however, that we carried between 3,500 and 4,000 men. Five of our guns had been left on the bluff, and were found just as we left them. The one belonging to our battery was quickly taken charge of by our men, and the march to the rear again resumed.

This time General McClellan was convinced that it would be prudent for him to allow General Lee to choose his own place for meeting him, and we were not pushed nor followed, not even a gun was fired from the other side of the river as we withdrew.

This action of General Hill's proved to be one of the turning points in the campaign of '62. McClellan certainly had had an experience that made him cautious.

On the 22d of September, with nearly three times as many men as General Lee had, McClellan again reports from the north side of the Potomac that he "did not feel authorized to cross the river in pursuit of the retiring enemy," and in the same report (which is the only reference I have found as to the instance related above) says: "The enemy still continues to show their pickets along the river, and with a large force drove back the last reconnoissance that was attempted on the other side." This hardly sustains the boastful claim of a victory at Sharpsburg.

A perusal of the "War of the Rebellion," to the men who participated in these scenes, is exceedingly interesting, and especially when a victorious army, after one of the bloodiest battles of the war, remains on its own side of the river for at least six weeks looking for

General Lee with his defeated columns up and down the river, when they could easily have found him at Bunker Hill, not twenty miles from the Potomac, waiting to give McClellan a chance for another "glorious victory." McClellan in the meantime was continually calling on Washinton for troops, asking that this general be sent to his army, and that general—it may be, to repair the bridges at Harper's Ferry and other places, and it was not until late in the fall that the Army of the Potomac attempted to cross at Harper's Ferry, and advanced upon Culpeper and along the Rappahannock river. The probabilities are, therefore, that our little stand at the ford below Sheppardstown, where twenty guns and 175 infantry held McClellan's "victorious" army for a whole day, and again on the next day, when General Hill drove his "reconnoissance in force" back with such loss, impressed the enemy with such profound respect for the shooting qualities of the "ragged rebels" that the whole Federal army had to be recruited "almost anew" and outfitted, as is shown by the official reports filed, before willing again to challenge General Lee to a battle. Before General McClellan, however, who was a good soldier and a gallent man, could get himself ready, some one else was put in charge of his army, with instructions to take Richmond whether or no.

The late Cuban war has taken up the attention of the people of the present generation, so that we "old fogies" of '61 to '65 are relegated to the rear, and when we begin to talk about war, fighting, suffering, sleepless nights and dreary days, without clothes, without shoes, with nothing but the unconquerable spirit which made the Army of Northern Virginia the grandest army the world ever saw, when Jackson's "Foot Cavalry," Longstreet's "Heavies," and Hill's "Light Infantry," would march twenty or thirty miles from dawn of one day to the beginning of a second, then fight all day and possibly two, the boys of the present day are inclined to laugh and say, "Old man, you are a back number," and so we are. Year by year the men who held the Southern Cross for four long, weary years against overwhelming odds, and whipped and killed more men than they at any time had in the army, are fast passing away, and it will be but a few years before all of them shall have "passed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees."

I say "whipped," and say so deliberately; they never whipped us, but wore us out; and on April 8th and 9th of 1865, there was as much fight in the eight or ten thousand veterans who had followed General Lee to Appomattox as there had ever been, and some as

gallant stands made by these men then as can be found in the pages of history. We were overwhelmed by numbers in the army and by suffering and starvation at home, where such men as Sheridan and Sherman overran our country and devastated it so that "a crow flying over would have to carry his rations with him." With such a record as that, we old veterans still think we have a right to talk, and if any of the younger generation wish to learn what fighting is, let him attend any "Campfire," and get some of the men around to talk about the old times; old eyes will kindle into flashing fire, old forms, bent with age, straighten up, as first one and then another tells of the charge on such and such a battery, or a stand made behind such a fence, or how such and such a battery—as, for instance, the First Company of Howitzers at Chancellorsville—held the entire right wing of the Union army at bay for a whole day without infantry support, as Rev. William Dame, of Baltimore, will tell him; or get Major Robert Stiles to repeat his lecture on the Second Battle of Cold Harbor, where in eight minutes 13,000 of Grant's splendid army were killed and wounded by the "ragged rebels"; and the youth, if he has any manhood in him, and is not simply a second-class cigarette smoker, will become convinced that the "old man" is not far wrong in claiming a right to talk, and that "there were giants in those days."

Possibly, therefore, he will listen more respectfully and with more interest not only to the tales of the battles, with the rattle of musketry, the deep boom of cannon, the whistle of the conical bullet, the bursting of the shell, the commands of the officers riding here and there with sometimes loud and angry curses and sometimes with the clear, cool words of the man who has thorough control of himself; the noise, dust, confusion and, above all, an excitement that compares with nothing else in the world, the weary marches through rain or choking dust, the dreary camps, the suffering from cold and lack of clothing—but to the cause for which their fathers fought and for which so many of them laid down their lives.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, as the case may be, from the standpoint from which it is viewed, we had no war correspondents in our army who made it their business to laud their officers and to decry the action of those not so popular, and therefore as unwilling as some of us may be to write articles of this character at this late date, we feel it is due that the individual soldier should tell what he saw and what he knew, not only of the privates who stood shoulder to shoulder with him, but of their great and gallant leaders, than whom

no better soldiers ever fought; and we hope that you and the public will accept this view of the case as an apology for so long an article. We are the war correspondents, though our story is nearly thirty-five years old.

J. B. MOORE.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, October 29, 1899.]

## **CAPTAIN THOMAS JEFFERSON PAGE.**

### **How This Intrepid Officer Defied Superior Numbers.**

#### **TWO AGAINST THE STONEWALL.**

**The Niagara and the Sacramento Feared to Give Her Battle—Captain Craven, U. S. N., Court-Martialed for Cowardice.**

**Died in Rome, Italy, October 26, 1899, Captain Thomas Jefferson Page, in the 92d Year of His Age.**

Captain, or as he was more familiarly known, Commodore Page, was born at "Shelley," Gloucester county, and his boyhood was spent there. In 1827 he was appointed a cadet at the United States Naval Academy by President John Quincy Adams, in recognition of the services of his paternal and maternal grandfathers, Governor John Page and Thomas Nelson, Governor, of Yorktown, he being the son of Mann Page and Betsy Nelson. The United States Naval Academy was then a receiving ship, stationed in the harbor of New York, and young Page was graduated with the honors of a class of forty-five members.

He was then commissioned a midshipman, and made several notable cruises. One of these was on the old *Dolphin* to Asiatic waters. All of the officers and many of the crew were stricken down with fever, until Midshipman Page was the ranking officer. He assumed command and brought the ship to a home port, and was rewarded by Congress raising his rank. Captain Page was but 18 years old at that time, but even at this early age was noted for his valor and cool judgment.



Jefferson Page passed through all grades and was commissioned a commander in 1855. In 1861, however, he left the United States Navy and received a commission as Commodore in the C. S. N. He was also made a colonel of heavy artillery in the C. S. A., and was in command of the station at Gloucester Point, and later at Chaffin's Bluff. He was however, relieved from duty in the army and sent as special agent of the Confederacy to European countries to purchase ships for the navy. After the war he went to London, and later went to South America, where he and his son engaged in cattle raising on an extensive scale. In this connection is an interesting story.

In the early fifties he surveyed the Paraguay and Rio de la Plata rivers. His services were recognized by the Argentine government, which offered to commission him commander-in-chief of the navy of that country. This honor, however, he declined, but on his returning to that country after the war, and being in reduced circumstances, he at once became a popular hero, and financial aid was given him without stint. His son had already settled there, and they engaged in stock raising. He, by this means, amassed a considerable fortune, and then migrated to Florence, Italy. Here his daughter became the Countess of Spinola, but on the death of the Count of Spinola, they removed to Rome, where the home of the venerable couple, Commodore and Mrs. Jefferson Page, became the Mecca of Americans who visited that city. For a score of years Commodore Page was blind, but retained the full possession of his mental faculties.

Besides his service at sea, Commodore Page surveyed and made soundings for the old Fire Island Channel, New York harbor, and for some years was stationed at the Naval Observatory in Washington.

A widow, a daughter (the Countess of Spinola), Professor Frederick Page, of Bryn Mawr, Pa., and Philip Page, of Buenos Ayres, South America, sons, survive him. He also has many relatives who reside in this State. The Page homestead at "Shelley" is now occupied by his grand-nephew, Richard Page.

The death of Captain Page recalls to the minds of those who knew him many thrilling incidents in connection with his life.

As Mr. Virginus Newton was one of the officers of the *Stonewall*, commanded by Captain Thomas Jefferson Page, a representative of *The Times* saw him yesterday evening. Mr. Newton gave the following account of the history of the *Stonewall*:

"In January, 1865, I was serving on board the Confederate frigate *Rappahannock*, lying in the harbor of Calias, France, detained by the French Government under some technicality. In the early part of January I was detached from this command and ordered to proceed to London, where I joined the blockade-runner *City of Richmond*, under command of Captain Hunter Davidson. We sailed for the coast of France and anchored in a nook of Quiberon Bay. I knew nothing of what the general purpose of our movement was or the purposes of the Confederate Naval Department in other quarters. We lay in Quiberon Bay until the evening of the next day, the 24th of January, when a steamer came in sight and hailed us. We found it was the Confederate States steamer *Stonewall*, built in France for Denmark, rejected by Denmark, and sold in Copenhagen by her builders to the Confederate States Government. Captain Thomas Jefferson Page and Lieutenant R. R. Carter, of Shirley, Va., boarded this vessel at Copenhagen and met the *City of Richmond* in Quiberon Bay on the day named—the 24th of January, 1865.

#### A HEAVY GALE.

"We kept in touch with the *Stonewall* during this day, transferring stores, supplies, and a portion of our crew, until the next day at noon. We then got under way, and in the Bay of Biscay encountered a heavy gale, when the *Stonewall* became short of coal, and orders were given to the blockade-runner, *City of Richmond*, to proceed to the island of Bermuda, and there await the arrival of the *Stonewall*.

"The *Stonewall* then proceeded to the harbor of Ferrol, in Spain, for the purpose of taking on coal. Whilst there, the Federal frigate, *Niagara*, under command of Captain T. T. Craven, and the *Sacramento*, a vessel of war of the United States navy, commanded by Captain Walke, appeared off this port and anchored at Corunna, nine miles distant, from whence they could watch the *Stonewall*. The *Niagara* was one of the fastest ships in the navy of the United States, and carried a battery of ten 150-pound Parrott rifles, while the *Sacramento* mounted two eleven-inch guns, two nine-inch guns, and one 60-pound rifle. The *Stonewall* carried a 300-pound Armstrong rifle in her forward turret, and two 70-pound Armstrongs in her stern turret, that being her entire armament.

"On March 24th, the *Stonewall* steamed out of the harbor in plain sight of the enemy, but, to the surprise of Captain Page, who

had expected an engagement, they declined this challenge. For the the failure on the part of Commodore Craven to accept this gage of battle, he was brought to trial by court-martial, found guilty, and sentenced to two years' suspension; but the Secretary of the Navy annulled the sentence on the ground that it was not sufficiently severe for the offence. On a revision of the proceedings, the court-martial made the same finding, which the Secretary again set aside for the same reason, and Captain Craven was restored to duty.

"After this incident the *Stonewall* crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of raising the blockade at Port Royal and other seaports on the Atlantic coast, but, on entering the harbor of Havana for supplies, there learned of the conclusion of the war and the surrender of Lee's army at Appomattox. The vessel was then bonded to the Captain-General of Cuba for the sum of \$16,000, with which her officers and crew were paid off and discharged. The *Stonewall* was subsequently surrendered to the United States government, and by that government sold to Japan. She was for some years in the naval service of Japan, and finally sunk in a typhoon.

"After leaving the *Stonewall*, in April, 1865, in the harbor of Havana, I proceeded to Mexico, where I was engaged in engineering on the first line of railway in that country. Returning to this country in the summer of 1866, I visited the Gosport Navy Yard, at Norfolk, and there, to my surprise, found the old *Stonewall* in dock, refitting for her subsequent voyage around Cape Horn and delivery to the Japanese authorities."

Dr. Bennett Wood Green, who was a surgeon on board the *Stonewall*, recalled the career of the Confederate iron-clad ram at his home 504 east Grace street, last evening, and expressed the sadness which Captain Page's death had caused him. He said: "Captain Page, when I knew him on the *Stonewall*, was past three-score years, but he was alive, energetic and brave. His bright eye never faltered, and a more courageous officer never trod the deck of a vessel."

Dr. Green himself is no longer a young man, but he talked with great animation on the subject of the *Stonewall*, which he said was quite a formidable vessel in her day. She was a ram, clad with four inches of iron, and armed with three Armstrong guns—one 300-pounder and two 70-pounders. The shipbuilding firm of Messrs. Arman, at Bordeaux, France, undertook the contract to build her for the Confederate government, Emperor Napoleon III, granting permission. Before the vessel was completed, however, the Emperor revoked the permission, and refused to allow the delivery of the ves-

sel to the Confederate States agent. However, the vessel was bought by Denmark, which country was then at war with Austria and Prussia. The Danes emerged from hostilities in a bankrupt condition, and the *Stonewall*, which had never been paid for, was thrown back on the hands of the French firm.

A plan was conceived by the Confederate authorities to obtain possession of the vessel, which lay at Copenhagen. Captain Page and Lieutenant Robert R. Carter, a son of the late Hill Carter, of Shirley, who were in Europe, were directed to proceed to Copenhagen with the agent of the ship-builders, who was sent to take possession of the vessel. Technically the two Confederate officers were passengers when the *Stonewall* sailed from Copenhagen for France.

The plans of the Confederates contemplated the juncture of another vessel, carrying a crew of fighters, with the *Stonewall*, off the west coast of France. The *City of Richmond*, a trading vessel, owned by the Crenshaws, of this city, was then at London. Dr. Green and other officers, together with a crew of 100, boarded the *City of Richmond*, which proceeded to the west coast of France, reaching Quiberon bay. The *Stonewall* arrived a day later, and her crew of Danes were put off on the French coast, their places being taken by the crew shipped on the *City of Richmond*.

Proceeding south, the Confederate vessel, officered, manned and armed, ran into the bay on the coast of Spain, at the head of which was a navy yard at Ferrol, and at the mouth of which the town of Corunna stood guard. While the *Stonewall* was at Ferrol, the Federal war vessels, the *Niagara* and *Sacramento*, under command of Commodore Thomas T. Craven, put into the bay. Leaving ahead of the *Stonewall*, the two Federal boats cruised about the mouth of the bay, off Corunna, until the Confederate vessel came out. Undoubtedly the Federal commander had intended to give battle, but his heart failed him. Captain Page, on the contrary, beat back and forth in front of the silent enemy, challenging combat. There was no response.

Several days later the *Stonewall* went into the harbor of Lisbon, and on emerging found Craven's vessels again. In view of his refusal to fight off Corunna, the presence of Commodore Craven at Lisbon was regarded as purely accidental and unintentional. The enemy's boats were prepared for fight—port holes open and men at quarters. Captain Page ordered his vessel cleared for action, too. He then proceeded leisurely past the two Federal vessels, his three guns keeping silent those of the enemy.

Incidentally, Dr. Green told of the court martialing of Commodore Craven, referred to above by Mr. Newton.

The *Stonewall*, shortly after the incident at Lisbon, started across the Atlantic, intending to touch at Bermuda. High winds, however, carried the vessel out of her course, and she finally anchored at Nassau early in May. Here the officers and crew were plunged into inexpressible sadness, hearing there for the first time that President Davis was in chains, President Lincoln had been assassinated, General Lee had surrendered at Appomattox, and the whole Confederate government had been crushed.

It was with a sad heart that Captain Page headed for Havana, where he hoped to obtain from the Confederate agent at that place money with which to pay off his men. The agent professed to have no funds. In despair Captain Page called on the Spanish Captain-General, to whom he told his story. The Captain-General listened with evident sympathy, and when Captain Page offered to leave his ship and her belongings in the Spanish official's custody as a pledge for \$15,000 necessary to pay off the men, the Captain-General said: "Why, I will let you have a hundred thousand dollars." Captain Page refused, however, to take more than the sum he had named. Captain Page abandoned ship on May 20, 1865.

Subsequently the vessel passed into the possession of the United States government, which sold her to the Japanese government. The *Stonewall* made the long journey to the Orient, but shortly afterwards foundered off the coast of Japan in a gale.

Of the officers on the *Stonewall*, three are now living—Dr. Green and Mr. Virginius Newton, of this city, and the master, W. W. Wilkinson, whose home is at Charleston, S. C.

#### LIEUTENANT DAVIDSON'S ACCOUNT.

The meeting of the *City of Richmond* and the *Stonewall* at Quiberon, is thus told by Lieutenant Hunter Davidson, who had charge of the crew of the *City of Richmond*, in a letter dated February 6, 1865, and printed in "The Secret Service of the Confederate States in Europe."

"I left Cherbourg 18th January, and carried out instructions on the way to Quiberon, where we found a snug anchorage on the 20th, and laid quietly, permitting no communication with the shore until the morning of the 24th at 10 o'clock, when the *Stonewall* hove in sight, to the rapturous delight of all who were in the secret."

After explaining the reasons why the *Stonewall* did not receive the quantity of coal intended for her, and which should have been sent out from St. Nazaire, he proceeds thus :

"She" (the *Stonewall*) "was in a filthy condition, and required more labor to clean her than to get the stores on board and towed afterwards. The weather was very bad and wet, too, and prevented us from lying alongside. It was, therefore, hard to work satisfactorily. However, on the 28th January, early, the barometer rising and the weather promising well, the *Stonewall* and this vessel left the bay and soon ran out of sight of land, going nine and ten knots, for San Miguel. It blew a gale at times, with as heavy a sea as I have ever seen. The *Stonewall* would often ship immense seas, they seeming at all times to cover her from knighthead to taffrail, but yet she never seemed to be injuriously affected by them, but would keep her course very steadily. On the morning of the 30th January, after a most uneasy night, we became separated about five miles, this ship having forged ahead, and being afraid to run off in such a heavy sea. About noon, however, it moderated for awhile, and the barometer rising steadily, we kept away and ran down to her, signalling, 'How do you do?' Answer, 'All right.' This was so satisfactory that I signalled, 'Shall I go on?' Answer, 'Am very short of coal, and I must make a port, Ferrol.' Signalled, 'Shall I follow you?' Answer, 'Suit your convenience about following.'"

Davidson then added that the detention of his ship had already caused the loss of one moon for running the blockade, and considering the necessity there was of his getting to Bermuda quickly in order to save the next moon, and considering also that it did not appear necessary to the safety of the enterprise that he should remain any longer in company with the *Stonewall*, he determined to part company, and signalled "Adieu," which was answered with "Many thanks," and then he says : "At 1 : 30 we parted company, and at 3 : 30 lost sight of her, she still heading the sea to the northward and westward, facing the gale under easy steam, no doubt waiting for the weather to moderate before running down on the coast of Spain."

Captain Page also wrote from Isle of d' Houat, near Quiberon, giving a full account of his tedious delays and the disappointment he felt at not getting a full supply of coal, but he did not like to wait for the return of the coal-tender from St. Nazaire. He advised me that he had taken charge of the ram on behalf of the Confederate government, and that M. Arman's agent, who was with him, had complied with all engagements satisfactorily, and was therefore entitled

to receive the stipulated commission for his services. The Danish crew were discharged and sent to St. Nazaire, and the ram was chartered and commissioned in due form as the Confederate ship *Stonewall*.

In the heavy weather after leaving Quiberon Bay, the *Stonewall* made a good deal of water, and it was thought that she must have sprung a leak some where, but owing to the crowded state of the ship, a satisfactory examination could not be made. This apparent defect was an additional reason for making a harbor, and when the gale moderated, Page bore up and ran into Corunna, and the day after arrival there, he took the *Stonewall* across the bay to Ferrol, "where all facilities were politely tendered by the officers of the Natal arsenal."

#### THE STONEWALL AT FERROL.

The first advice of the *Stonewall* from Ferrol was without date, but she arrived there about February 2d, and Page soon began to lighten the ship by discharging some of her heavy weight into "a good dry hulk," which the naval authorities had kindly put at her disposal, with the purpose of finding the leak.

It appears, however, from his correspondence, that the facilities granted him upon his first application were quickly withdrawn. Writing to me, under date of February 7th, he says: "To-day there came off an officer to inform me that in consequence of the protest of the American minister the permission to repair damages had been suspended, and added, however, that the commander told him that his case was under consideration at Madrid, and that he thought that all would be right in a few days. In the end permission was given to make all necessary repairs, but many difficulties were met with, the authorities appearing to be very desirous to hurry the ship off, yet not willing to turn her out of port in an incomplete state."

On the 10th of February, Page wrote that the United States frigate, *Niagara*, Captain Thomas Craven, had arrived, and a few days after the United States ship *Sacramento* joined the *Niagara*, and both vessels anchored at Corunna, about nine miles distance, from whence they could watch the *Stonewall*. Their presence, Page said, gave the Spanish authorities much uneasiness. It was now manifest that the *Stonewall's* movements were known. The two United States ships at Corunna would either attack her when she attempted to leave Ferrol, or they would follow her across the Atlantic.

Besides, this advice of her being at sea would be sent to New York, and preparations would be made by United States naval authorities to give her a warm reception. The leak was discovered to be in consequence of defective construction in the rudder casing, and this, together with other injuries caused by the rough handling the ship had encountered during the tempestuous voyage from Copenhagen, satisfied Page that the repairs would detain her several weeks at Ferrol. He took also into consideration the latest news from America, which appeared to indicate that the South could not resist much longer. Finally he determined to go to Paris for consultation, and he directed Carter meanwhile to push on with the repairs.

While Page was absent, the *Niagara* and the *Sacramento* ran across the bay from Corunna and anchored at Ferrol. In a letter reporting the incident, Carter said: "We, of course, got ready for accidents, and, in lighting fire, sparks flew from the funnel."

In a few minutes a barge from the navy yard, with an officer of rank, came alongside, asking if we meant to attack the *Niagara*. I replied that we had no such intentions, but proposed to defend ourselves from an attempt to repeat the affair at Bahia. He said: "This is not Brazil. The Admiral requests that you will let your fires go out, and warns you against an attempt to break the peace." Two guard boats were also stationed near us, and remained there every night while the *Niagara* was in port. However, we kept steam all night and the chain was unshackled, so as to get the ram pointed fair in case the *Niagara* moved our way.

It was decided, after consultation with the Confederate commissioners, that in spite of the gloomy prospects across the Atlantic, no possible effort that could be made from Europe should be abandoned.

Page, therefore, returned to Ferrol with the purpose to pursue his enterprise, which, I may say, in brief phrase, was to go to Bermuda to get some additional advance stores and a few picked men from the *Florida*, waiting there for him, another attempt to strike a blow at Port Royal, which was then supposed to be the base of General Sherman's advance through South Carolina. Vexatious delays detained the *Stonewall* at Ferrol until March 24, when Page got to sea.

The United States ships *Niagara* and *Sacramento* had manifested every purpose to follow and attack the *Stonewall* when she left Ferrol. The *Niagara* was a large, powerful frigate, mounting ten 150-pounder Parrot rifled guns, and the *Sacramento* was a corvette, very heavily armed for her class, the principal pieces being two 11-inch



and two 9-inch guns. The *Niagara* was also a ship of great speed, and could easily have kept clear of the *Stonewall's* dangerous beak. The *Stonewall* was protected by  $4\frac{3}{4}$ -inch armors, and mounted on one 300-pounder and two 70-pounders Armstrong guns, but she was a small ship and low in the water, and the *Niagara's* battery could have commanded her decks. Page, being quite sure that he would be followed out and attacked as soon as he had passed the line of Spanish jurisdiction, cleared for the action before getting under weigh in full sight of the two United States ships. The upper spars, to the lower masts, were struck and stowed on deck, and the boats were detached from the davits.

In this trim the *Stonewall* steamed out of Ferrol on the morning of March 24, 1865, accompanied by a large Spanish steam frigate. At about three miles from the shore the frigate fired a gun and returned to Ferrol. The *Stonewall* then stood off and on all the remainder of the day with her colors flying in plain view of the two United States vessels which remained at anchor. Carter, in his letter, says: "We could see the officers standing in the *Niagara's* top using spy-glasses."

At dark the *Stonewall* stood close on to the entrance of the harbor, and then, being satisfied that the enemy did not intend to come out and fight, Page bore away and steamed down the coast to Lisbon, where he arrived in due course, the *Niagara* arriving about thirty-six hours after him.

#### CAPTAIN PAGE'S OPINION.

Commenting upon the failure of the *Niagara* and *Sacramento* to follow the *Stonewall* and attack her, Page wrote me from Lisbon as follows: "This will doubtless seem as inexplicable to you as it is to me and all of us. To suppose that these two heavily armed men-of-war were afraid of the *Stonewall* is to me incredible, yet the fact of their conduct was such as I have stated to you. Finding that they declined coming out, there was no course for me but to pursue my voyage."

Captain Thomas Craven, who commanded the *Niagara*, was not the officer who is mentioned in another chapter as the commander of the United States ship *Tuscarora*, and who had a correspondence with the Governor of Gibraltar in respect to the Confederate ship *Sumpter*.

Captain Thomas Craven was an elder brother of the latter named officer. His conduct in making so much parade of a purpose stopped

the *Stonewall*, and the subsequent failure to accept her invitation to come out and engage her was a good deal criticised at the time. I have no means of knowing what explanation of his conduct he made to his own government, and I should be sorry to repeat any of the gossip of the period which might cast a slur upon his courage. His reputation in the United States navy, while I held a commission in that service, was such as to place him above any suspicion. He was certainly an able and efficient officer, and I mention the incident with the *Stonewall* as an historical fact, and without the slightest purpose to cast an imputation upon his memory.

At Lisbon, Page was made to feel that he was the representative of the losing cause. He was permitted to get a supply of coal, but it was manifested that the authorities wished him clear of the port.

He got away as soon as possible, proceeding to Santa Cruz, in the Island of Tereriffe, replenished his fuel there, and thence stood down into the northeast trades. On April 25th he hauled up for Bermuda, but encountered northwest winds and heavy head swells immediately after leaving the trade winds, and being in rather short supply of coal, he shaped his course for Nassau, arriving there May 6th. From Nassau he proceeded to Havana.

At the time of Page's arrival at Havana, the war was practically at an end. In a few days he learned of General Lee's surrender, and soon after of the capture of Mr. Davis. Manifestly he could not venture upon offensive operation. The small amount of funds he took from Ferrol was exhausted. Major Helen, the Confederate agent, could do nothing for him in that way. The position was perplexing and quite exceptional. As a last resource, negotiations were opened with the Cuban authorities for the surrender of the ship to them if they would advance money necessary to pay off the crew.

When it was known through a resident merchant that the Captain-General was willing to make the necessary advance and take the ship, Carter was sent to state the requirements and get the money, and his brief report of the interview is as follows:

After five minutes' conversation the Captain-General asked for the sum we required. I said "\$16,000." He said, "say \$100,000." I replied that my orders were to ask for \$16,000. He then turned to an official at a desk and bid him write, continued asking questions, and then the document was handed to him for perusal. He looked at him and said: "Shall we make it \$50,000?" But I obeyed orders, and \$16,000 was ordered to be paid.

Upon the receipt of the money, Page paid off the crew to May 19, 1865, and delivered the *Stonewall* into the hands of the Captain-General of Cuba. In July, 1865, she was delivered to the government of the United States, and the conditions of the surrender are set out in the annexed correspondence between the Spanish Minister at Washington and Mr. Seward, the United States Secretary of State. She was subsequently sold by the United States to the government of Japan.

#### TECHNICAL QUESTIONS.

It may be thought by those who are inclined to be severely critical that in the arrangements for despatching the *City of Richmond*, some liberty was taken with the municipal law of England, and that there was some violation of her neutral territory. Scarcely anyone, however, will maintain that the shipment of arms by the steamer was illegal; and the officers and men from Calais were unarmed in plain clothes, were not above an hour from English soil and merely passed across a minute portion of English territory as ordinary travellers. If it is possible to construe those movements as an offence, it cannot be said that Her Majesty's Government was in any degree chargeable with neglect because neither the customs nor the police authorities could have known of the purpose in advance, and could not therefore have made any arrangements to stop it, even if the state of the law would have justified interference.

At Calais, however, the conditions were wholly different. A Confederate man-of-war was lying at that port. She was in a dock near the railway station, and could be seen by every passenger en route from London to Paris in the daily mail trains. Officers in the Confederate uniform walked her quarter deck, the Confederate flag was hoisted and struck morning and evening, and all the routine and etiquette was preserved on board of her that is commonly practiced in national ships lying in the dockyards of their own countries. Her presence was permitted by the French authorities, and she was openly used as a depot ship, because no disguise was possible. Men were collected on board of her and afterwards distributed to the *Florida* and other vessels, as on previous occasions, and she was used in the same manner to supply the wants of the *Stonewall*. If there was any violation of French neutrality, it was done with the tacit consent of the Imperial authorities, and without greater concealment than is practiced in all well regulated business transactions. No information was asked, and none was offered.

The United States urgently pressed at Geneva the charge that Great Britain had been both lax in her neutral duties and partial towards the Confederate States, and commended the rigid exactness of France. The foregoing are some of the facts which may serve to illustrate the true attitude of those two neutral powers, and may help those who are still interested in the subject to determine the foundation upon which the "Alabama Claims" were based.

---

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, November 28, 1899]

## THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

### Details of the Mighty Conflict.

#### INTERESTING PAPER BY HON. JOHN LAMB READ BEFORE THE SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

#### Scouting in the Enemy's Lines—Underground Mail Route Described.

A valuable paper on the battle of Fredericksburg was read by the Honorable John Lamb at a recent meeting of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, Sons of Confederate Veterans, in pursuance of a custom now in vogue in the camp of having some battle of the war between the States discussed by one or more of its members each Monday night. The paper elicited much praise from those present, among whom were several of the delegates to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and Mr. Lamb was, by a unanimous vote, requested to present the MS. to the camp, and allow it to be published. The text of Mr. Lamb's discussion of this famous battle was as follows:

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE BATTLE.

The battle of Sharpsburg of the 16th and 17th of September, 1862, was over; the Army of Northern Virginia had recrossed the Potomac, and was camping upon its native soil in the Shenandoah Valley, where the commander-in-chief was trying to recuperate his forces. On the 25th of September, General Lee suggested to President Davis that the best move for his army to make was to advance upon Hagerstown and fall upon McClellan from that direction, saying: "I would not hesitate to make it even with our diminished forces did the army show its former temper and disposition."

Lee had hoped that McClellan would cross the Potomac and offer battle in the lower Shenandoah, but this overcautious commander was unwilling to try a third issue with the bold Confederate leader.

#### STUART GOT THE HORSES.

In order to engage McClellan's attention and gather a supply of fresh horses from the farmers of Pennsylvania, on the 10th of October Lee dispatched the gallant and raid-loving Stuart, with 1,800 horsemen, across the Potomac into Pennsylvania, and by noon of the 12th of October he again recrossed the Potomac, not only with a fresh supply of much-needed horses, but with full information as to McClellan's movements. This bold and daring ride so irritated and excited the Federal Government that it peremptorily ordered McClellan to choose a line of attack and move against Lee in Virginia. This meant the second cry, "On to Richmond!"

The experiences of the Federal forces in the great Valley, both in Virginia and Maryland, did not give them confidence to undertake a new campaign in that already famous region, and McClellan determined to draw Lee from the Valley by crossing to the east of the Blue Ridge and then following along its eastern foot. Crossing the Potomac on October 23d, McClellan successfully occupied, with detachments, the gaps of the Blue Ridge, and made demonstrations towards the Shenandoah, thus guarding his flanks as his army marched southward.

#### GENERAL LEE'S PLANS.

Lee at once comprehended this plan, and immediately sent Longstreet with the First corps to check the front of McClellan's advance. Jackson, with the Second corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, was left in the Shenandoah Valley to remain so long as he thought prudent. With his usual boldness, Lee did not hesitate to post the two wings of his army sixty miles apart in a straight line.

McClellan now occupied Pope's former position behind the Rappahannock, with fully 125,000 men—100,000 men holding the defences of Washington and 25,000 watching the Shenandoah in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry. Lee had less than 75,000 in the two corps of the Army of Northern Virginia and in his cavalry corps under Stuart, and, with this disparity of numbers, he was again to meet the great Army of the Potomac.

Not satisfied with the leadership of McClellan, Lincoln placed Burnside in command at Warrenton, and he at once hastened to execute an "on to Richmond," by way of Fredericksburg, thinking that by taking advantage of a shorter route he could reach the capital of the Confederacy without being intercepted by Lee; but when he attempted to force his advance towards Fredericksburg, the ever-watchful Stuart promptly reported his movements to Lee, who ordered Longstreet from Culpeper and placed him at Fredericksburg, across Burnside's track in a strong position on the south bank of the Rappahannock.

#### JACKSON'S MOVEMENTS.

Jackson, who had been busy in the Valley destroying the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and keeping the Federals in a state of uncertainty as to his whereabouts, with his usual promptness obeyed an order given him by Lee, and followed Longstreet to Fredericksburg. Making demonstrations at Chester and Thornton gaps, he misled those who were watching his movements by marching up the Valley to New Market, thence by Madison Courthouse to the vicinity of Orange Courthouse, and then by road to Fredericksburg.

Both Lee and Jackson would have much preferred to meet the new commander-in-chief of the Army of the Potomac near Richmond, possibly on the south side of the North Anna, where the topography of the country was more favorable for a complete victory; where Burnside would be further away from his stores, and be compelled to detach large bodies of men to protect his line of communication, but the Confederate authorities were wedded to a line of defensive operations, and were unwilling to permit the Federal army to approach so near to Richmond. Therefore, Lee, always obedient to superior orders, prepared to resist the further encroachment of the Federal forces upon Virginia soil. Wherefore, Lee immediately set to work and selected and hastily fortified a strong line of defence along the wooded terraces that overlooked the broad bottoms of the Rappahannock. Thousands of Lee's army were barefooted and destitute of clothing suitable for the rigors of early winter, and many were even without muskets; yet, Lee said, in a letter written at that time, that his army "was never in better health or better condition for battle than now." Having thus been prevented from carrying out his intentions, Burnside consumed much

time in mustering his 116,000 men and 350 pieces of artillery on the plateau north of the Rappahannock, and known as Stafford Heights, from which he could look down upon the historic town of Fredericksburg, which trembled in expectancy of destruction between these two powerful contending foes.

#### BURNSIDE WAS CONFIDENT.

While awaiting the development of Burnside's movements and watching the ways by which he might move to Richmond, Lee sent D. H. Hill's division of Jackson's corps to watch the crossing of the Rappahannock at Port Royal. Ewell's division, now commanded by Early, was in camp next to D. H. Hill's division, while the divisions of A. P. Hill and Taliaferro were placed near the railroad leading from Richmond, where they could move either to the aid of D. H. Hill or Longstreet, as the exigences of the occasion might demand. Jackson established himself near Guiney's Station, on a road which led both to A. P. Hill's headquarters and to the headquarters of General R. E. Lee—the latter being established on the old Telegraph road leading to Fredericksburg. Burnside issued twelve days' rations to his army, and confidently expected to make the next issue at Richmond. On the morning of the 11th of December, under the cover of a dense fog, Burnside attempted to throw a pontoon bridge across the Rappahannock opposite Fredericksburg, in order to permit Franklin's corps to cross the Rappahannock.

#### CROSSED IN THE NIGHT.

Barksdale's brigade of Mississippians was assigned the duty of defending the crossing of the Rappahannock in front of Fredericksburg. These brave and daring fighters well performed their duty, and shot down many of the Federal pontoon-builders, and frustrated nine successive attempts to lay the bridges. Burnside, becoming irritated and exasperated by the delay, turned loose his heavy guns, and soon the city of Fredericksburg was in flames and one body of infantry crossed the Rappahannock. But Barksdale's division of riflemen had snatched one day of anticipated victory from the overconfident Burnside. Under cover of the darkness of the night of the 11th of December, and assisted by the heavy winter fog of the next morning, about 45,000 infantrymen and 116 guns, under Franklin, crossed the pontoon bridges below Fredericksburg, and were spread a few miles along the line of the railroad towards Richmond,

while Sumner led 31,000 into Fredericksburg by the upper pontoon bridges.

As the fog lifted on the 12th of December and Lee looked out from the high hill in the centre of his position chosen by him for his headquarters, and saw this great host stretched for miles to his front and to his right in "brave battle array," he knew that the Federal commander had chosen the perilous plan of a direct attack. Lee had already made preparations to meet such an assault, and he promptly directed Jackson to concentrate his men on the right of the army and take command of the right wing. Our own gallant and beloved fellow-citizen; that brave soldier and patriot whom we all know and admire; that saintly man of God whom we see among us every day, the Rev. James P. Smith, D. D., of Jackson's staff, late in the evening rode eighteen miles to D. H. Hill's headquarters down the river. That able commander, by marching eighteen miles over the same rugged road that night, placed his men in position on Jackson's right by the dawn of the 13th; and, by doing this, Lee was ready to receive the assault before Burnside was ready to commence it.

#### THE CONFEDERATES CONCEALED.

Not informed as to the movements of Jackson's men, and supposing from the information he had gathered from the balloons sent up, that the greater portion of Lee's army was down the Rappahannock, Burnside attempted to turn Lee's right and secure the highway to Richmond and defeat him by a flank and rear attack. But a large forest concealed the Confederate right, and the Federal commander was greatly surprised, when he began the execution of his flanking movement with Franklin's Corps, to find Jackson in position at Hamilton's Crossing, and that A. P. Hill's 10,000 veterans were drawn up in double line, with fourteen pieces of field artillery on his right and thirty-three on his left; while Early's and Taliaferro's divisions were in order of battle in A. P. Hill's rear and D. H. Hill's division was in reserve. Stuart's cavalry were in advance of Jackson's right and played havoc on the Federal lines as they advanced.

Marye's Heights were crowded with batteries, while under them, in front, there was a thick fence. Franklin was ordered to begin the attack on the Confederate right. Under cover of a dense fog, he deployed 55,000 men on the plain in front of Jackson, and when the fog lifted, that chill December day, the Federal lines, infantry and artillery, were revealed "in battle's magnificently stern array." In



anticipation of the coming fray, Lee joined Jackson to witness the opening. Meade's division led Franklin's advance with nearly 5,000 men, forcing back Jackson's skirmishers. Stuart, watching Meade's forward movement, gave the onward marching host a raking enfilade with shot and shell from the gallant Pelham's guns. Recovering from this, however, Meade again charged, only to have his line shattered by Jackson's batteries, under Lindsay Walker, and his entire advance driven back before the Confederate infantry could fire a gun.

#### ATTACKED MARYE'S HEIGHTS.

Sumner, about the same time, had begun his attack with 400 big guns upon the Confederate batteries on Marye's Hill. Simultaneously, Burnside had hastened Hooker with two divisions down the river for the purpose of making an assault on Jackson at 1 o'clock. At the same time, also, he was ordering Sumner's troops to advance from the cover of the streets of Fredericksburg in the vain attempt to capture Marye's Hill. French's division of Sumner's corps led the advance towards Marye's Heights, and the head of these columns came into the Confederate view about 11 o'clock. The cannon from Marye's Hill gashed them in front; those from Stansbury's Hill raked them on their right, while those on Lee's Hill raked them on their left. But the brave Federal soldiers pressed forward towards the foot of Marye's Heights, only to be met by an enfilade of shot and shell from 2,000 riflemen of Georgia and North Carolina, under General Cobb, hidden from view by the stone fence. In this fierce assault 1,200 of these brave men fell dead. Hancock's men again made this assault in gallant style, but were met with a Confederate yell and by a sheet of infantry fire, which was reserved until they were within about 150 yards of the stone fence, when again 2,000 of Hancock's men were shot down. At 1 o'clock Howard's division attempted a third assault. Kershaw was now in command of the stone fence, and another gallant and heroic assault was made by the Federals. "On they came, determination written upon their faces; with double quick step they rushed towards the stone fence, bayonets drawn, ready to do or die;" but that stone wall was impregnable, and when within about 200 yards of the same, a withering sheet of musketry fire from the gallant Georgians and Carolinians caused a halt; they quivered, broke, and 700 more fell dead and dying. Sumner's corps of veteran soldiers had "dared and done all that brave men could do;" but they attempted that which no human

power could have accomplished. Thus, nine Confederate regiments not only unflinchingly held their position, but had piled the very front of it with heaps of Federal dead.

#### THE GRAND ASSAULT.

At the same hour of 1 in the afternoon, Burnside had ordered a grand assault of 60,000 men upon Jackson's right, thus hoping by a simultaneous right-hand and left-hand assault to break through Lee's right, and gain one of the two highways that led to Richmond. A. P. Hill's first line of battle was broken, but Jackson, promptly informed of this assault, rode headlong to his right, and hurling Early and Taliaferro upon the now forward-rushing Federals, drove back their division in great disorder.

Near the middle of the afternoon a fourth assault was made upon Marye's Heights. This met the same fate as the previous three, and 1,000 were soon added to the dead and dying already covering the foot of these heights.

Stung almost to madness, and chafing under his almost total defeat, Burnside, against the advice of Hooker, ordered a fifth assault upon Marye's Heights, but a fiery sheet of shot, shell, and musketry met them as they approached the stone fence, and another thousand fell in the same undertaking in which their predecessors had so significantly failed. The task imposed upon them was beyond the reach of human accomplishment; but we can only admire the bravery exhibited by these Federal soldiers in their heroic attempt to capture these Heights.

From three different army corps 30,000 men had been hurled against 7,000 Georgians and Carolinians, but had been successfully driven back, and their front strewn with nearly 9,000 dead and wounded, while not a Federal soldier had touched the wall, so bravely held.

#### FUTURE CONFLICT ABANDONED.

On the 15th, Burnside desired to renew his attack upon Lee's right, but he found all his subordinates bitterly opposed, and he abandoned the future conflict, and at the first opportunity, during a storm on that night, he recrossed the Rappahannock, leaving behind him nearly 13,000 dead and wounded. Lee's loss was about 5,000, mainly on his right, where Jackson had fought outside of his slight breastworks. Fifty thousand Federals had been actively engaged in opposition to 20,000 Confederates.

Lee had expected Burnside to renew the battle on the 14th, but this he did not do, and Jackson secured permission to attack the Federal left on the evening of the 14th. He and Stuart opened a fierce artillery fire on Franklin along the Richmond road, but Franklin's hundred field-cannon and heavy guns compelled an abandonment of the movement. Not satisfied with this, Jackson desired to make an assault with the bayonet after nightfall, but Lee would not permit this to be done. In a letter to President Davis on the 16th of December, Lee declared that he supposed Burnside was just commencing his attack and that he was saving his men for the conflict.

#### IN WINTER QUARTERS.

The Federal army went into winter quarters along the line of the railway from Fredericksburg to Aquia creek, with a base of supplies at that Potomac landing. Jackson established his headquarters at Moss Neck, near Fredericksburg, and Longstreet's corps occupied the vicinity of Banks's Ford, and the Second corps went into winter quarters in Caroline county.

Thus these two powerful contending armies, with their camp-fires in sight of each other, went into winter quarters and commenced the work of preparing for another trial of strength during the coming year.

Let us examine their respective conditions, opportunities, and advantages, as they lie inactive in their camps. One was fairly rioting in the luxuries of life, with the entire world from which they could gather their stores; with ample means to go into the markets of the world and purchase that which they needed, while the same money could, and did, purchase them new recruits, and caused the other not only to fight against the men of the North, but to meet face to face upon the battle-field an army composed of nearly every nationality under the sun; hunger to them was unknown; privations of any kind to them were rare, and there stood at their back a strong government ready, willing, and able to supply every demand made upon it.

#### THE OTHER PICTURE.

Examine the other picture. Want, in its most cruel shape, marched through and pervaded every tent upon that bivouac; hunger clustered around nearly every form; unshod, unclothed, and without cover, the Confederate soldiers faced the chilly blasts of that winter, while their only strength lay in their patriotic courage and

devotion to duty, love of country, thought of home, and a sincere belief in the righteousness of their cause—trusting in a Divine Providence, and daily renewing their strength by offering upon the wing of prayer to the throne of God, an humble supplication for the success of the cause and the protection of the dear ones they had left behind.

But the Confederate soldier was ever willing and ready to sacrifice his all for the sake of the land he loved; ever willing to face the dangers of the battlefield, or to suffer the privations of a soldier's life. Whether those dangers and privations appeared upon the lonely picket, or along the batteries' iron rain, or o'er the tiresome march, or across the front of the enemy's withering fire, he faltered not, but accepted them as his humble share and part in that mighty conflict, and faced every danger and bore each hardship with a heroism that can never be excelled, and a devotion to duty which should inspire all mankind.

#### THEY FEAR TO BE FORGOTTEN.

Such self-sacrifice should never be forgotten; such love of country should live forevermore, and such loyalty to principle should implant in us a deeper love and reverence for the cause said to be "lost," but in the losing of which we gave the world the highest example of true manhood; made heroism more than a name, and added new lustre and meaning to glory. But, my friends, the saddest thought in the life of every soldier, martyr, or patriot, is the fear that some day he shall be forgotten; that some day those who will follow after him will forget his name, and remember not his deeds.

We are told that this fear hastened the death of Napoleon Bonaparte, and caused him more mental anguish and suffering than his incarceration upon the island of St. Helena. The soldier of every army has feared it; the martyr in every noble cause has dreaded it; the Confederate soldier shivers at the thought to-day, and looks appealingly to the Sons of Veterans for aid and comfort.

Sad, indeed, is the thought, "some day I shall be forgotten." Beautiful, yet pathetic, is the description of this given us by the poet, Wilde:

" My life is like the summer rose,  
That opens to the morning sky,  
But ere the shades of evening close,  
Is scattered on the ground to die;

Yet on the rose's humble bed  
The sweetest dews of night are shed,  
As if she wept the waste to see;  
But none shall weep a tear for me.

"My life is like the autumn leaf,  
That trembles in the moon's pale ray,  
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,  
Restless and soon to pass away.  
Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade,  
The parent tree will mourn its shade,  
The winds bewail the leafless tree,  
But none shall breathe a sigh for me.

"My life is like prints which feet  
Have left on Tampa's desert strand—  
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,  
His track will vanish from the sand;  
Yet, as if grieving to efface  
All vestige of the human race,  
On that lone shore loud mourns the sea,  
But none shall ere lament for me."

God forbid that such should ever be true of even one of the soldiers of the Confederate army!

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, April 2, 1899]

## **SICK AND WOUNDED CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS AT HAGERSTOWN AND WILLIAMSPORT.**

---

### **OLD RECORD SENT TO GOVERNOR TYLER.**

---

**Dr. J. M. Gaines, the Surgeon in Charge, Wishes It Preserved to  
Posterity—List Contains Nearly Three Hundred Names.**

---

Governor Tyler has received from Dr. J. M. Gaines, of Hagerstown, Md., late surgeon 18th Virginia infantry, Garnett's brigade, Pickett's division, Longstreet's corps, Army of Northern Virginia, a complete list of the sick and wounded Confederate soldiers left at Williamsport, Pa., and Hagerstown, Md., after the battle of Gettysburg, from July 13 to August 12, 1863.

Dr. Gaines made the report of the number of inmates of these hospitals. By order of General Lee, he was left at Williamsport to care for the wounded of the Army of Northern Virginia. After the hospital was established in Hagerstown, Dr. Gaines was sent thither by the Federal authorities to care for his wounded comrades. He remained with the wounded and sick until most of them were sent North, chiefly to Chester, Pa. Dr. Gaines was sent to Chester, and had charge of the ward of the Confederate sick and wounded until they were sent to Point Lookout. Dr. Gaines was sent to Fort Delaware, and finally to Point Lookout, where he was allowed to attend a ward filled with sick and wounded Confederates. About December 12, 1863, he was sent to Washington and Fort Monroe by way of Baltimore, and was exchanged.

The rolls sent the Governor are the original copies, and were recently found by Dr. Gaines in his library at Hagerstown. He is a native of Virginia, having been born at Locust Hill, near Culpeper. He is very anxious that the Governor make such disposition of the rolls as will insure their preservation to posterity.

The list has never been published, and the *Dispatch* presents it below. It will be read with interest, not only by the men who took part in the great struggle at Gettysburg, when what has been termed

the "High-water Mark of the Rebellion" was reached, but by all old soldiers and by their children. The name, rank, regiment, date of wound, and date of death, if fatally ill or wounded, are given:

THE OLD RECORD.

Following is the list:

Private James Leeman, 3d Georgia regiment; wounded July 1st.

Private F. M. Sutton, 2d Mississippi regiment; wounded July 6th; died July 19th.

Sergeant W. M. Jones, 50th Georgia regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private S. W. Bloodworth, 21st Mississippi regiment.

Private J. E. Turner, 11th Virginia cavalry regiment; wounded July 5th; died July 26th.

Sergeant J. M. Duval, 11th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 1st.

Private Wright Smith, 10th Georgia regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private P. Shields, 62d Virginia regiment; wounded July 5th.

Private J. T. Bowman, 16th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 4th.

Private J. R. Proctor, 11th North Carolina regiment, wounded July 1st.

Private J. M. Barber, 3d Georgia regiment, wounded July 2d.

Private J. M. Whittington, 50th Georgia regiment; wounded July 2d.

Lieutenant J. Walker, 7th South Carolina regiment; wounded July 2d; died July 8th.

Private L. Foman, 1st South Carolina regiment; wounded July 2d; died July 11th.

Private Z. Henry, 5th Texas regiment, wounded July 5th; died July 11th.

Private E. Garnett, 11th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 5th; died July 11th.

Private N. C. Nelms, 21st Georgia regiment; wounded July 2d; died July 19th.

Private M. Harris, Cobb's Legion; wounded July 2d.

Private M. Maddox, 7th South Carolina regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private J. S. Henderson, 7th South Carolina regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private A. L. Thompson, 21st North Carolina regiment; wounded July 5th; died July 24th.

Private E. Zimmerman, 26th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 2d; died July 25th.

Private E. Simmons, 62d Virginia regiment; wounded July 5th.

Private J. McGehee, 10th Georgia regiment; wounded July 2d; died August 12th.

Sergeant T. C. Andrews, 53d Georgia regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private F. M. Tiderell, 53d Georgia regiment; wounded July 2d.

Lieutenant B. S. Elliott, 53d Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private J. S. Elliott, 53d Georgia regiment.

Private W. R. Shirley, 48th Georgia regiment, wounded July 2d; died July 18th.

Private W. E. H. Cain, 62d Virginia regiment; wounded July 2d; died July 17th.

Corporal B. J. Catlett, 55th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 14th.

Private J. H. Rowell, 42d Mississippi regiment; wounded July 14th; died August 1st.

Sergeant J. M. Harley, 42d Mississippi regiment; wounded July 14th.

Sergeant L. A. Moore, 11th Mississippi regiment; wounded July 14th.

Private W. R. Green, 55th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 14th.

Sergeant John Rice, 55th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 14th.

Private R. J. Little, 13th South Carolina regiment, wounded July 14th.

Corporal S. D. Bennett, 11th Georgia regiment, wounded July 10th.

Private W. T. Blackman, 12th South Carolina regiment; wounded July 14th.

Private G. W. Wilkins, 42d Mississippi regiment; wounded July 14th.

Private W. Blake, 12th South Carolina regiment; wounded July 14th.

Private J. J. Edwards, 55th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 14th; died August 9th.

Private R. H. Hale, 47th Virginia regiment; wounded July 14th.

Corporal J. Purcell, 55th Virginia regiment; wounded July 14th.

Sergeant C. B. Grey, 40th Virginia regiment, wounded July 14th.



Lieutenant A. R. Micou, 55th Virginia regiment; wounded July 14th.

Private W. J. Hart, 55th Virginia regiment; wounded July 14th.

Private W. W. Johnson, 42d Mississippi regiment; wounded July 14th.

Private G. T. W. Finch, 7th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 14th.

Sergeant S. T. Mabry, 2d Mississippi regiment; wounded July 14th.

Private C. Caufield, 11th Mississippi regiment; wounded July 14th.

Private W. H. Deazy, 55th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 14th.

Private J. L. Snellgrove, 55th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Sergeant M. H. Jernigan, 55th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private Bowen, 7th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private E. A. Evans, 8th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private W. Colley, 59th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private McGanghey, 9th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th; died August 9th.

Sergeant J. G. Greenwood, 11th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private J. S. Black, 11th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private W. J. Posey, 59th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th; died July 17th.

Private W. J. Shepherd, 11th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private H. C. Gates, 11th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private A. M. Lane, 7th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th; died July 21st.

Private W. A. Faver, 7th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private Sam Morgan, 24th Georgia regiment; wounded July 1st; died July 18th.

Captain J. P. Welsh, 27th Virginia regiment; wounded July 1st; died July 15th.

Private Samuel Gallop, 1st North Carolina regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private N. Bowen, 11th Georgia regiment; wounded July 2d; died July 18th.

- Private J. P. Barnard, 7th Louisiana regiment; wounded July 2d.
- Private W. A. Hall, 21st North Carolina regiment; wounded July 1st.
- Private P. R. Albright, 57th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 1st.
- Private W. Dunnovan, 6th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 1st.
- Private Daniel McDonald, 7th Louisiana regiment; wounded July 2d.
- Private James Cahill, 9th Louisiana regiment; wounded July 2d.
- Private A. M. Pleasant, 6th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 1st.
- Sergeant C. W. Garlic, 4th Virginia regiment; wounded July 3d.
- Sergeant J. E. Connell, 50th Georgia regiment; wounded July 2d.
- Captain W. A. Blankingship, 15th Virginia regiment; wounded July 2d.
- Lieutenant W. L. J. Corley, 25th Virginia regiment; wounded July 2d.
- Corporal J. M. Amos, 21st North Carolina regiment; wounded July 2d; died July 27th.
- Corporal Sidney Turner, 21st Virginia regiment; wounded July 3d.
- Private Henry Whitley, 1st North Carolina regiment; wounded July 2d; died July 17th.
- Private C. Leister, 31st Georgia regiment; wounded July 1st.
- Private William Watson, 61st Georgia regiment; wounded July 11th; died August 3d.
- Private J. D. Grey, 37th Virginia regiment; wounded July 3d; died August —.
- Sergeant T. J. Graves, 21st Georgia regiment; wounded July 2d, died July 22d.
- Sergeant George Hollowell, Alexandria artillery; wounded July 2d; died July 20th.
- Lieutenant J. E. Goolsby, 21st North Carolina regiment; wounded July 1st.
- Private Richard Kelly, 6th Louisiana regiment; wounded July 10th; died July 24th.
- Private J. Hinnant, 2d North Carolina regiment; wounded July 13th.
- Sergeant C. Belcher, 11th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.
- Private J. W. Cross, Washington artillery; wounded July 6th.

Private George Waterston, Washington artillery; wounded July 6th; died August 9th.

Private J. Myers, 6th Virginia cavalry; wounded July 6th.

Private W. W. Davis, Washington artillery; wounded July 6th.

Private Robert Bannister, Washington artillery; wounded July 6th.

Private George Humphrey, Washington artillery; wounded July 6th.

Private S. A. Badger, 26th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 1st.

Private James Lyon, 11th Mississippi regiment; wounded July 3d.

Private J. J. Jordan, 5th Alabama regiment; died July 29th.

Sergeant C. Craig, 11th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 1st.

Captain W. C. Coker, 8th South Carolina regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private J. W. Gorvee, 3d Georgia battalion; wounded July 2d.

Private Hugh Currain, 55th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 1st; died July 29th.

Captain G. M. Harris, 3d South Carolina regiment; wounded July 2d.

Sergeant W. A. Crum, 17th Mississippi regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private S. A. D. Smith, 7th Georgia regiment; wounded July 3d.

Corporal G. W. Cummings, 8th Virginia regiment; wounded July 3d.

Private W. F. Latta, 53d Georgia regiment; wounded July 11th.

Lieutenant A. A. King, 3d South Carolina regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private J. C. Lupton, 57th Virginia regiment; wounded July 13th.

Private W. R. Reeves, 15th Mississippi regiment; wounded July 4th; died July 19th.

Private W. Martin, 53d Georgia regiment; wounded July 3d; died July 16th.

Private Gay, 57th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 3d; died July 17th.

Private Reuben Gardner, 2d Virginia battalion, wound July 14th.

Private H. T. Vestal, 26th North Carolina regiment.

Private J. V. Vannoy, 1st Louisiana regiment.

Private J. Cain, 62d Virginia regiment.

Corporal E. J. Jewell, Washington artillery; wounded July 6th; died July 19th.

Private S. Stebbins, 32d North Carolina regiment; died July 17th.

Private Albert Smith, 50th Virginia regiment.

Private A. F. Haddon, 1st South Carolina regiment; wounded July 14th.

Private C. McClure, 11th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 14th.

Sergeant G. W. Gardner, 12th South Carolina regiment; wounded July 14th.

Private L. T. McKee, 42d Mississippi regiment.

Private F. A. Calhoun, 37th North Carolina regiment.

Private W. Dancy, 18th North Carolina regiment.

Private W. H. Crickman, 1st North Carolina regiment.

Corporal W. Wright, 11th Mississippi regiment; wounded July 14th; died July 17th.

Private A. P. Matthews, 11th Mississippi regiment; wounded July 14th; died July 17th.

Private F. C. Burney, 11th Mississippi regiment; wounded July 14th; died July 17th.

Lieutenant J. B. O'Neil, 3d South Carolina regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private A. P. York, 2d North Carolina cavalry, wounded July 3d.

Private J. W. McGlemmere, 12th Virginia regiment; wounded July 2d; died August 5th.

Private J. H. Williams, 11th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 1st.

Private J. S. South, 26th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 3d.

Private John Jones, 52d North Carolina regiment; wounded July 3d.

Private W. L. Gregory, 11th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 1st.

Private J. M. Yarborough, 5th Alabama regiment; wounded July 11th.

Lieutenant J. J. Leslie, 53d Georgia regiment; wounded July 11th; died July 22d.

Private D. J. Americk, 15th South Carolina regiment; wounded July 3; died July 22d.

Private H. W. Goforth, 14th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 13th.

Private J. J. McQuithy, 7th Louisiana regiment.

Private Levi Wacaster, 34th North Carolina regiment.

Private Thomas Connaway, 13th Alabama regiment; died August 5th.

Private S. J. Gamble, 3d Alabama regiment.

Private Schuyler Beverley, 31st Virginia regiment.

Private W. H. Gill, 1st Maryland regiment; wounded July 11th.

Sergeant W. A. Burney, 8th Georgia regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private C. M. Frail, 1st Maryland regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private J. C. Lake, 1st Maryland regiment; wounded July 2d.

Sergeant P. B. Holmes, 8th Georgia regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private A. B. Newcombe, 13th Virginia cavalry; wounded July 11th; died August 3d.

Private J. W. Wilson, 5th North Carolina cavalry; wounded July 10th; died July 29th.

Private J. J. Mayns, 11th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private Jesse McA. Tie, 59th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private A. L. Syrus, 34th Virginia cavalry; wounded July 6th.

Private S. Welsh, 59th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private J. S. Smith, 59th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private John M. Lewis, 59th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private John M. Wright, Hughes's artillery; wounded July 10th; died July 31st.

Private T. J. White, Moorman's artillery; wounded July 10th.

Private A. Leftwich, Moorman's artillery; wounded July 10th; died July 30th.

Private H. Whittey, 1st North Carolina regiment; wounded July 2d; died August 3d.

Lieutenant J. Elliott, 1st North Carolina cavalry; wounded July 10th; died July 28th.

Private G. S. King, 10th Virginia cavalry; wounded July 6th; died July 31st.

Lieutenant A. Cook, 1st Maryland cavalry.

Captain S. Thatcher, 11th Georgia regiment; wounded July 2d.

Lieutenant F. M. Bledsoe, 11th Georgia regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private A. S. Wilson, 1st Virginia cavalry troop; wounded July 5th.

Private C. H. Steele, 1st Maryland battalion; wounded July 3d.

Sergeant Thomas Blackistone, 1st Maryland battalion; wounded July 3; died August 1st.

Private W. H. Brannon, Stuart's artillery; wounded August, 1862.

Private W. H. Everett, 56th North Carolina regiment.

Private W. Swaincot, Stuart's artillery.

Private W. Hawley, 59th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private T. J. Bloodsworth, 21st Mississippi regiment.

Private P. P. Crowder, 38th North Carolina regiment.

Private J. T. Swint, 59th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private J. W. Reynolds, 59th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private A. B. Williams, 59th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private Joseph Cain, 59th Georgia regiment.

Private Simeon Willis, 59th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th; died August 1st.

Private D. M. Patterson, 45th North Carolina regiment; wounded June 19th.

Private J. E. Bradderberry, Cam. artillery.

Private M. Lettice, 10th Georgia regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private J. Vandevender, 62d Virginia; wounded July 5th; died August 2d.

Private L. R. Johnson, 26th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private E. W. Horn, 13th South Carolina regiment; wounded July 9th.

Private D. L. Wood, 24th Georgia regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private R. Bowen, 40th Virginia regiment; wounded July 14th.

Private D. H. Watts, 40th Virginia regiment; wounded July 14th.

Private W. Edwards, 47th North Carolina regiment; wounded July 14th.

Private W. L. Jackson, 37th Georgia regiment; wounded July 1st.

Private Mahooner, 11th Mississippi regiment, wounded July 3d.

Captain J. F. Mover, 2d South Carolina regiment, wounded July 2d, died July 27th.

Captain J. K. McIver, 8th South Carolina regiment; wounded July 2d.

Private J. Mitchell, 12th Alabama regiment; died July 30th.

Private A. Crews, 50th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Private J. F. Walters, 10th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th, died July 23d.

Private P. S. Snuggs, 51st Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Major J. M. Bradley, 13th Mississippi Regiment, wounded July 2d, died July 28th.

Captain A. J. Pulliam, 17th Georgia regiment; wounded July 2d.  
Captain E. J. Zane, 34th Virginia cavalry; wounded July 5th; died July 28th.

Colonel S. P. Lumpkin, 44th Georgia regiment; wounded July 1st.

Private W. F. Logan, 1st Virginia cavalry.

Lieutenant N. C. Hobbs, 1st Virginia cavalry; wounded July 10th.

Captain W. B. Haygood, 44th Georgia regiment; wounded July 1st.

Private C. C. Mims, 5th Alabama regiment.

Private J. H. Bassett, 11th Mississippi regiment; wounded July 3d.

Private W. H. Stiff, 55th Virginia regiment; wounded July 1st.

Major H. D. McDaniel, 11th Georgia regiment; wounded July 10th.

Captain Frank Bond, 1st Maryland cavalry; wounded July 6th.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, of September 24th, November 12th, December 3d, and December 24th, 1899.]

## THE MONUMENT TO MOSBY'S MEN.

Who Whilst Prisoners of War were Executed September 23, 1864, at Front Royal, Va.

### CEREMONIES OF THE UNVEILING OF, SEPTEMBER 23, 1899,

With the Addresses by Honorable A. E. Richards, ex-Major Mosby's Battalion, and by Honorable R. H. Downing—With Further Statements by Colonel John S. Mosby and by Major Richards as to the Responsibility for the Atrocity.

The reunion of Mosby's men at Front Royal, September 23, 1899, was in every respect one of the most satisfactory events of the kind that ever occurred. The special event to be celebrated was the unveiling of a monument to six of Mosby's men, who, while prisoners of war, had been shot or hung in the streets of Front Royal by the Federal troops on the 23d September, 1864, and to another Mosby man, A. C. Willis, who was soon after hung by Colonel Powell, U. S. A., in Rappahannock county, Va. A goodly number of old Confederates came in last night and this morning early by railroad

and country vehicles, and old soldiers and people poured into the town. The occasion was one which touched the heart of the people and all showed it.

At noon there was a meeting of Mosby's men and the number registered and present were about one hundred and fifty. At one o'clock a dinner prepared by the Ladies' Warren Memorial Association and the William Richardson Camp was spread before the Veterans under the shade of spreading trees, and a profuse and elegant repast it was.

#### LINE OF MARCH.

At two o'clock the line of march was formed. Two of their bands enlivened the steps of Mosby's men and two other Confederate Veteran Camps, who marched up to the cemetery where, on a beautiful, conspicuous, and most appropriate place, the monument to the martyrs had been placed.

The place was crowded, and it was estimated that from 3,000 to 5,000 were present. The services were opened by prayer by the Rev. Syd. Ferguson, a distinguished member of Mosby's command, who fervently invoked all blessings on his comrades and their beloved commander.

Judge Giles Cook presided, and in a most appropriate address introduced the speakers and announced the programme.

Judge A. E. Richards, formerly major of Mosby's battalion and now a distinguished lawyer of Louisville, Ky., was then introduced, and held his audience with rapt attention.

#### THE UNVEILING.

Judge Richards' address was interrupted by frequent bursts of applause. When Major Richards finished, the red and white covering which hid the monument was drawn away by two beautiful little girls, the one the granddaughter of Captain Anderson, and the other the great-grand niece of Private Rhodes, both of whom, on that very day thirty-five years before, had been murdered in the streets of Front Royal.

Judge Cook then introduced the Hon. Henry H. Downing.

Mr. Downing's speech was most cordially received. He went to the hearts of his hearers. When Mr. Downing had finished, Captain Frank W. Cunningham was called upon to sing, and he rendered "Shall we meet beyond the river."



General William H. Payne was introduced and made a most charming address, in which he beautifully eulogized Colonel Mosby, to the delight of the veterans.

#### LAUREL WREATHS.

Then thirteen ladies of the Ladies' Auxiliary Committee of the Ladies' Warren Memorial Association, formed around the base of the monument and deposited there thirteen laurel wreaths, representing the thirteen Southern States; and it was while this was being done that Captain Frank W. Cunningham rendered the beautiful song.

The Winchester band then played Dixie, after which the drum corps struck up, and the vast audience dispersed after having witnessed one of the most impressive services ever held here.

#### ANNUAL REUNION.

After the services at the monument were over, Mosby's men met at their headquarters and selected the old officers: Lieutenant Ben. Palmer, Commander; Private John H. Alexander, Lieutenant-Commander; and Rev. Syd. Ferguson, Chaplain. They passed resolutions of thanks to the ladies and veteran camp at Front Royal for their entertainment, and ordered a telegram to be sent Colonel Mosby regretting his absence and renewing their assurance of love and admiration for him.

The Camp also endorsed the action of the committee in locating the monument where it is, and thanked them for their labors.

The next reunion was voted to be at Fairfax Courthouse.

Altogether it was a delightful occasion. Among those present, besides Major Richards and General Payne, were Captain S. F. Chapman, who commanded the Confederates at Front Royal when the men were captured who were hung and shot; Captain Fountain Beattie, Captain Joseph Nelson, Lieutenant Frank Rahm, Lieutenant Ben. Palmer, Lieutenant John Page, and Colonel Thomas Smith, of Warrenton.

#### THE MONUMENT.

The monument is twenty-five feet high, with a base, five feet square, of rough granite, with the names of Carter, Overby, Love, Jones, Willis, Rhodes and Anderson inscribed on the base, and stars and epaulettes inscribed on the side, and is a beautiful work of art.

Among the visiting camps were the Jeb Stuart Camp, No. 36, commanded by Colonel T. D. Gold, of Berryville; Stover Camp, No. 20, from Strasburg, Va., Captain R. D. Funkhouser, commander; Turner Ashby Camp, Winchester, Va., Lieutenant Hottell, commander; and the William Richardson Camp, of this place, commander, Colonel Giles Cook, Jr. These camps were well represented, and made a fine appearance.

#### MOSBY'S MEN.

Major Richard's address told graphically of the daring deeds of Mosby's men and the tragedy that sacrificed the lives of the seven noble spirits who were commemorated to-day. It was as follows:

#### MAJOR A. E. RICHARDS' ADDRESS.

During the war between the States there was organized as a part of the Confederate army the 43d Virginia battalion of cavalry, familiarly known as "Mosby's command." It had for its base of operations the counties of Loudoun and Fauquier. During the latter portion of the war that section was almost entirely surrounded by the Federal armies. The lines of the enemy could be reached in almost any direction in less than a day's ride. There was only one avenue of communication opened between them and the armies of the South, and that was along the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge mountains. Such were the surroundings on the 23d of September, 1864.

On that day a force of not exceeding eighty men, all told, under the command of Captain Samuel F. Chapman, started to the Valley of Virginia in search of the enemy. They bivouacked for the night only a few miles from this beautiful city. Before the break of day its commander, with two companions, rode up the Luray Valley to see what the Federal cavalry were doing. While overlooking their camp he saw an ambulance train, escorted by some one hundred and fifty men, move out towards Front Royal. He at once determined to attack them, not knowing there was any other command to follow. Galloping back to his men he soon made a disposition of his forces with a view to attack simultaneously in front and rear.

Just as the sun was peeping over the peaks of the Blue Ridge mountain the charge was made. The enemy were driven back upon their reserve, when Chapman found that he was fighting the whole of Sheridan's cavalry. It was the command of Major-General Torbert returning from the Luray Valley, composed of two divisions,

embracing five brigades. So soon as Chapman discovered the strength of the enemy, he attempted to recall his men. They were flushed with the victory of their first onset, and hesitatingly obeyed the order of their commander to retreat. But they soon realized the necessity of the movement, and alternately charging and retreating, pressed on all sides by overwhelming numbers, they made their way back to the foot of the mountain where they found a detachment of the 2d United States regulars, under command of Lieutenant McMaster, directly across their path. Clustering together for a final rally they charged through this obstacle, killing a number of the Federals, among them the officer in command. In these various encounters six of Chapman's men were unhorsed and captured. After the fight was ended four of them were shot, and two were hung, with a label pinned upon them bearing the ominous words, "Such is the fate of all of Mosby's men."

#### NOT CUSTER.

It was then thought that this was done by the order of General George A. Custer, as the citizens reported he was seen at the time passing through the streets of the town; but from the disclosures in the official record of the war, we are of the opinion that he had nothing to do with it. Both General Torbert, the commander-in-chief of the cavalry, and General Merritt, the division commander, report that it was the reserve brigade of Merritt's division that was engaged in the fight. The records show that this brigade was commanded by Colonel C. R. Lowell, Jr., and was composed of the 2d Massachusetts, the 1st, 2d and 5th United States regular cavalry. We also find the official record of Colonel Lowell's report of the engagement, while it is not mentioned in any of Custer's reports. It was Lowell's brigade that was engaged in the fight. The officer and men who were killed on the Federal side were members of his brigade. He was personally in command at the time, and we may reasonably conclude that it was under his immediate supervision, and not Custer's, that our men were executed. Neither Colonel Lowell, nor General Merritt, nor General Torbert, in reporting the engagement, mention the fact that our men were executed after they surrendered, but content themselves with the statement that they were killed.

In less than three weeks thereafter Colonel William H. Powell, commanding a brigade of Federal cavalry, crossed the mountains

into Rappahannock county. A detail of Mosby's men were at the same time escorting some Federal prisoners to Richmond, when they encountered Colonel Powell's command. One of them, A. C. Willis, was captured. Under the order of Colonel Powell, he was hung on the following day.

#### EACH A HERO.

Be it said to the credit of American manhood, that there was not one of the seven but who met his fate with the calm courage of a hero. Even he, from around whose neck the loving arms of a mother were unclasped that he might be led to his execution, never faltered in his patriotism, nor trembled as he faced his martyrdom. This monument is to be unveiled in memory of those men who were thus executed as common criminals. The history of the world scarcely recalls a parallel. We had gallant men and officers—scores of them—who fell in the thickest of the fight, and yet we have erected no monument to them; but it is to the memory of these men who suffered martyrdom, that the survivors of Mosby's command are gathered to do honor to-day.

“ It is grand to die in battle  
Serenaded by the rattle  
Of the hissing shot and shell;  
While the flag rent half asunder  
Gleams above the sullen thunder,  
Sounding ceaselessly thereunder—  
Ah! to die like this is well:  
Yet, how terrible to meet him,  
When with shackled hands we greet him,  
With no weapon to defeat him—  
Such the ending that befell,  
Those whose names we breathe again—  
Martyrs, seven of Mosby's men.

#### DEEDS OF MOSBY'S MEN.

But why were they thus made to suffer? Was their execution the result of sudden heat, or of some fixed policy determined upon by the Federal commanders for the extermination of Mosby's men? There was nothing in the personnel of the command that required such cruel measures. They were the young men of the South, educated and reared as are the young Virginians of to-day. They had never tortured or executed their prisoners. We must then look in

another direction for the causes that culminated in this terrible tragedy. What had they been doing that made the extermination of their command justifiable in the eyes of their opponents?

We find that they had first attracted the attention of the whole country by penetrating to the heart of the Federal army and capturing its General with his staff, and carrying them off as prisoners of war; they had fought beneath the very guns that protected the Federal Capitol; that they had crossed the Potomac into Maryland, and celebrated the 4th of July by the victory at Point of Rocks; that when Sheridan was driving Early up the Valley of Virginia, they had constantly raided his line of communications and captured his outposts. We find from the records of the war that it required as many men to protect, from Mosby's attacks, the lines of communication from Fredericksburg to Washington, from Washington to Harper's Ferry, from Harper's Ferry to Winchester and Strasburg, as General Sheridan had employed in fighting Early's army in his front.

#### UNSUCCESSFUL PLAN.

We learn from these same records that the Federal government had mapped out a plan of campaign that contemplated driving the Confederates up the Valley of Virginia, then repairing the railroad from Strasburg through Front Royal to Washington, so that the victorious troops of Sheridan could be quickly transferred to co-operate with Grant whenever he should be ready to make his final assault upon the Confederate Capitol. It was a great and comprehensive plan, and, if it could have been carried out, would have resulted in the downfall of the Confederacy before the snows of winter had again descended. Until the publication of these official records we never fully appreciated the part Mosby's cavalry played in destroying these plans; we never knew the connection between the execution of our comrades and the great military movements around us. What then seemed to us but the crime of an individual officer reeking vengeance upon his helpless captives before the excitement of the battle had worn away, we now know to have been in strict compliance with an official order from the commanding general of the Federal armies. If it were not for the revelations of these records, the survivors of the command to which the men who lie buried here once belonged might hesitate, in speaking to this generation, to connect the deeds of their dead comrades with the defeat of these great military plans. But the history of those times is so

written by both friend and foe. We find the pages of that history, both immediately before this tragedy and immediately thereafter, filled with dispatches that recount the deeds of Mosby's men in connection with the movements of the armies. They are from Generals Stephenson and Augur and Averill and Torbert and Sheridan and Grant and Halleck, and even from Stanton, the Secretary of War.

We find General Stephenson telegraphing that he cannot send subsistence to the army in front without a guard of one thousand infantry and five hundred cavalry for every two hundred wagons, and that escorts with dispatches had to cut their way through and often lost half their men; we find the commandant at Martinsburg telegraphing that scouts with dispatches report they cannot get through to Sheridan because driven back by Mosby's men; we find Secretary Stanton complaining of a lack of information from Sheridan of his movements, who in reply excuses himself by saying: "I have been unable to communicate more fully on account of the operations of guerrillas in my rear;" we find Secretary Stanton telegraphing to General Grant that in order to re-open this railroad to Manassas, which was to prove so important a factor in their campaign, it would be necessary "to clean out Mosby's gang of robbers, who have so long infested that district of country; and I respectfully suggest that Sheridan's cavalry should be required to accomplish this object before it is sent elsewhere. The two small regiments (13th and 16th New York), under General Augur have been so often cut up by Mosby's band that they are cowed and useless for that purpose."

#### THE FATEFUL ORDER.

But what were the immediate events that led to the issuing of that order for the execution of Mosby's men? It seems that the movements of this little band of cavalry had become so important as to be the subject of almost daily bulletins from army headquarters. On August 9th, 1864, Sheridan telegraphed: "Have heard nothing from Mosby to-day;" but before the day closes Colonel Lazelle reports a detachment of his cavalry attacked and routed. On August 11th, General Weber reports: "Mosby's command between Sheridan and Harper's Ferry;" and on the 12th, Sheridan sends the Illinois cavalry to Loudoun with instructions "to exterminate as many of Mosby's gang as they can." On the 13th occurred the memorable battle of Berryville, where Mosby with three hundred cavalry and three small howitzers attacked an equal number of the enemy's cav-

alry and brigade of three regiments of infantry, three thousand men in all, under command of Brigadier-General John R. Kenley, dispersed the cavalry, rode rough shod over the infantry, captured the entire wagon-train they were escorting, unhitched and drove away the teams, burned the wagons, captured as many prisoners as he had men, and killed and wounded a number of the enemy. Although the loss of this train caused General Sheridan to fall back from his advanced position, he failed to report the extent of the disaster to his superiors. Nevertheless the Secretary of War heard of it through other sources, and wired him on August 19th, asking if it were true. General Grant also heard of it, and on August 16th he sends the fatal order to Sheridan which closes with this ominous command, "When any of Mosby's men are caught, hang them without trial."

Then came the tragedy on the streets of Front Royal.

#### THEY WERE KNIGHTS.

Why should the members of the 43d Virginia battalion have been singled out as the victims of such a cruel order? Their mode of warfare did not depart from that of a civilized nation, the prisoners captured by them, had always been humanely treated, their men wore the same uniforms that covered the breasts of Stonewall Jackson's veterans; their officers were commissioned by the same government as those who at the command of the matchless Lee stormed the heights of Gettysburg; they fought under the same battle flag as waived o'er the plume of Jeb Stuart, the embodiment of chivalric honor. And yet, although captured in a gallant charge of less than one hundred against ten thousand, they were executed solely because they were members of Mosby's command.

Other executions, no doubt, would have quickly followed, had not our commander, with the approval of General Robert E. Lee, and the Confederate Secretary of War, retaliated by the execution of a like number of Federal prisoners, who were hung on the Valley Turnpike, Sheridan's highway of travel. An officer was immediately sent with a flag of truce, bearing a letter from Mosby to Sheridan, informing him that his men had been executed in retaliation for those of our command, but that thereafter, his prisoners would be treated with the kindness due to their condition, unless some new act of barbarity should compel him reluctantly to adopt a course repulsive to humanity. Thus did we then, with the approval of General Lee and the Confederate government, register our protest against the execu-

tion of these—our unfortunate comrades. It proved a most successful protest. The order to execute Mosby's men was from that day a dead letter on the files of the war department.

It is not with pleasure we recall these terrible tragedies; it is only because justice to the memory of our fallen comrades demands that these events should be truthfully recorded. As we look back upon them through the dim vista of thirty-five years, they seem to us but the shadow of a frightful dream. The prominent actors in them have nearly all passed away. Colonel Lowell himself was killed the succeeding October, gallantly charging a Confederate battery. General Custer, a witness of the tragedy, was himself massacred by Indians, though not until in his last rally he displayed a heroism of which every American is proud. And Grant, too, has passed away, but he lived long enough to know personally our gallant commander, who won his admiration and undying friendship. There is not to-day a surviving member of Mosby's command who would not gladly place a wreath upon the tomb of Grant.

#### PEACE REIGNS.

Let it not be supposed that we desire to re-kindle the passions of sectional strife. There is no longer any bitterness between the soldiers of the North and the soldiers of the South. Whatever of prejudice may have been engendered between the two sections while the war lasted has ceased to exist. When the Confederate soldiers surrendered their arms and accepted their paroles, they became in good faith citizens of the United States. They turned their hands from the implements of war to the implements of peace. They devoted their energies to the building of their country that had been laid waste by the contending armies. They cultivated their fields; they developed their country's resources; extended her railroads; erected factories; built up her educational and financial institutions, until the whole country is justly proud of our Southland. And in turn, the Southerner of to-day proudly unites with his brother of the North in proclaiming Webster's glorious words: "OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY."

Our patriotism has long since refused to recognize any sectional lines. It is gratifying to know, by the statement emanating from the office of the Adjutant-General of the Army, that during the recent war with Spain, the South furnished more volunteers in proportion to its population than any other part of the country. And



who was the central figure around which all chivalrous sentiment first rallied but our own General Fitz Lee? Who was it emerged from the fierce conflict of battle as the real hero of Santiago but "Fighting Joe Wheeler of the South"? But, above all, it is most appropriate that we should to-day recall the fact that the gallant officer of Mosby's command who led the charge against the Federal forces, when these men fell in the streets of Front Royal thirty-five years ago, was himself, during the war, a commissioned officer in the army of the United States; and there was not one who bore his commission with more honor, with more patriotism, with more devotion to his country's flag, than did our own comrade, Captain Sam Chapman.

#### A UNITED COUNTRY.

Therefore, we want it known that in recalling the scenes which occasioned the erection of this monument, we do not in the least abate our patriotism, nor do we surrender in the least our claim to our country and our country's flag. It is our country, reunited. Its people are reunited by ties more lasting than ever bound them heretofore; they are reunited by the ties of commerce; they are reunited by the marriage and intermarriage of our sons and daughters; they are reunited in our legislative halls, where the statesmen of the North, together with the statesmen of the South, make the nation's laws. And wherever our flag floats, whether upon the land or upon the sea, "it bears the stars of the South as well as the stars of the North."

When we reflect upon the present, we cannot but exclaim how changed is all this since the deeds we commemorate to-day were enacted. It is true the same skies are above our heads; the same mountains lift their blue peaks around us; the same beautiful river flows at our feet day by day, and reflects the stars of heaven by night. But all else have altered. You hear no more the roar of the cannon from Fisher's Hill and the heights of Strasburg. The bugle call and clashing sabres of contending horsemen no longer disturb your morning devotions. The smoke and conflagration of battle have been wafted away on the wings of time. And this beautiful valley, every foot of whose soil has been made sacred by the stirring deeds of her sons, is smiling to day in peaceful prosperity,

"While Love like a bird is singing  
From out of the cannon's mouth."

Thus, indeed, has time made a fit setting of harmonious surroundings amid which we are to pay this tribute to our comrades. It cannot be better pictured than in the language of one of Kentucky's sweetest poets—

"Patriotic sons of patriotic mothers,  
Banded in one band as brothers,  
One task only of all others  
Calls us here to meet again:  
Calls us 'neath the blue of heaven,  
Here to praise and honor seven,  
Heroes, martyrs—Mosby's men.

"Lit by Memory's sunset tender,  
See! their names shine out in splendor,  
Each our Southland's staunch defender,  
Minstrel's song and poet's pen,  
Sing, write and tell their story,  
They, who passed through death to glory—  
Heroes, martyrs—Mosby's men.

"Rise, oh shaft, and tell the story,  
Of our comrades, it was Glory,  
And not Death that claimed its own:  
While with tears, our eyes grow dimmer,  
We beheld their names glimmer  
On thy consecrated stone.

"Rise! while prayers and music blending,  
Greet thee as some soul ascending,  
Where life's smiles and tears have ending,  
Close beside the shining throne.  
Rise! the cry goes up again—  
Love's last gift for Mosby's men.

Ladies of the Warren Memorial Association, permit me, in conclusion, to address a few words to you in behalf of my comrades. The survivors of Mosby's command are few, indeed. Their ranks, sadly thinned in battle, have been still more depleted by the ravages of time. Those of us who were but boys during that war, are now, as you see, gray-haired old men. Though some of us have been spared to erect this monument, the last of us will soon have passed away, and to the care of others we must commit this shaft. It is to your loving hands and hearts we would entrust it.

Through all our conflicts on the battle-field, through all the trials and disasters of our defeat, through all the glorious upbuilding of our country, the loving patriotism exemplified by the women of the

South has been our guiding star. It is, then, with an abiding confidence that we entrust this monument to your gentle keeping. To us it is a consecrated column—a voice from the storied past, to future generations, may it prove a silent reminder that “It is sweet and honorable to die for one’s country.”

#### MONUMENT ACCEPTED.

Honorable H. H. Downing was chosen to accept the monument on behalf of the Warren Memorial Association. Mr. Downing spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—I know not why the ladies of the Memorial Association have asked me in preference to my more eloquent brethren to receive for them this beautiful monument, unless it is I was a boy in Mosby’s Confederacy, and that the lost cause had my heart and but for my tender years should have had my hand. Those of us who lived in the counties of Fauquier and Loudoun, during that memorable struggle, saw more of Mosby and his men than we did of any other part of the Confederate army, and the greatest compliment I can pay them is to say that they were as much loved by us as they were feared by our enemies.

Mosby himself was no ordinary man; he possessed all the courage of Julius Cæsar and the promptness of Stonewall Jackson, and the justice of that great jurist, John Marshall, towards both foe and friend, but when occasion required he did not hesitate to enforce the Mosaic law.

#### MOSBY AN IDOL.

From the time that he distinguished himself as a Confederate scout to the close of his military career, he had the confidence and praise of those highest in authority, and was the idol of those who knew him best. His men were of the same material, and together they performed a part in our unequal struggle unsurpassed of its kind, and which will read more like romance than history.

The occasion which brings us together to-day is one of no ordinary interest. Within the memory of many now present one section of this great country was arrayed in solid phalanx against the other, and literally brother’s hand was raised against brother. Then we had war with all of its concomitant horrors. To-day we look upon a reunited people and over a landscape smiling with peace and plenty. Thirty-five years ago to-day, from this eminence, you might have seen six unarmed and defenceless men executed in blood by the

order or connivance of a major-general in the Union army To-day their comrades in arms have assembled as patriotic citizens to unveil this shaft, which has been erected as a token of their love and respect for the memory of those whose names it bears, forgetting as they once swore "vengeance shall be mine."

#### CONFEDERATE DAUGHTERS.

To-day representatives of the fair daughters of the South who followed the varying fortunes of the Confederacy with their blessings, their smiles and their sacrifices, are here to receive from your hands this testimony of your love for those "whose tents are spread on fame's eternal camping ground."

The good book says it is more blessed to give than to receive, but in this instance, at least, I am persuaded it is blessed both to give and receive. For while the splendid courage of the half-clad and half-fed Confederate soldier challenges the admiration of the world, the conduct of our brave women was fully as self-sacrificing and as heroic. Where is the instance when a Southern woman ever betrayed the South? In the midst of battle they were our Florence Nightingales. In the hospitals they were our ministering angels; and when sweet peace returned to our land, it was these same constant, loyal, devoted women who gathered together the bones of those who had fallen in battle and gave them Christian burial.

Those of you who have erected this monument cannot feel a livelier interest in all the hallowed associations and sentiments surrounding it than those who have agreed to take it into their charge and keeping. The acceptance of this work of art on the part of these ladies carries with it a far higher duty than that care and attention which a hired servant might bestow. In what I shall say in this connection, it is not my purport to open afresh wounds long since healed. We have peace, we have union; and God grant both may abide with us for all time. But we cannot gaze upon that shaft without remembering that the cause of those whom it commemorates was as firm a conviction of right as these everlasting hills upon which it stands, and in their sight and in ours, as pure and as holy as that heaven to which its apex points. Were it otherwise, these ceremonies, indeed, a hollow mockery. It shall be the duty of those of us who remember the rise and fall of the Southern Confederacy to teach this truth to succeeding generations.

## THE OLD SOUTH.

Recently a great deal has been written about the New South; to my mind this term is somewhat ambiguous. If its authors intend to convey the idea that since 1865 the Confederate soldier has been succeeded by a new race—a race with different thoughts and different sentiment from those who wore the gray, and that our heroes are apologizing and begging for forgiveness for the part they took in the conflict between the States, and that all of our posterity has come from this alien race—then I for one must protest at such a perversion of history and truth.

I have no more use for such a New South than I have for the so-called new woman.

If, on the other hand, these writers, when they speak of the Southern Confederacy as the New South, mean that our boys accepted the surrender at Appomattox in good faith, and that when Lee, that grandest of our great men, sheathed his sword at Appomattox, that they returned home and beat their implements of war into plowshares and pruning hooks, and that all, even those who had never known aught save luxury, they and their wives, their sons and their daughters, worked as man never worked before, obeying the laws of their country and administering the same as soon as they were permitted to do so, then I would pronounce a long and a loud "Amen."

## THE OLD CONFEDERATES.

Who since the war have been our legislators, our judges, our juries, our merchants, our mechanics, our miners, our ministers. These have chiefly been the old Confeds. It may be they were maimed and disfigured, but their hearts and their minds were all right, and with their one arm and their one leg they worked mightily for the upbuilding of the South. We have never been able to pension them with aught save our love, and for God's sake do not permit them to be robbed of that honor which they and they alone have so worthily won.

In honoring the dead we must not forget the living. I see before me a thin line of Confederate Veterans, men who have faced death a hundred times for their country and for us; year by year another and another of these will fall out of ranks "and pass over the river to rest under the shade of the trees," until finally when the earthly roll shall be called there will be no one to answer, unless

some of those who succeed these heroes shall, as they will, step to the front and report that they are all absent, but accounted for in the remembrance of a grateful country.

I look at the faces of living heroes, and to-day in this presence I can and will promise for the succeeding generation that our greatest pride shall be in your achievements, and that your memories shall be as sacred as our honor. This shaft, as it were, be another covenant between thee and thy people. That your cause was just, that Spartan like, you bore your part, and that peace must be unto your ashes. In closing these remarks I know of no better words than to adopt the language of your commander-in-chief, Mr. Jefferson Davis:

"In asserting the right of secession it has not been my wish to incite to its exercise. I recognize the fact that the war showed it to be impracticable. But this did not prove it to be wrong, and now that it may not be again attempted, and that the Union may promote the general welfare, it is needful that the truth and the whole truth should be known, so that crimination and recrimination may forever cease, and then upon the basis of fraternity and a faithful regard for the rights of the States there may be written upon the arch of the Union '*Est Perpetuus.*'"

---

COMMUNICATION FROM COLONEL JOHN S. MOSBY.

*Editor of the Times:*

SIR—In his address at the unveiling of the monument at Front Royal to the seven men of my command who were hung and shot in the Shenandoah campaign in 1864, when they were prisoners of war, Major Richards says: "We now know it to have been in strict compliance with an official order from the commanding general of the Federal armies;" and he quotes in proof of it the last line of the following dispatch from General Grant, who was in front of Petersburg, to Sheridan, who was 200 miles away:

CITY POINT, August 16th, 1864—1.30 P. M.

(Received at 6.30 A. M. 17th.)

MAJOR-GENERAL SHERIDAN,

*Commanding, &c., Winchester, Va.*

\* \* The families of most of Mosby's men are known and can be collected. I think they should be taken and kept at Fort Mc-

Henry, or some secure place as hostages for the good conduct of Mosby and his men. Where any of Mosby's men are caught, hang them without trial.

U. S. GRANT,

*Lieutenant-General.*

As Harper's Ferry was the nearest telegraph station this dispatch must have been forwarded by a cavalry escort to Sheridan, who was 50 miles up the Valley at Cedar Creek. Early was three miles further south in line of battle at Fisher's Hill. Grant's instructions were—"Bear in mind—the object is to drive the enemy south; and to do this you want to keep him always in sight." The real objective point at which Grant aimed was Lee's lines of supply. Their destruction meant the fall of Richmond. Of the same date (16th) as Grant's dispatch above quoted is one from Sheridan to Halleck, at Washington, saying: "Nothing from General Grant later than 12th." At 7:30 A. M. on the 13th, Sheridan had written Grant—"I was unable to get south of Early, but will push him up the Valley"—and at 10 P. M. the same day he sent Grant another dispatch, saying: "Mosby attacked the rear of my train this morning en route here from Harper's Ferry and burned six wagons." This dispatch was not received until the 16th, and no doubt was the cause of the one sent by Grant of that date, which Sheridan did not receive until the 17th. He had been waiting at Cedar Creek for his supply trains. After hearing of the attack on the train at Berryville there is a sudden change in the confident tone of his dispatches and he had evidently become demoralized. Although on the 12th he had declared his intention to push Early up the Valley, yet on the 14th he says to Halleck—"I have taken up for the present the line of Cedar Run, but will at my leisure take position at Winchester. This line cannot be held, nor can I supply my command beyond that point with the ten days' rations with which I started. I expected to get far enough up the Valley to accomplish my objects and then quickly return." But Grant's instructions did not contemplate his return. Although Grant had ordered him to drive the enemy south and to keep in sight of him, he quietly retreated on the night of the 16th, and did not stop until he got to Halltown near Harper's Ferry, where he had taken command two weeks before. The *Times* of January 27th, 1895, published a review by me of the Shenandoah campaign. The following is an extract:

"During the time that Sheridan was in the Shenandoah Valley,

this (my) partisan corps was the only Confederate force that operated in his rear, or in Northern Virginia east of the Blue Ridge. Sheridan affected to call us guerillas, but never defined what he meant by the term."

Sheridan to Grant: Berryville, Va., August 17, 1864—(9 P. M.)

\* \* \* "Mosby has annoyed me and captured a few wagons. We hung one and shot six of his men yesterday."

Two days before this I had sent three hundred of his men prisoners to Richmond.

Again, August 19th, Sheridan to Grant:

"Guerrillas give me great annoyance, but I am quietly disposing of numbers of them."

Everybody will understand what "quietly disposing" of a man means, especially when read in the light of his former dispatches. (The last dispatch suggests the quiet operations of Jack the Ripper.)

Again, Halltown, August 22d, Sheridan to Grant:

"We have disposed of quite a number of Mosby's men."

"Disposed of" is not the usual language in which military reports state the casualties of war.

On September 11th, Sheridan again tells General Grant:

"We have exterminated three officers and twenty-seven men of Mosby's gang in the last twelve days.

"We have exterminated" is the language of the Master of Stair, when he announced the massacre of Glencoe. Not one-third of my command was from that section of Virginia. A great many were Marylanders. Even if it had been an unorganized body of citizens defending their homes, they would only have been doing what Governor Curtin and General Couch urged the Pennsylvania people to do when threatened with invasion.

PITTSBURG, PA., August 4, 1864.

*To the people of the southern tier of counties of Pennsylvania :*

Your situation is such that a raid by the enemy is not impossible at any time during the summer and coming fall. I therefore call upon you to put your rifles and shotguns in good order, and also supply yourselves with plenty of ammunition. Your cornfields, mountain forests, thickets, buildings, etc., furnish favorable places for cover; and at the same time enable you to kill the murderers, recollecting that if they come it is to plunder, destroy and burn your property.

D. N. COUCH,

*Major-General Commanding.*



This appeal to Pennsylvanians to turn bushwhackers is signed by a graduate of West Point and an officer of the regular army, who once commanded a corps in the Army of the Potomac. I was a soldier of a great military power; in the Forum of Nations I was Sheridan's equal. I had every right of war that he had. The Southern Confederacy, like the Empires of Alexander and Charlemagne, has passed away, but that does not change the fact that it once existed. From this it appears that Sheridan had begun hanging my men before he received Grant's dispatch of the 16th. At Berryville on the 17th, he said that he had hung one and shot six, the day before. But he did not receive Grant's dispatch of the 16th, until 6:30 A. M. of the 17th, so the murders could not have been committed in compliance with Grant's orders. The government has published all the reports and correspondence, both Union and Confederate, in the Shenandoah campaign. There is not in them a single imputation on the conduct of any of my men except that statement in Merritt's report about the killing of McMasters in the fight at Front Royal, subsequent to this time (September 23d), which I shall again refer to. According to Sheridan, he had begun hanging prisoners on August 16th, and the only reason he gives for it is "Mosby has annoyed me." To that charge I plead guilty. Instead of our going in disguise, as the newspapers said, mine was the best uniformed body of men in the Confederate army. Every officer wore the insignia of his rank. Sheridan speaks of having "exterminated" three of my officers; but how could he distinguish officers from privates if they were not in uniform? Now there can be no doubt that Grant's order was suggested by Sheridan's dispatch, which he had just received—"Mosby attacked the rear of my train this morning en route from Harper's Ferry, and burned six wagons." It deceived Grant both as to the magnitude of the disaster and the strength of the attacking force. Then why should he trouble Grant about the loss of only six wagons? The impression that it conveyed was that a few professed non-combatants, living at their homes in the Valley, in the guise of peace, had caught six wagons without a train guard, and burned them.

If Sheridan had told the whole truth about the destruction of the convoy Grant would not have sent him such an order, because he would have known that a band of marauders could not have performed such a feat. It is a coincidence that the order is of the same date as the dispatch from General Lee announcing the Berryville raid to the Confederate War Department:

CHAFFIN'S BLUFF, August 16, 1864.

Colonel Mosby reports that he attacked the enemy's supply train near Berryville on the 13th; captured and destroyed 75 loaded wagons and secured over 200 prisoners, including several officers, between 500 and 600 horses and mules, upward of 200 beef cattle, and many valuable stores. Considerable number of the enemy killed and wounded. His loss, two killed and three wounded.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

HON. J. A. SEDDON, *Secretary of War.*

This telegram was published the next day and was seen by General Grant, as newspapers were regularly exchanged between the lines. It informed him of the status of my command. It was the first public official notice of me by General Lee since General Grant came to Virginia. The Berryville raid was the first I ever reported to him by telegraph. The dispatch was sent by John Manson out to Gordonsville, and from there wired to headquarters. The news was sent in haste because I knew General Lee's anxiety about the movement up the Valley, and that it would relieve him to hear that a blow had been struck. His dispatch to the War Department shows the importance he attached to it. He saw the effect it would have on Sheridan. It is a mystery Sheridan does not explain why he stopped talking about hanging my men. It was not because their manners had improved, or that they had ceased to annoy him. He gives no reason why there should be a difference between the treatment of my men and other Confederates. There was no regimental officer in the Confederate army that was in as close relations with the commander-in-chief as I was. The records showed that I reported directly to him and received instructions directly from him. He commanded his army through corps commanders; my battalion was the only exception. Although operating in the Valley, my command was independent of Early's army. Early was in front of Sheridan—I was behind him.

I have quoted Sheridan's dispatches (August 17th to September 11th) about his hanging my men as guerrillas. After that he is silent on the subject. If he ever hung anybody he kept it a secret. I never heard of it until I read it in the war records. I am sure nobody else ever did; the war correspondents never mentioned it. When I retaliated for the massacre of my men at Front Royal, I wrote him a letter telling him what I had done, and published it in the news-

papers. I have before me as I write the editorial of Richard M. Smith, of the Richmond *Sentinel*, commenting upon it. If he hung any citizen of the Valley, their families and friends would have known it, and we would have heard of it. The only justification of punishment is to act as a deterrent; if it is secret it can have no such effect, and is criminal revenge. Now, during the time when Sheridan reports this carnival of crime, not over half a dozen of my men were taken prisoners; these were captured by a Captain Blazer (who was soon after annihilated by Richards) and sent to a Northern prison. Their names are given in Scott's *Partisan Life*, page 290. If Sheridan hung them there was a resurrection, for they returned home after the war, and I know some of them are living now. He also speaks of "exterminating" three of my officers. Now, during that time I lost but one officer—Lieutenant Frank Fox. Captain Sam Chapman routed the 6th New York cavalry near Berryville; Fox was severely wounded and left at a farm house. Afterward Torbert came along with his cavalry corps, put him in an ambulance, and sent him to Harper's Ferry, where he died of his wound. He was not hung. Sheridan was not as black as he painted himself. The object of retaliation is not revenge. Hall on *International Law*, says:

"Reprisal, or the punishment of one man for the acts of another, is a measure in itself so repugnant to justice, and when hasty or excessive is so apt to increase rather than abate the irregularities of a war, that belligerents are universally considered to be bound not to resort to reprisals except under the pressure of absolute necessity, and then not by way of revenge, but only in cases and to the extent by which an enemy may be deterred from a repetition of his offence."

If I had not retaliated, the war in the Valley would have degenerated into a massacre. We were called guerillas and bushwhackers. These should not be opprobrious epithets, since the exploits of "the embattled farmers" at Concord and Lexington have been sung in Emerson's immortal ode. Now, while bushwhacking is perfectly legitimate war, and it is as fair to shoot from a bush as behind a stockade or an earthwork, no men in the Confederate army less deserve these epithets than mine, if by them is meant a body of men who fought under cover and practiced tactics and stratagems not permitted by the rules of regular war. Sheridan certainly makes no such charge against us. A bushwhacker shoots under shelter with a long range gun; the Northern cavalry knew by experience that my

men always fought in a mounted charge, with pistols. The fact that we were called rebels gave the enemy no rights as combatants that we did not equally enjoy. As belligerents we stood on the same plane. One side could not demand what it did not concede to the other. Massachusetts furnishes high authority in favor of the rights of men who fight in a cause that has grown from an insurrection into an international conflict. In his Bunker Hill address, Mr. Webster said: "The battle of Bunker Hill was attended with the most important effects beyond its immediate results as a military engagement. It created at once a state of open, public war. There could now be no longer a question of proceeding against individuals as guilty of treason and rebellion. That fearful crisis was past." If Bunker Hill could elevate a local tumult and a skirmish to the dignity of public war, and clothe the defeated party with all the rights of belligerents, then what was the effect of the victories of Jackson and Lee? The government of the United States was born in a rebellion and promoted rebellions all over the world until it had one of its own. In 1851 the Austrian Minister, the Chevalier Hulseman, complained in a diplomatic note that the instructions of the American government to its agent in Europe were offensive to the Imperial Cabinet because it applied an honorary title to the Hungarian chief, Kossuth. Mr. Webster, then Secretary of State, said in reply: "In respect to the honorary epithet bestowed in Mr. Mann's instructions on the late chief of the revolutionary government of Hungary, Mr. Hulseman will bear in mind the government of the United States cannot justly be expected, in a confidential communication to its own agent, to withhold from an individual an epithet of distinction of which a great part of the world thinks him worthy, merely on the ground that his own government regards him as a rebel. At an early stage of the American revolution, while Washington was considered by the English government as a rebel chief, he was regarded on the continent of Europe as an illustrious hero." When Webster wrote that, the Hungarian revolution had been crushed and Kossuth was an exile.

General Grant had come from the west and taken command of the army cantoned in Culpeper south of the Rappahannock. He moved toward Richmond, crossed James river, and was in front of Lee at Petersburg. My battalion remained in northern Virginia to threaten Washington and the border. It operated along the Potomac in the Shenandoah Valley, and did not come in contact with the portion of the army immediately under the command of General Grant. He

knew us only by report. No doubt, in imagination, he confounded us with the Western bands of outlaws, whose inhuman deeds the Confederate government disowned; and that he shared the general belief of the North that I was a leader of banditti—a chief of brigands—a Fra Diavolo “on yonder rock reclining.” Any absurd story will finally gain credence if often repeated. Victor Hugo said that if it were published a number of times that he had robbed Notre Dame of one of its towers, he would have to leave Paris. A majority would accept it as true—a few might question his ability “to walk off with a church tower.” Grant’s dispatch bears internal evidence, and read between the lines shows the delusion he was under in regard to my men. He says—“the families of Mosby’s men are known and can be collected”—which implies that their homes were all in Sheridan’s lines, when in fact they were scattered all over the South, and some States in the North. Sheridan made no attempt to execute the order, because it was impossible. I wish he had; it would have been the most effective way of destroying his army. He would have dispersed it over a half dozen States, catching and corraling women and children. That would certainly have been an advantage to us; the Shenandoah Valley would have been cleared of his army. Only one of my men hung at Front Royal was from the Valley—one was from Georgia. Grant evidently thought that these Children of the Mist lived in a territory a few miles square. But Sheridan knew better. Grant’s dispatch reflects the idea that prevailed at the North and survives to-day, of the character of myself and my men. The beings painted by war correspondents as Mosby’s men were as purely ideal creations as Blue-Beard and Jack-the-Giant-Killer. Yet the tales told about them made a lasting impression just as the kissing of pilgrims has worn away stones. They were as pure inventions as the fictions of Titus Oates. We all dislike to see our images broken and to part with cherished illusions. It is probable that the gods of mythology, and the legendary heroes of antiquity had a common-place origin. I still love to read Gulliver and the Arabian Nights, and once thought it was impiety to even doubt they were true. A reporter once asked my opinion of Weyler. I answered that I had never read anything worse about Weyler than I had read about myself, and that if Weyler wouldn’t believe what he had heard about me, I wouldn’t believe what I had heard about him. Weyler, in reply to American criticisms, said that he learned the art of war in the Shenandoah Valley. He didn’t learn it from me. But General Grant admits in his memoirs the

erroneous impression he once had of me; of course it equally applies to my men. Some may say the change was due to politics. But his conduct at the surrender when he voluntarily offered us the same parole he had given General Lee, after Stanton had proclaimed me an outlaw, shows that the change came about before the close of the war. The friendship that afterward grew up between us should be viewed with indulgence by Southern people, as it was certainly disinterested on his part, and hurt no Southern man.

The orders of a superior are no defence to a criminal charge. It is a well settled principle of law that a principal is not responsible for the MALICIOUS act of his agent; the agent incurs a personal liability. So I acquit Sheridan of all responsibility for the deed at Front Royal. I doubt whether he ever heard of it before he got my letter. If General Lee had ordered me to murder my prisoners, I would not have obeyed him; I would have obeyed a higher law, the most sacred of all laws because it is written on the human heart—the great law of nature—the law of humanity. I am sure that Major Richards would not have obeyed an order of mine to do a cruel act; if he had he would have been none the less a criminal because he was ordered. Colonel Peters was ordered with his regiment to set fire to Chambersburg; he refused, and was never called to account for it. He was right. Merritt says that Lieutenant McMasters was captured, robbed and shot; none of the other reports mention him. The truth is, McMasters was never a prisoner. He attempted to cut off the retreat of my men when attacked by a division of cavalry. He cut himself off and got killed. My men shot him and rode over him; they had no time to rob him if they had wished to do so; Merritt's whole division was behind and McMasters was in front of them. While Torbert's, Merritt's and Lowell's reports betray the consciousness of a crime committed by some one, they do not disclose who did it. Even admitting that McMasters offered to surrender when killed, there is a vast difference between refusing quarter in the excitement and *brevi furor* of a cavalry combat and killing in cold blood and under official sanction when the combat is over. Hall, from whom I have quoted, says: "A belligerent, therefore, may only kill those enemies whom he is permitted to attack while a combat is actually in progress; he may not, as a general rule, refuse quarter." True, but McMasters was killed during the progress of the combat. He may have intended to surrender, but it does not necessarily follow that my men knew it. They had no time to take prisoners or parley. They were surrounded by thousands, and their

only way of escape was to break through the ranks that enclosed them. McMasters got in the way; they shot him and rode on. It was not their business to ask him what he wanted to do. Such things are the ordinary incidents of war. But there is a wide distinction between acts done in the fury of combat, even if they might have been avoided, and acts of deliberate cruelty done when the passions have cooled. It will be observed that Torbert, Merritt and Lowell, in their reports, contradict each other (1) in regard to the number killed. As they remained on the field, it is strange that there should be so much discrepancy between them. (2) They say nothing about the wounded. This is significant. The usual proportion of wounded to killed is three or four to one. Nobody ever heard of 18 men killed in a fight and none wounded, except in a Sitting Bull massacre. (3) They make no mention of prisoners. On our side the loss was six captured; none were killed or wounded in the fight. I never knew of a cavalry combat, where the bodies came in collision as they did here, in which no prisoners were taken. As the prisoners were murdered, they wouldn't acknowledge that they took any.

Now, I do not believe that Sheridan ever communicated to his generals, to be executed, Grant's order of August 16th, for the reason that he knew I could hang 500 of his men where he could hang one of mine. He didn't want to play a game at which I could beat him. As I have said, none of my men were hung before September 23; if Sheridan hung any prisoners before then, they were Early's men; but I don't believe he hung any. Torbert was chief of cavalry; Merritt commanded a division under him; Custer and Lowell commanded brigades in Merritt's division. They would not have waited until September 23d to begin executing an order of August 16th. Torbert's, Merritt's and Lowell's reports speak of the Front Royal skirmish. Torbert says they killed 2 officers and 9 men, which shows on its face that my men were in uniform; Merritt says they killed 18; Lowell says they killed 13. Custer's brigade was not engaged in the fight, and of course he made no mention of it. But that is no evidence that he had nothing to do with the hanging—he was on the ground. As none of the reports speak of the hanging, they would equally prove the innocence of Torbert, Merritt and Lowell—in fact, of everybody. They were all ashamed of it as a blot on the fame of Sheridan's army. It is no concern of mine whether only one or all of the generals present participated in the crime; they may all have been *in pari delicto*. They can settle that question among themselves. The people of Front Royal considered

Custer the most conspicuous actor in the tragedy, and I so stated in my letter to Sheridan. Custer never denied it.

There is a report of Captain Blazer's, who commanded a picked corps that Sheridan had detailed to catch us, in which he speaks of being about Front Royal two days after this affair, and says: "In another affair below Front Royal, I left eight of his (Mosby's) murderers to keep company with some that [were] left by General Custer." Blazer's language is obscure; but, interpreted, means that he had killed eight of my men to keep company with those Custer had hung and shot at Front Royal. The eight men of mine he reports that he had killed were as pure phantoms as those which Sheridan says he had hung; but it is clear that Blazer gave Custer all the glory for what was done at Front Royal. Custer had a grudge against us. A few weeks before, a detachment of my command got on the trail of a party of Custer's men burning dwelling-houses near Berryville. My men overtook them at Colonel Morgan's; his house was in flames. I had given orders to my men to bring me no prisoners caught in the act of house-burning. The order was superfluous; I could not have restrained them if I had wanted to; neither could General Lee. My report says:

"Such was the indignation of some of our men at witnessing some of the finest residences in that portion of the State enveloped in flames, that no quarter was shown, and about 25 of them were shot to death for their villainy. About 30 horses were brought off, but no prisoners."

General Lee's approval is endorsed on the report. Any one can see it in the war records. Custer had ordered the houses to be burned in retaliation for some of his men having been killed in a fight with my men. The *New York Times* of August 25th, 1865, has a letter describing the affair. It says:

"He (General Custer) issued an order directing Colonel Alger (Custer published Alger as a deserter a few days afterward), of the 5th Michigan, to destroy four houses belonging to well known secessionists in retaliation for the men killed, captured and wounded on Thursday night. This order was promptly carried into effect by a detachment of fifty men under Captain Drake, and Lieutenants Allen, Lounsberry and Bivvins, who were particularly charged to inform all citizens with the cause for destroying the property. The expedition was accompanied by Dr. Sinclair and the work was effectually done, but unfortunately not without serious loss of life. Captain Drake



leaving the main part of the command under Lieutenant Allen in line near one house which had been fired, took a few men and proceeded to fire another house about 100 rods distant. While thus engaged about 200 rebels suddenly emerged from a ravine and made a furious charge upon the force under Lieutenant Allen before due preparation could be made to receive them. The men, overwhelmed by numbers, broke and fled in confusion. As only one horse at a time could go through this narrow passage it was impossible for all the men to escape in that way. The enemy were upon them, and no mercy being shown, a majority of the men ran along a fence running at right angles with the road, hoping to find another passage, but finding none and reaching a corner, surrendered as a last resort. Several squads were cornered in this way, and in every instance the men who surrendered were killed after they had surrendered, or were left for dead."

Instead of 200 there were not over fifty of my men there. Custer burned no more houses that day.

Burning dwelling houses was a violation of General Grant's orders. At my request, when he was President, he gave an appointment to the officer who commanded my men that day. A Washington dispatch appeared in a Boston paper criticising him for making it, and referring to this affair. I called on the correspondent and found out that a certain official had inspired it. I asked him to send a dispatch to his paper from me. He was willing. I then dictated the following: "Colonel Mosby says the men killed by his men were caught burning dwelling houses in the Shenandoah Valley, and were shot in the act by his orders. He says if he is ever caught in Boston burning houses he will expect to be treated in the same way." The dispatch was published. I then called to see General Grant and told him about the official. He wrote his name on a card but said nothing. Before the day was done the official was a private citizen. Grant moved as promptly upon him as he did on Buckner's works at Donelson.

Sheridan's cavalry knew by experience about as much about the character and composition of my command as I did. There were then serving in the Shenandoah Valley a great many who had in 1863 been captured by us and exchanged. So Torbert—Merritt—Custer—and Lowell couldn't plead ignorance. Major Russell, A. A. G., of the cavalry corps, had been captured by one of my men, Bush Underwood, in July, 1863. We had a few minutes conversation before he was sent off to Richmond. General Wells commanded

a cavalry brigade. We had captured him and a large portion of his regiment—the 1st Vermont cavalry—and their commanding general—Stoughton. He wrote me a very cordial letter when I was nominated by Hayes as consul at Hong Kong, and said that he had informed Senator Edmunds of the manner he and his men had been treated by us, and asked him to vote for my confirmation. I received cards of invitation to his daughter's wedding a few days ago. We had many collisions with Colonel Lowell's regiment, 2d Massachusetts. On 22d February, 1864, in a fight in Fairfax, we had taken seventy prisoners from it; on July 6, 1864, in a fight in Loudoun, had captured about sixty—including the commanding officer, Major Forbes. Colonel Lowell knew that his men who were prisoners, were hostages for his treatment of mine. Chancellor Kent says in regard to retaliation: "Cruelty to prisoners and barbarous destruction of private property will provoke the enemy to severe retaliation upon the innocent. Retaliation to be just, ought to be confined to to the guilty, who may have committed some enormous violation of public law. [It was not pretended that the seven men of my command had committed any crime.] While he (Marten) admits that the life of an innocent man can not be taken, unless in extraordinary cases, he declares that cases will sometimes occur when the established usages of war are violated, and there are no other means of restricting the enemy from further excesses. Vattel speaks of retaliation as a sad extremity, and it is frequently threatened without being put in execution, probably without the intention to do it, and in hopes that fear will operate to restrain the enemy." I made no threat; the enemy would have regarded it as mere *brutum fulmen* if I had. When Napoleon wanted to disperse a mob in Paris, he first fired grape-shot, and then blank cartridges. It should be borne in mind that the act for which I retaliated was not done by an irresponsible private, but either by one or several generals. In 1886, I was invited by the G. A. R. in Boston to deliver an address before them. I accepted; my theme was Stuart's cavalry. Major Forbes, whose father, John M. Forbes, was one of the merchant princes of Boston, gave me a dinner at Parker's. James Russell Lowell, the uncle of Colonel Lowell, sat next on my right. Next to Mr. Forbes, on his left, sat Oliver Wendell Holmes, the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. Here was an object lesson any one could understand.

This has been written in justice to a great soldier who was my friend, as well as to the men who were actors with me in the great drama along the Shenandoah, and especially to the seven whose

names are inscribed on the monument at Front Royal. The granite shaft perpetuates the fame of a glorious band—"a remnant of our Spartan dead." About the affair in which they were sacrificed to the bloody moloch of revenge, I feel now as I have always felt. A Highlander is not asked or expected to forgive or forget Glencoe and Culloden. It will always be a proud satisfaction to me that, in the presence of their executioners, these martyrs did not imitate the despairing cry of the gladiator in the arena—*Cæsar, morituri saluamus*—"Cæsar, we who are about to die, salute thee"—but, with heroic confidence, foretold that they would have an avenger. The prophecy was fulfilled. Those who committed the great crime have not escaped the Nemesis, who adjusts the unbalanced scale of human wrongs.

"Called the Furies from the abyss,  
And round Orestes bade them howl and hiss."

JNO. S. MOSBY.

*San Francisco, October 31, 1899.*

#### MAJOR RICHARDS CITES AUTHORITIES FOR HIS CONCLUSIONS.

RICHMOND, VA., *December 3, 1899.*

*Editor of The Times :*

SIR,—In my address at the unveiling of the monument erected at Front Royal to the memory of Mosby's men who were executed after they surrendered, I stated two conclusions drawn from the official records of the war which seem to have attracted particular attention and elicited some discussion. The interest thus evidenced encourages me to give the facts supporting those conclusions.

The Front Royal tragedy occurred on September 23d, 1864. At that time we did not know that Mosby's Rangers, embracing only eight companies of cavalry, had attracted, or rather distracted, the attention of General Grant, who was at that time commanding general of the United States armies. But the official records, now published, indicate that he stopped "marching on Richmond" long enough to send explicit instructions to General Sheridan in regard to his campaign against "Mosby's men." Among the first of these orders was the following:

"City Point, Aug. 16, 1864, 1:30 P. M.

"Maj.-Gen. Sheridan, Comd., &c., Winchester, Va. :

"The families of most of Mosby's men are known and can be

collected. I think they should be taken and kept at Fort McHenry, or some secure place, as hostages for the good conduct of Mosby and his men. When any of Mosby's men are caught, hang them without trial.

“U. S. GRANT,  
“*Lieutenant-General.*”

This order was received by General Sheridan at 6:30 A. M. on the 17th. Up to that time Sheridan never claimed to have executed any prisoners captured from our command; but it is a significant fact that on the night of the same day he received Grant's order, he replied in the following message:

“August 17th, 1864, 9 P. M.

“Lt.-Gen. U. S. Grant, Com. Gen. Armies of the U. S.

“Mosby has annoyed me and captured a few wagons. We hung one and shot six of his men yesterday.

“P. H. SHERIDAN,  
“*Major-General.*”

This reported execution of our men was purely visionary. It never existed except in the imagination, and it was never heard of except in this dispatch. If he executed any prisoners at that time they were not members of Mosby's command. But the correspondence shows that he was answering General Grant's message containing the order for the hanging of our men; and we can only conjecture his motive for reporting that he had already commenced the hanging. On the next day, August 18th, he received additional instructions from General Grant as follows:

“If you can possibly spare a division of cavalry send them through Loudoun county to destroy and carry off the crops, animals, wagons, and all men under fifty years of age capable of bearing arms. In this way you will get many of Mosby's men.”

And we find still another letter under date of November 9, 1864, as follows:

“Major-General Sheridan:

“Do you not think it advisable to notify all citizens living east of the Blue Ridge to move north of the Potomac all their stock, grain and provisions of every description? There is no doubt about the necessity of clearing out the country, so that it will not support Mosby's gang, and the question is whether it is not better that the

people should save what they can. So long as the war lasts they must be prevented from raising another crop, both there and as high up the valley as we can control.

“U. S. GRANT,  
“*General Commander.*”

General Sheridan, in conducting his part of this correspondence, sent to General Grant three letters dated respectively, August 19th, August 22d and September 11th, purporting to give his progress in “exterminating” Mosby’s men, and one under date of September 29th, in regard to the devastation of the country. The letter reads as follows:

“September 29, 1864.

“Lieutenant-General Grant, Commanding, &c.

“This morning I sent around Merritt’s and Custer’s divisions via Piedmont, to burn grain, &c., pursuant to your instructions.

“P. H. SHERIDAN,  
“*Major-General.*”

We remember well this “drive” that was made for Mosby’s men. The two divisions of Federal cavalry were spread out and swept through our section like a drag net. Every foot of the territory known as “Mosby’s Confederacy” was covered. The work of destruction continued day and night. I watched it from a point on the Blue Ridge mountains, where I was bivouacking for the night, on my way to the Valley of Virginia with a few of our men. As far as the eye could see the whole country east of the mountains was lit up by the destroying flames, and the glare was reflected from the sky above. It was a sublime sight to the eye, but a sickening one to the heart. Our one battalion of cavalry was powerless to prevent these two divisions of the enemy from executing their orders.

But Sheridan had been ordered not only to hang our men and devastate our country, but to carry off our families and imprison them in Fort McHenry. He did not execute the order to imprison, and the records are silent as to the reason for this omission. It was not because they were not within his reach, for there was scarcely a family in all that section that did not have some member in Mosby’s command. Our lieutenant-colonel had married in Fauquier, and many of the other officers, as well as men, had families within the condemned territory. Had Sheridan directed General Merritt and Custer to arrest them on that burning raid, the order could have

been easily executed. It would have been the most severe and cruel blow of all—its paralyzing effect could only be fully realized by those of us whose loved ones were still sheltered by the old homesteads in Loudoun and Fauquier.

But General Grant was essentially a soldier and a great leader. Like General Forrest, of the South, he knew that "war meant fighting, and fighting meant killing." He was anxious to end the struggle as soon as possible. He had undertaken to capture Richmond and realized the magnitude of the enterprise. He was urging Sheridan to finish up the Valley campaign, so that his troops could be transferred to aid in reducing the Confederate capital. He realized what an obstruction Mosby's men were to the execution of his plans. Under the immediate leadership of their gallant commander, they had destroyed Sheridan's line of communication and compelled him to fall back from his advanced position. The Manassas Gap Railroad could neither be repaired or operated so long as we held our position in Loudoun and Fauquier counties. So the orders went forth for the extermination of "Mosby's gang." Our men were to be hung, our country devastated by fire, and our families imprisoned.

That General Grant was mis-informed as to the character of our command there can be no doubt. He so states in his published memoirs. General Sheridan had characterized us by the most debasing terms in the military vocabulary. He was fond of referring to us as "guerrillas," and the like. When we killed two of his staff officers in a fair cavalry fight on the Valley Turnpike in open day, in reporting to General Grant, he said: "Guerrillas are annoying me very much. I know of no way to exterminate them except to burn out the whole country and let the people go North or South." General Grant only received his information of Mosby's command through others, and no doubt principally through General Sheridan during this period. But after the war he had the opportunity of knowing personally our honored commander, and became his staunch friend. He had already discovered that the command so often reported to him as "guerrillas" was in fact a part of the regularly organized Confederate army, receiving orders from and in many instances reporting directly to General Lee himself. In the hour of victory, General Grant proved himself as magnanimous to Mosby and his men as he was to Lee and his veterans. No sentiment that I uttered in my speech at Front Royal seemed to meet with more approval than that there was no surviving member of Mosby's command who would not gladly place a wreath upon Grant's tomb.

My conclusion that General Custer had not directed the execution of our men at Front Royal has also been the subject of much discussion. But to-day I am more convinced than ever of its correctness. General Torbert was commanding all the cavalry under Sheridan. On September 21, 1864, he had gone up the Luray Valley under orders to cross over to the main valley and attack Early's rear or flank. After a skirmish with an inferior force of Confederate cavalry, he retreated, very much to Sheridan's disgust. He returned through Front Royal on September 23d. His command consisted of two divisions, embracing five brigades. The first division commanded by General Wesley Merritt was in front, marching in the following order: Reserve brigade, Colonel Chas. R. Lowell, Jr., commanding; First brigade, General Custer commanding; Second brigade, General Devin commanding. Captain Chapman, with about eighty of Mosby's men, charged Lowell's advanced guard of one hundred and fifty cavalry. The remainder of the brigade closed in on Chapman's men and captured six of them, but not until one of Lowell's best officers and several of his men had been killed. Our men were executed after they surrendered. None of the reports of the engagement state this fact. It would seem, as Colonel Mosby has since said, that they were ashamed of it. But Colonel Lowell, the brigade commander, reported that he made the fight and "killed" the men. General Merritt, the division commander, reported that Lowell's men fought the skirmish and "killed" the men, and General Torbert reported that Merritt's division had "killed" the men.

We had always thought that General Custer had directed the execution. We had gotten this impression from the citizens of Front Royal. Custer's brigade was marching next to Lowell's, and had arrived before the execution. General Custer was a conspicuous figure, in his velvet uniform, with long golden curls. The citizens of Front Royal had learned to recognize him. Seeing him in their streets at the time, it is not surprising that they should have reported him in command. But it would have violated all military rules for one brigade commander to have taken the prisoners from another brigade commander and ordered their execution, especially when the division commander was in reach.

But, that I might be sure of my conclusion, I have written to Major-General Thomas L. Rosser for a statement. Generals Custer and Rosser were friends before the war, and although they fought on opposite sides, their personal regard for each other was never disturbed. Their friendship was greatly strengthened by their inti-

macy after the war had ended. The following is General Rosser's answer:

"CHARLOTTESVILLE, November 23, 1899.

"Major E. A. RICHARDS, *Louisville, Ky.*:"

"MY DEAR MAJOR,—I saw a great deal of Custer while I was constructing the Northern Pacific R. R., in the Northwest, in the seventies, and had many talks over the war with him; and he often stated that he was in no way responsible for the execution or murder of those men.

"I have no doubt of Custer's innocence, for he was not in command, and his superior officer was present; and it is not probable that such a matter would have been turned over to Custer under the circumstances.

"Yours most truly,

"THOS. L. ROSSER."

This statement of General Rosser, supported as it is by the official record, seems to me to be conclusive, and the future historian must exonerate General Custer from the responsibility of the Front Royal tragedy.

E. A. RICHARDS.

*Louisville, Ky., November 30, 1899.*

---

#### COLONEL MOSBY INDICTS CUSTER FOR THE HANGING.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 19, 1899.

Mr. JOHN R. RUSSELL, *Berryville, Va.*:"

I was sorry I could not be with you at the unveiling of the monument to our men at Front Royal, and I dissent from some historical statements in Major Richards' address. I do not agree with him that our men were hung in compliance with General Grant's orders to Sheridan. They were not hung in obedience to the orders of a superior, but from revenge. A man who acts from revenge simply obeys his own impulses. Major Richards says the orders were "a dead letter" after I retaliated, which implies that they had not been before. I see no evidence to support such a conclusion. In his letter in *The Times*, Major Richards says that Sheridan's dispatches about hanging our men were "visionary"; i. e., he never hung any. If so, the order had always been "a dead letter." No one ever heard of his hangings until his dispatches were published a few years ago. Sheridan was then dead, but his posthumous memoirs say



nothing about hanging, although two pages are devoted to an account of the killing of Meigs and Custer's burning dwelling-houses in Rockingham county in revenge. Meigs was not killed by my men; we never went that far up the Valley.

Sheridan's dispatches in the war records about the men he hung were not even a revelation to me, for they revealed nothing. They were simply specters of imagination, like the dagger in the air that Macbeth saw. If Sheridan had communicated Grant's dispatch of August 16th to any one to be executed, it would have been to Blazer, who commanded a picked corps that was specially detailed to look after us. In his report, Blazer speaks of capturing some of my men; he never mentions hanging any. Those he captured were certainly not hung, for I saw them when they came home after the close of the war. The following dispatches record the rise and fall of Blazer:

"CHARLESTOWN, August 20, 1864.

"Sheridan to Augur, Washington:

"I have 100 men who will take the contract to clean out Mosby's gang. I want 100 Spencer rifles for them. Send them to me if they can be found in Washington.

"P. H. SHERIDAN,

"*Major-General Commanding.*"

(Indorsement):

"Approved: By order of the Secretary of War.

"C. A. DANA,

"*Asst. Secretary.*"

"HARPER'S FERRY, November 19, 1864.

"Stevenson to Sheridan.

"Two of Captain Blazer's men came in this morning—Privates Harris and Johnson. They report that Mosby with 300 men attacked Blazer near Kabletown yesterday about 11 o'clock. They say that the entire command, with the exception of themselves, was captured or killed. I have ordered Major Congdon with 300 Twelfth Pennsylvania cavalry to Kabletown to bury dead and take care of wounded, if any, and report all facts he can learn. I shall immediately furnish report as soon as received."

Exit Blazer.

Richards commanded in the Blazer fight. I was not there. As an affair of arms it surpassed anything that had been done in the

Shenandoah campaign and recalled the days when Knighthood was in flower.

When we sent Blazer and his band of prisoners to Richmond they would not have admitted that they ever hung anybody. Major Richards refers to Grant's order to destroy subsistence for an army, so as to make the country untenable by the Confederates, and pathetically describes the conflagration. He ought to know that there had been burning of mills and wheat stacks in Loudoun two years before Grant came to Virginia. Grant's orders were no more directed against my command than Early's. Augusta and Rockingham were desolated, where we never had been. But I can't see the slightest connection between burning forage and provisions and hanging prisoners. One is permitted by the code of war, the other is not. After General Lee's surrender I received a communication from General Hancock asking for mine. I declined to do so until I could hear whether Joe Johnston would surrender or continue the war. We agreed on a five days armistice. When it expired nothing had been heard from Johnston. I met a flag of truce at Millwood, and had proposed an extension of ten days, but received through Major Russell a message from Hancock refusing it, and informing me that unless I surrendered immediately he would proceed to devastate the country. The reply I sent by Russell was: "Tell General Hancock he is able to do it." Hancock then had 40,000 men at Winchester. The next day I disbanded my battalion to save the country from being made a desert. If anyone doubts this, let him read Hancock's report. If it was legitimate for Hancock to lay waste the country after I had suspended hostilities, surely it was equally so for Grant to do it, when I was doing all the damage in my power to his army. Stanton warned Hancock not to meet me in person under a flag of truce, for fear that I would treacherously kill him. Hancock replied that he would send an officer to meet me. He sent General Chapman. The attention Grant paid to us shows that we did him a great deal of harm. Keeping my men in prison weakened us as much as to hang them.

Major Richards complains of the "debasement epithets" Sheridan applied to us. I have read his reports, correspondence and memoirs, but have never seen the epithets. In common with all Northern and many Southern people, he called us guerrillas. Although I have never adopted it, I have never resented as an insult the term "guerrilla" when applied to me. Sheridan says that my battalion was "the most redoubtable" partisan body that he met. I certainly take no exception to that. He makes no charge of any act of in-

humanity against us. The highest compliment ever paid to the efficiency of our command is the statement, in Sheridan's Memoirs, that while his army largely outnumbered Early's, yet their line of battle strength was about equal on account of the detachments he was compelled to make to guard the border and his line of communication from partisan attacks. Ours was the only force behind him. At that time the records show that in round numbers Early had 17,000 present for duty, and Sheridan had 94,000. The word "guerrilla" is a diminutive of the Spanish word guerra (war), and simply means one engaged in the minor operations of war.

I had only five companies of cavalry when Sheridan came, in August, 1864, to the Shenandoah Valley. A sixth was organized in September. Two more companies joined me in April, 1865, after the evacuation of Richmond. They came just in time to surrender. I don't care a straw whether Custer was solely responsible for the hanging of our men or jointly with others. If we believe the reports of the generals, none of them ever even heard of the hanging of our men; they must have committed suicide. Contemporary evidence is against Custer. I wonder if he also denied burning dwelling-houses around Berryville.

Restopchin, the Governor of Moscow, claimed the credit of the burning of it when it was thought to have been the cause of Napoleon's retreat, but afterward it became known that it was not the cause of it; to escape the odium, he denied all responsibility for it, and declared that it was done by incendiaries for plunder.

I once called at the White House in 1876 to see General Grant; sent him my card, and was promptly admitted. When I came out of his room, one of the secretaries told me that General Custer had called the day before, but that General Grant refused to see him. The incident is related in the Life of Custer. A few weeks afterward Custer was killed in the Sitting Bull massacre.

"Our acts our angels are—for good or ill—  
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

Major Richards further says "that there was scarcely a family in all that section that did not have some member in Mosby's command." If that is true, I must have commanded a larger army than Sheridan. I didn't know it. He describes the pathos of the scenes that might have been if the "severe and cruel order" had been executed to transfer the families from that region to Fort McHenry, and says it would have "paralyzed" my command. If so, that would have

been a more humane way of getting rid of it than killing the men. Now, I have never considered women and children necessary appendages to an army; on the contrary, I would rather class them with what Cæsar, in his Commentaries, calls impedimenta. Homer's heroes were not paralyzed when Helen was carried off to Troy; it only aroused their martial ambition. Sheridan knew that if he did anything of the kind it would stimulate the activity of my men; so he didn't try it. As for our lieutenant-colonel, who, as Major Richards says, married in that section, I think that, if Sheridan had captured his wife and mother-in-law and sent them to prison, instead of going into mourning, he would have felt all the wrath and imitated the example of the fierce Achilles when he heard that Patroclus, his friend, had been killed and his armor had been captured. "Now perish Troy!" he said, and rushed to fight.

Very truly yours,

JOHN S. MOSBY.

## THE REAL BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

---

**Ninety-Six Years Old, Bedridden, and Never Defied  
Stonewall Jackson.**

---

*To the Editor of the Sun:*

SIR,—The "Barbara Frietchie" lie, dies hard. It has been "nailed" time and again, but at intervals of every five years or so "bobs up" again serene and cheerful, finds "patriotic" champions from Brooklyn (generous asylum ever of exploded war-myths!) to Waterbury, Conn. But some of the later champions take the very soul out of the myth and the point out of the poem by allowing that the aged Barbara waved her little flag in welcome to the Union forces and not in defiance of Stonewall Jackson and his ragged "rebels." Mr. J. C. Houghton, in your issue of January 24th, says: "I am glad to see that you have rescued Barbara Frietchie from the realm of myth. \* \* \* I have a photograph of her, taken after her welcoming display of the United States flag to the Union forces as they were passing through Frederick City. \* \* \* Mr. Whittier took a poet's license in making her defy with her flag the rebel Gen-

eral in a previous march through Frederick." This being granted, the whole *raison d'être* of the poem goes by the board.

No one, so far as I know, has ever contended that Barbara Frietchie never existed. She undoubtedly did exist, and was the wife of a citizen of Frederick, who was said to be descended from one of the Hessians brought over to subdue the American colonists!

It is a perfectly well-known fact that Stonewall Jackson did not pass through Frederick along with his corps, but rode rapidly through the town with a small cavalry escort about an hour before his troops marched through the streets. Neither he nor his troops passed Barbara Frietchie's house. There is not one single incident in Whittier's poem that has an historical foundation. It is pure poetic myth from start to finish.

Perhaps the following letter from Barbara Frietchie's own nephew, which appeared in the *Baltimore Sun* in August, 1874, may interest your readers and give the doughty champions of the myth pause for reflection. It will be seen that twenty-five years ago the bottom was knocked out of the "patriotic episode" by one who could "speak with authority."

SIR,—I have just read a communication in the *Sun* purporting to set forth certain facts in relation to the life and character of the late Barbara Frietchie, the heroine of Whittier's celebrated war poem. It may not be proper to state that I am the nephew of "Dame Barbara," and had the settling up of her husband's estate in the capacity of administrator. This necessarily threw me into frequent communication with the ancient and venerable dame.

Barbara Frietchie, my venerable aunt, was not a lady of twenty-two summers, as your correspondent alleges, but an ancient dame of ninety-six winters, when she departed this life; and it is but truth to add that she never saw the inside of the Federal hospital in this city. Nor did she depart this life in September, 1863, but died on December 18, 1862. Nor did any of the Federal soldiers from the hospital attend the old lady's remains to their last resting-place. This, to my certain knowledge, was a fact, no orders to that effect having been given. Therefore, none of those convalescing invalid soldiers were at my old aunt's funeral. So much for this branch of your New York correspondent's statement.

Now, a word as to the waving of the Federal flag in the face of the rebels by Dame Barbara on the occasion of Stonewall Jackson's march through Frederick. Truth requires me to say that Stonewall

Jackson with his troops did not pass Barbara Frietchie's residence at all, but passed up what in this city is popularly called "The Mill Alley," about three hundred yards above her residence; then passed due west to Antietam, and thus out of the city. But another and stranger fact with regard to this matter may be here presented—viz: The poem by Whittier represents our venerable relative (then ninety-six years of age), as nimbly ascending to her attic window and waving her small Federal flag defiantly in the face of Stonewall Jackson's troops. Now, what are the facts at this point? Dame Barbara was, at the moment of the passing of that distinguished general and his forces through Frederick, bed-ridden and helpless, and had lost the power of locomotion. She could at this period only move, as she was moved, by the help of her attendants. These are the true and stern facts, proving that Whittier's poem upon this subject is fiction, pure fiction, and nothing else, without even the remotest semblance or resemblance of fact.

VALERIUS EBERT.

*Frederick City, Md., August 27th.*

So the deed of "derring do" that challenge a place for Barbara Frietchie alongside of Roman Clœlia or Scottish Katherine Douglas, vanishes into thin air. The utmost that can be contended for, is that she may have waived a Union flag to welcome Union troops. Even this is highly improbable—well-nigh impossible, indeed, for a poor old bedridden dame of ninety-six; but granting it be true, wherein consists the extraordinary heroism of the act? As this myth is an exceedingly tough one to kill, because of its stirring setting, it might be well for "the curious," interested in such matters, to cut out Mr. Ebert's letter and paste it, in their scrap books. The myth is sure to "bob up" again. We can all admire Whittier's poem; it is almost a pity that the incident isn't true, but facts are facts, and Dame Barbara, as an actual heroine, must come down from the lofty pedestal upon which the poet has placed her solely by power of "poetic license."

W. GORDON M'CABE.

*Richmond, Va., January 27, 1900.*

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, November 11, 1900.]

## CONFEDERATE GENERALS—THEIR ABILITY.

### Did General Lee Counsel the Abandonment of Richmond After the Battle of the Wilderness?

[To the imputation of remissness in Southern newspapers generally, "in defending the history of the Confederacy" protest may justly be made.

It is felt that there is not one but by whom it is ardently cherished, and that every one is ready, at all times, to defend its history—the motives and actions of its people.—EDITOR.]

*Editor of the Times:*

SIR—I quote from your beautiful editorial, "Robert E. Lee," of January 19th, ulto:

"The other Confederate armies had as good material in their ranks as Lee's army had, but they accomplished little in comparison with what his army accomplished, and why? Because they had no Lee to make the army as one man. This is the highest tribute that can be paid to man, and no other man that ever lived can claim it in the same proportion as Lee can."

It is most deplorable that Southern newspapers are remiss in defending the history of the Confederacy, and thus the *Times* becomes conspicuous and endeared to all who value the truth, in the contrast to them, as a rule, which it presents. Your columns alone have lifted the shadow of false report from many of the most heroic and glorious achievement of a citizen soldiery, the armies of the South, the world in any age has known.

Let us look upon the parallels presented in the careers of our generals and their great battles and campaigns. Following these up as we know them, how unitive by the ignorant interference of the political head of the War Department. So much for the army in Virginia. A case approximately parallel at that same period, was the movements of General Sterling Price, in Missouri, by which all the territory of the slave States west of the Mississippi and the absolute control of that stream below St. Louis would have fallen under the

military jurisdiction of the Confederacy. Price's movements came sufficiently near a splendid success to vindicate his generalship, and that is the point involved in the parallel. Jackson and Price planned and executed within the sphere of military genius, achievements most honorable to the art of war, and those achievements were reached under quite analogous circumstances, testing the character of the troops under each.

A victory at Shiloh would have wrecked the cause of the United States irretrievably. A victory at Gettysburg would have accomplished the same result. At Shiloh, April 5, 1862, General A. S. Johnston had driven Grant's army from three to four miles and crowded the whole broken mass upon the brink of the Tennessee. Two hours more of life to him, had he fallen at 4 P. M. instead of 2 P. M. on that day, the military resources of the United States west of the Potomac would have been annihilated. Beauregard, going on the field on a bed, wasted by protracted illness, never having appreciated or sympathized with the strategy of the occasion as developed by his great commander, recalled the troops from the very arms of victory, and an assured success of the Confederacy. At Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, General Lee planned a battle that stands, as to wisdom and feasibility, second to none which the master mind of Napoleon ever conceived. Not Marengo nor Wagram, nor any other field of the twenty years of Napoleon's career, surpasses in the splendor of the military art Lee's Gettysburg, as his orders read. Longstreet, afflicted as Early told us he was, often with "an intellectual and physical inertia," point blank refused to execute those orders, and the only thing to show on our side is the incomparable achievement of Pickett's division.

Stuart rode around McClellan on the Chickahominy and beat back Hooker's cavalry sent to assist that chieftain's "on to Richmond." Wheeler rode around Rosecrans' army at Chattanooga, destroyed his wagon train of 1,000 laden wagons, and shot the 4,000 mules that drew it; went nearly to Nashville, destroying depots of supplies all along his route, and shooting army mules—a ride of the Confederate cavalry leader which resulted in the immediate removal of Rosecrans. Forrest, with 4,500 men under him about Tupelo, Miss., found 20,000 cavalry in his front brought out from Memphis. He telegraphed General Maury at Mobile that he stood no chance against such a host in the open field, but if Maury would consent, he would go behind them to Memphis and, destroying their stores there, compel them to retreat. The gallant Maury replied: "Go, but don't



be gone long!" Forrest left 1,500 men to play upon the flanks of Dodge's 20,000. He took 3,000, and, starting at a gallop, kept his gait up. He halted to build three bridges over swollen streams on his line of march, but in thirty-six hours he rode the 90 miles, and at daylight the second day out rode into the office of the Gayaso Hotel, Memphis. Dodge was up-stairs asleep. Forrest got his uniform from his chamber. Washburn remarked on the event that he had been removed because he couldn't keep Forrest out of Tennessee, but his successor couldn't even keep him out of his bed-room!

Colonel Mosby's generalship in command of 300 mounted men is the most wonderful tale of the war. Beauregard's defence of a long line of seacoast by land forces only, the chief feature being Colonel Rhett's defence of Fort Sumter, has nothing in the literature of war to rival it.

Joseph E. Johnston's generalship in ordering Pemberton not to fall back into Vicksburg after he had marched out to fight Grant at Baker's Creek, but to abandon the fortified position completely surrounded by land and naval forces of the enemy and move northward to join him, was generalship indeed. It required a moral courage that was sublime to adopt such strategy in the face of the terrible disappointment of the people at home, the army and the President. We see now how superb the generalship was. The Secretary of War, a politician, countermanded the order of the commanding general direct to Pemberton, and we know a part of the infirmities of our civil government and obtain a slight clew to the cause of our ultimate ruin.

I do not find the statement in any biography of the actors, but I am in search, and hope *The Times* will aid me, of the truth in regard to an alleged proposal made by General Lee to the President: to the effect that, while he retreated before Grant from the Wilderness toward the James, the government should abandon Richmond, moving the machinery of the ordnance department, archives, etc., ahead of him. That having been done, he would continue his retreat slowly, weakening Grant as he forced him to lengthen his line, and ultimately calling General Joseph E. Johnston, then retreating before Sherman, into reach, the two united Confederate armies would destroy both Grant and Sherman. This is a profoundly important inquiry into the military ability of General Lee. He must have known in advance that an attempt to defend Richmond as late as the winter of 1864-'65 was a military solecism. The effort was out of date and hopeless. Lee certainly approved the generalship of John-

ston in his Georgia campaign. Why could he not see that a campaign of almost identical conditions had been forced on him? If he was compelled to fall back from the Wilderness to Petersburg, it was because Grant had limitless resources at a moment's command, while every man who fell out of his own ranks was gone forever and none to be found in his place. If the retreat from the Wilderness to Petersburg was a military necessity, what were the changed conditions to arrest at Petersburg the policy of retreat and pursuit of the same two armies? Did not General Lee see that the defence of Petersburg for a few months must terminate in the destruction of his army? Did he not suggest to the government a true military avoidance of such a catastrophe by pursuing with the Army of Northern Virginia the same general strategy that General Johnston adopted with the Army of the Tennessee? I put the plain question to Vice-President Stephens, while he was defending Petersburg in view of Johnston's retreat before Sherman, namely: "Who of our generals is the greatest in your eyes?" The reply came promptly: "I am decidedly of the opinion that General Joseph Johnston has the clearest understanding of any of the military policy necessary to final success. In this I prefer him." I have always regretted that opinion of Mr. Stephens, because I have never been content to believe that the defence of Petersburg was the generalship of Lee as a feature of his strategy.

When we come to institute parallels between the generals of our armies—one in Virginia and the other in the more Southern States—we encounter the resistance of President Davis or his government to all. That feature of our history is, for sentimental reasons, thus far suppressed. General Lee's greatness is apparent in the fact that, whatever his grievance, he never permitted the civil government to become openly at war with him. The two Johnstons, Beauregard, Hardee, Forrest, etc., and nearly all the civil leaders—Stephens, Toombs, Yancey, Wigfall, Rhett, etc.—were far from terms of peace with the President or with the War Department.

JOHN WITHERSPOON DU BOSE.

*Wetumpka, Ala.*

## WILLIAM PRESTON JOHNSTON.

### SOLDIER, SCHOLAR, POET AND EDUCATOR.

#### A Sketch of His Noble Career.

[Died, with mind serene, "in perfect peace with God," July 16, 1899, at the residence of his son-in-law, Hon. Henry St. George Tucker, "Col. Alto," Lexington, Va., Colonel William Preston Johnston, President of Tulane University, New Orleans, La.

It may be of interest to note that he died in the same bed in which he was born, at the residence of his maternal grandfather, Colonel William Preston, Louisville, Kentucky, and in the same house in which his first wife expired suddenly, fourteen years before, when seated in the drawing room, while on a visit to the late Judge J. W. Lea, who was also a native of New Orleans.

The so-lamented deceased had for many years proven himself a zealous member of the Southern Historical Society.

He was present, as the delegate from the State of Kentucky, at our Southern Historical Convention, which assembled August 14, 1873, at the White Sulphur Springs.

He was appointed a member of the "Committee on Business," and reported the vital resolutions framed by the committee.

Their adoption was the reorganization of the Southern Historical Society, its permanent establishment at Richmond, the garnering of invaluable materials of history, and the continuous publication of the important serial of the Society.

Colonel Johnston was appointed by the convention a member of the Executive Committee of the Society.

"In person Colonel Johnston was tall—over six feet—graceful, elegant in manners, and the most lovable of gentlemen."

Soldier, lawyer, author, and poet, his crowning glory was as an educator, and an enduring monument to his memory is Tulane University, at New Orleans, Louisiana.

The following sketch is compiled from the New Orleans, La., *Times-Democrat*, of July 17, 1899.]

While Colonel Johnston's character, mind and learning, together with his executive ability, sufficiently explain his success as an edu-

cator, and the success of the institution of which he was, in the eyes of the world, the head and front, it is of interest and importance also to note who and what his ancestors were, and to see in his genealogy a primal explanation of his own eminent ability.

Colonel Johnston was the eldest son of General Albert Sidney Johnston and Henrietta Preston, of Kentucky, through whom Colonel Johnston was related to the late Randall L. Gibson. Josiah Stoddard Johnston, of Natchitoches, United States Senator from this State, was an uncle of Colonel Johnston, being the elder half-brother of General Albert Sidney Johnston, who was a son of Dr. John Johnston, of Salisbury, Conn., and Abigail Harris, his second wife. Dr. John Johnston was the third son of Captain Archibald Johnston, of Salisbury, Conn., a Revolutionary soldier, of Scotch descent, the family settling first in Dutchess county, N. Y. He was a foremost man in his day and generation. Edward Harris, father of Colonel Johnston's paternal grandmother, was a captain in the Revolutionary army, originally of Massachusetts, and a pioneer of Kentucky. Henrietta Preston, Colonel Johnston's mother, was a daughter of Major William Preston, United States army, and Caroline Hancock, a descendant of the Hancock and Strother families of Virginia. Major Preston served under Anthony Wayne against the Indians after the Revolutionary war. He was a son of Colonel William Preston, of Virginia, a veteran of the Revolution. General William Preston, of Kentucky, son of Major Preston, grandson of Colonel Preston, and brother of Mrs. Albert Sidney Johnston, was a brilliant lawyer and dashing soldier. He was minister to Spain when the civil war broke out, resigned, and joined his brother-in-law, General Albert Sidney Johnston, who died in his arms. He rose to the rank of General.

William Preston Johnston, eldest son of Albert Sidney and Henrietta Preston Johnston, was born in Louisville, Ky., January 5, 1831. He lost his mother when he was four years of age, and his father shortly afterward cast his fortunes with the young Republic of Texas. He was reared by maternal relations in Louisville, by Mrs. Josephine Rogers, and, after her death, by General William Preston and wife, and he received his earlier education in the schools of that city. Later he attended the academy of S. V. Womack at Shelbyville; Center College, Danville, and the Western Military Institute at Georgetown, Ky. He had always been of a studious disposition, so that at a period when boys are devoted chiefly to play and light study, he was engrossed in reading standard works of ancient and

modern history. As a consequence, at Yale he almost immediately took a leading position in his class in scholarship, and was especially prominent for his literary taste and excellence in composition, taking a Townsend prize for English composition; and among many candidates in the final competition, he was assigned the second place—Homer B. Sprague receiving the De Forest and Johnston the Clark prize for an essay on "Political Abstractionists," *i. e.*, doctrinaires.

After graduation, he studied law, and received his diploma from the Law School of the University of Louisville, in March, 1853. On the 6th of July, 1853, he was married in New Haven to Rosa Elizabeth Duncan, daughter of John N. Duncan, of New Orleans. He then settled in Louisville in the practice of law, and, except for a short interval, during which he resided in New York, he continued there until the war.

Though not allowing himself to be diverted from his profession by engaging actively in politics, he was always a strong advocate of the principles espoused by the South, and he took an active interest in their maintenance during the period preceding actual hostilities. When the issue, however, culminated in war, he was among the first in his State to cast his fortunes with the South and to raise troops for the Confederate army. Having aided in recruiting and equipping several companies in the summer of 1861, he was appointed major of the 2d Kentucky regiment, but was soon transferred to the 1st Kentucky regiment as major. He was subsequently promoted to be its lieutenant-colonel. This regiment saw its only service in the Army of Northern Virginia, and participated in the early operations on the line of Fairfax Court House and the Accotink. Colonel Johnston's health having broken down from typhoid-pneumonia and camp fever, resulting from the exposure of the field, and his regiment having been disbanded during his illness, he accepted in May, 1862, the invitation of President Davis to become a member of his official family as aide-de-camp, with the rank of colonel. He continued to fill this position until the close of the war, his chief duties being those of an inspector-general and a confidential staff officer of Mr. Davis for communication with generals commanding in the field. He was present in the battles of Seven Pines, Cold Harbor, Sheridan's Raid, Drewry's Bluff, and in the lines at Petersburg, and many other important combats. He contributed essentially to the strength of the administration by the high qualifications he brought to his responsible trust and the general confidence reposed in him by his chief and by all who knew him. He adhered with unswerving

fidelity to the fortunes of Mr. Davis, and was captured with him in Georgia after the surrender of General Joseph E. Johnston. After several months of solitary confinement in Fort Delaware, he was released; and after nearly a year's residence in exile in Canada, returning to Louisville, he resumed the practice of law.

In 1867, while thus engaged, he was invited by General R. E. Lee to the chair of history and English literature in Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., and removed to that place. This was a position for which he was peculiarly well fitted by the trend of his mind, as well as his scholarly acquirements; and his success in drawing to the institution a class of superior youth from the West and South, and inspiring them with his own high standard of morality, learning and ambition, has been best evidenced in the honorable positions in life attained by those who came under his personal and professional influence. Colonel Johnston remained at Washington and Lee University until 1877, and while there wrote the "Life of Albert Sidney Johnston," published by the Appletons in 1878. This work is an admirably written biography of the great Confederate chieftain who lost his life on the memorable battlefield of Shiloh, and whose character is one of the grandest and noblest in American annals. Colonel Johnston's life of his father ranked him as one of the best writers in the country, and his style is noted for its vigor and elegance. The judicial character of his work has been attested by many of the most distinguished generals and fairest critics on both sides, North and South.

A high degree of literary excellence is found in his other works, which consist of a number of poems, essays on literary, historical and pedagogical subjects, and addresses. In 1890 he printed "The Prototype of Hamlet," a series of lectures delivered at the Tulane University, which have been very favorably received by Shakespearean scholars. Owing to the bankruptcy of the publisher at the moment of its issue, this volume was never offered for sale, and only a small number of copies were printed. Its thesis is a paradox which has found favor with many lawyers, but it is not cheerfully accepted by the worshipers of the great bard. Colonel Johnston, however, ranks Shakespeare as the greatest of all writers, and regards the Baconian theory as absurd.

Colonel Johnston has delivered a large number of addresses before various universities and other educational assemblies. These addresses have been widely noticed as giving a correct and vivid picture of what is called the Old South, and also of the conditions in

the New South. The manly and earnest tone of the speaker, and his profound philosophical observation, with his estimate of what should be done for Southern civilization, have been much appreciated by political economists in America and in Europe.

During all Colonel Johnston's varied career of lawyer, soldier, professor, public speaker, and university president, he has indulged a strong bent for writing verse, the impulse of a genuine poetic gift. But a certain diffidence and fear of mere mediocrity, with a knowledge of the estimate placed on such productions by practical men, prevented him for a long time from printing his verses, except on rare occasions. In 1894 he printed a collection of his poems, entitled "My Garden Walk." It was intended chiefly for private distribution and as a memorial for his family and friends. But it has reached a wide circle of readers, and has its circle of admirers, who regard with favor the versatility of the author and his clearness, force and melody of expression.

Colonel Johnston published, in 1896, what might be considered a supplement to this volume, under the title of "Pictures of the Patriarchs, and Other Poems." This little book of verse contains, in addition to the titular portion, a second part of devotional verse and new versions and paraphrases of some of the Psalms. It is deservedly very popular with the many who respond to its spiritual melody.

But although Colonel Johnston is a distinguished literateur, his chief work has been done as an educator. In 1880 he accepted the presidency of the Louisiana State University at Baton Rouge, and thoroughly reorganized and re-established that institution, which had been for some time in a chaotic state, and had only thirty-nine students when he took charge of it. When, in 1883, Paul Tulane, the great philanthropist, made to Louisiana his princely gift, Colonel Johnston was requested by the administrators of the Tulane educational fund to organize and take charge of the institution to be founded. The result was the merging, in 1884, of the University of Louisiana into the Tulane University, which in all its branches stands as the greatest University in the Southwest. Colonel Johnston's administration as president is broad and conservative. He has endeavored to build up an institution in which the theory of an ideal university should be adapted to actual existing conditions. He has encouraged all literary, scientific and artistic societies, and his enlightened course in that direction has been of immense advantage to New Orleans. The university is now doing a great work. It em-

braces law and medical departments, a woman's college, a college of arts and sciences, and one of technology, a worthy monument indeed to the munificent founder and the efficient organizer.

Washington and Lee University in 1877 conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., and he has for a number of years been one of the regents of the Smithsonian Institution.

In character he is all that the record of his life bespeaks—simple, direct, gentle, yet firm, sincere, conscientious and unswerving in the discharge of every duty, and unwavering in friendship, brave and serene in misfortune and bereavement. He is a communicant of the Episcopal Church and a God-fearing man without cant.

Colonel Johnston's first wife died on October 19, 1885. She was one of the rarest and noblest of women. In April, 1888, Colonel Johnston married Miss Margaret Avery, a lady of culture and refinement, a member of one of the best Louisiana families. Colonel Johnston's only son, Albert Sidney Johnston, died in 1885, aged twenty-four. He has had five daughters. Three survive. Henrietta Preston, wife of Hon. Henry St. George Tucker, of Staunton, Va., for four sessions a member of Congress from that district; Rosa Duncan, married to George A. Robinson, of Louisville, Ky., and Margaret Wickliffe, married to Richard Sharpe, Jr., of Wilkesbarre, Pa. His eldest daughter, Mary Duncan Johnston, died unmarried November 25, 1893. His youngest daughter, Caroline Hancock Johnston, married Thomas C. Kinney, of Staunton, Va., and died July 26, 1895. Mr. Kinney is, through his mother, a direct descendant of Benjamin Harrison, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

#### COLONEL JOHNSTON AND TULANE UNIVERSITY.

For the past fifteen years Colonel Johnston has been a conspicuous object in the public view of New Orleans, standing as he did at the head of the greatest educational system in the South—a system because of the carrying out of his big ideas of what Tulane University should be.

Under the guidance of Professor Jesse, the University of Louisiana was a splendid academy for young men—an institution where they could get, so far as the financial status of the institution permitted, a fine classical training and a thorough education in mathematics. Called to the presidency of the embryo college when, through the beneficence of Paul Tulane, the future glowed with promise, Colonel



Johnston assumed charge under auspicious conditions, but conditions which might easily have been negated and nullified by incapable management. Instead, following Colonel Johnston's suggestions, carrying out his general ideas, expanding on the lines that his mind recognized as the ones of permanent expediency, the academy grew into a college, and the college into a system of colleges, crowded with fine university facilities for post-graduate studies.

While never radical, Colonel Johnston was always progressive in educational matters. His advanced ideas and his foresight, however, were always tempered by enough conservatism to avoid such tentative efforts as come to naught. No departure that he instituted proved a failure. Here and there details of original plans were modified, sometimes by expansion, sometimes by contraction, but the rule was that his mind foresaw well, and his counsel proved always to be that of one who was wise in his own vocation.

A broadly and thoroughly educated man, he was especially a literary scholar, a critic of great ability, a writer of force, elegance and clearness. His prose and poetry both commend themselves to capable judges, and have been widely read with much of both pleasure and profit to the readers.

It is often the case that men of particular bent deem that in which they themselves excel as the thing, the vocation or the faculty of highest importance. With Colonel Johnston, however, this rule did not hold true. He recognized literature as his particular forte, but he was free from narrowing, hampering hobbies, and he knew that literature was but one of the arches in the magnificent temples of learning. Less ornate branches of knowledge, he knew, were equally valuable, in many ways of more direct present importance; and being an educator, not a book-worm, a teacher as well as a scholar, a leader in his own day as well as a follower through the delightful roads cut for the human mind by the master intellects of past generations, he kept his mind fixed always on the standard of practical utility as well as that of finish and elegance, and from the day that he assumed the chair of president of Tulane, he put forth his every effort to make the institution one of value in every way.

Not only should the law and medical colleges maintain the unexcelled reputation that their graduates for many years had given them, but the classical proclivities of the youth of the South, so far as Tulane could affect them, should have every encouragement to grow and every facility for growth. Science should be brought from the upper realms, and, by means of practical application, chained to the

every-day service of man. All knowledge should be made to serve the ends of humanity—not, indeed, reduced to the standard of utility, but given aspects and bearings and trained directions that should appeal even to those who hold that nothing is desirable unless it be of practical present usefulness.

One of the first forward steps of the new Tulane was the establishment of the manual training school, at first almost entirely an adjunct of the high school department, since abolished. The scope of the manual training school was rapidly extended, and to-day the university confers the degree of bachelor of science upon mechanical and electrical engineers from the college of technology. The literary and classical courses have grown into a splendidly equipped college of arts and sciences, graduating bachelors of art, and in the university, graduates of Newcomb and Tulane study together for the higher degrees of M. A. and Ph. D.

To the outside world there seems to be but little immediate bond between Tulane and Newcomb, but to the man whose memory is honored as president of Tulane University is due in large measure the existence of the H. Sophie Newcomb College for young ladies, one of the colleges in the university. Colonel Johnston never lost an opportunity to urge upon people of wealth identified with New Orleans to give of their means to the cause of education, and it was his influence with Mrs. Newcomb, whom he had known from her infancy, that probably determined her upon a college for young women as the best memorial for her lamented daughter. Colonel Johnston's modesty forbade him to speak of the extent to which the establishment of Newcomb College was due to him, and it was almost a secret until some of Mrs. Newcomb's relatives in Kentucky brought frivolous proceedings against Colonel Johnston for influencing Mrs. Newcomb to divert her wealth into such channels as to deprive them of all prospects of dividing it among them.

Colonel Johnston's idea was to build up a great university, made of many colleges, and to have on every hand preparatory schools feeding the colleges. Fifteen years president of Tulane, he lived to see his plans sufficiently materialized to guarantee the complete ultimate fruition of his hopes, and in the last days of his life he had the joy of knowing that his unselfish efforts for the good of others had been rewarded with ampler and quicker success than it is the lot of most men to enjoy.

In 1884, Tulane was almost an experiment. Between the president and the administrators the completest harmony always existed.

They were foremost business and professional men. He was a scholar, but an eminently practical one. Education was his life work, the one absorbing object of his days and nights, and he was for fifteen years the inspiration that enabled the corporate power embodied in the board of administrators to move forward and upward, gaining new strength with every effort, and greatly increased power with every new success. Tulane, in growing great under the presidency of Colonel Johnston, had, obedient to his ideas, uplifted all the schools and academies of this section. The ambition of principals and assistants in private preparatory schools, is to have their pupils admitted to the freshman classes of Tulane and Newcomb without entrance examinations. The Boys' High School scholarship stimulates both students, pupils and teachers in that school. Tulane, throbbing with its own life and ambition, proved a vitalizing influence throughout the entire educational system of New Orleans and the surrounding parishes, sometimes lifting up, sometimes helping to do so, never without some influence.

"The noblest profession a man can follow," Colonel Johnston used often say to his students, "is to educate others. It is not the most profitable financially, but it is the most gratifying in many respects."

Ashley D. Hurt, a brilliant Greek scholar and a Greek poet, was placed in the Tulane faculty at the suggestion of Colonel Johnston, and Prof. Hurt's successor in the chair of Greek is a man, still young, whose education was received at Tulane, and whose scholastic attainments, especially in Greek, have attracted widespread attention. Tulane is sending out into the world many splendidly-equipped educators, and they in turn send students to Tulane; and along the lines mapped out by Colonel Johnston, Tulane University works out its own destiny and that of a people.

An illustration of his devotion to the university, and also of his will-power, was given at the last commencement exercises. He had suffered much and had been under severe physical strain. He was at the time unfit to be on the platform, but it was commencement, and he must be where his heart was—with his graduates. He could barely hold up during the exercises, and his condition was painfully apparent to the audience.

Glowing tributes to the memory of Colonel Johnston from Judge Charles E. Fenner, President of the Board of Administrators of Tulane University; the venerable man of God, Benjamin M. Palmer, D. D., and others, have been published.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, April 16, 1860.]

## RAID ON CATLETT'S.

One of General J. E. B. Stuart's Famous Dashes.

### A PRIVATE SOLDIER'S RECOLLECTION.

**Knew Something had been Found—A Pitiable Sight—Gloucester Never Backed Out—The Ludicrous Side—Gathering the Plunder.**

*To the Editor of the Dispatch :*

I have been thinking for some time that I would jot down my recollections of General J. E. B. Stuart's raid on Catlett's Station during the war between the States. I was a private in Company G, 4th Virginia cavalry, but not one of those who could fight a battle or conduct a campaign, for I never knew anything about a battle except what occurred right in front or pretty near to me. So I shall only try to describe what I saw and did. I am a poor hand to recollect dates and places, but of circumstances I can remember a great deal. I see by a map of the battlefields of Virginia that there was a skirmish at Catlett's August 21 and 23 and October 24, 1864. I think it must have been on the two former dates that the raid of which I write occurred, for I know we were in and about there two days.

On the 21st we had been marching all day, and passed through the town of Warrenton not a great while before night. My regiment came to a halt just in the town. We were received by the citizens with open arms, and what was much more to our liking, with a bountiful supply for the inner man. All were not able to take advantage of what was offered, as we only stopped for a few seconds. Fortunately for myself, I halted just opposite a store containing almost everything, and the occupant thereof rushed out, bearing in one hand a plate piled up with apple pies and in the other a plate filled with dried or smoked fish. I made a grab, and got a goodly portion of pie in one hand and a number of fish in the other. Many of the other soldiers did the same. Never did viands taste better. The "pies" were consumed then and there, and the fish kept for future use.

Soon after leaving the town we were halted in an open field. Night was coming on, and ominous clouds were looming up, with lightning and thunder. Soon it began to rain in torrents. I have always maintained I never saw it rain so hard before or since. The storm was soon over, and then commenced the fun. It was laughable to see the men standing on their heads, or getting their feet up in the air to let the water run out of their boots. By the time we started again it was pitch dark, and not one of us privates, I will venture to say, knew where we were going. I surely did not. On we plodded, hour after hour, with the darkness so dense that you couldn't see your file leader. We crossed several streams very much swollen by the recent rains, which made fording very difficult, but on we went. There were two regiments in front of mine in the line of march. One, I think, was the gallant 5th, led by that dashing officer, Colonel Tom Rosser, now General.

Somewhere about midnight, when nothing was to be heard but the splash, splash of the horses' feet in the wet roads, the stillness was suddenly broken by a tremendous yell far to the front. We in the rear knew then something had been found. Orders soon came down the line to quicken up. The yelling at the front became fiercer and fiercer. By the time my regiment got upon the scene of action, it was pretty much all over, and by the flashes of lightning we found that we were standing in the midst of the Federal tents. Just then Colonel Rosser, with his sword drawn and dripping with blood, rode up to General Stuart, who was close by, and said in his own emphatic language: "General, I have been giving them h—ll, cutting and slashing right and left."

It was a pitiable sight to see those Federal soldiers running here and there, and clad only in their night garments, which consisted, of course, only of undergarments. They had no hats nor shoes, and wherever one was seen he was soon captured or cut down. It was an awful and exciting time. Soon after my regiment came up Captain William B. Newton, of Company G, was ordered to take a squad of men and proceed to the railroad to cut the telegraph wire. I formed one of the squad, but what we were to cut with I could not see. Sabres are good for cutting flesh and breaking bones, but they can't cut suspended wire very easily. Some of the Gloucester cavalry got mixed up with us as we proceeded in the pitch dark. Finally we reached the railroad at a high embankment, and it was well for us that we did, for by the flashes of lightning, which were still very vivid, we could see, by climbing to the top of the embankment, a

line of Federal infantry drawn up ready for action. Captain Newton called for volunteers to climb a pole and cut the wire. We had all seen the danger and knew the risk, and as we had nothing to cut with, and a telegraph pole is not the easiest thing in the world to climb, we were rather slow to respond. But there was a volunteer. He was a small man from the Gloucester troops that had joined us. As he jumped to the front, he exclaimed: "I will go; Gloucester has never backed out yet," and up he went. He had reached the top of the pole and was trying his best to get the wire in two, when there came a vivid flash of lightning and the Yankees saw him. They were not slow in firing a volley right across the track. It seemed to me the whole heaven was full of bullets. The man up the pole dropped down with a thud. We were sure he had been killed, but the next moment he rolled down the embankment and jumped up all right. We could do nothing with the wire, so Captain Newton took us back to the company. Out from the tents were packed all of General Pope's headquarters wagons, and many others, I suppose. Several had been set on fire, which illuminated the camp in every direction. I got permission to do a little foraging on my own hook, and rode down among the burning wagons.

There were many laughable scenes, as well as serious ones, that memorable night. I don't suppose time can ever efface them from my memory. As I passed in the rear of one wagon—and I ought to mention here that these wagons were all packed and ready to move out at any moment—I saw a soldier trying to get the cork out of a bottle. He got impatient with the obstinate cork and so he struck the neck of the bottle on the wagon tire. There was an explosion, and he dropped the bottle like a hot cake. I yelled to him that he was a fool; that that was the best stuff he ever drank; that it was champagne. He said there was plenty of it in the wagon. I made him hand me out a bottle, which I stored away in my saddle-pockets. I then proceeded to a wagon which had not been molested. Two fine, fat horses were tied behind it. I untied one of them and transferred my saddle from my own horse to this old Yankee cuss, and I had ample time to regret it afterwards. I had no notion of turning my horse adrift, for I considered him as fine an animal as there was in the service. After changing saddle and bridle to the other horse, I tied the halter strap of my horse in the ring of the saddle. I then climbed up into the wagon, which was chock full of camp equipage. I soon slashed the cover off with my knife.

so that I could have full play. I tackled a big leather trunk, and as I heaved it out on the ground it struck the front wheel and the top and bottom parted company. It evidently belonged to an officer of high rank. The first thing I pulled out was an elegant cocked hat with royal black plumes. Then followed dress uniform coats and pants, and fatigue jackets, all with epaulets, and superb underwear of every description. I was rich. I strapped to my saddle and around my person everything that I needed, and some things that I had better have left where I found them; but then I didn't know. Among other valuable things was an elegant pair of field-glasses. I put the strap of the case over my neck. There was a cylindrical tin box, a foot or more long, containing drawings and maps. I should have carried those to General Stuart, but I did not, and left them where they were. Then I found my "evil genius," which was a pint flask half full of good whiskey. I sampled it then and there. When I had enough I mounted my new capture and started out. I hadn't gone far when I was hailed by a man standing over a five-gallon runlet, with the head knocked in. He asked me if I didn't want something to drink. I took out the flask which I had gotten from the trunk, and handed it to him, first unscrewing the top. He simply immersed it in the whisky and let it run full, and handed it back to me.

I was sitting on my horse, and screwing on the top with the reins hanging loose, when all on a sudden the Yankees, who had crept up under cover of darkness, opened a terrible fire on us. At the first discharge the old Yankee horse bolted right over a wagon pole, and on he went into pitch darkness, through bushes and over gullies. Before I could gather up the reins he was running away with me. At the first bound the halter strap to the horse I was leading broke. As a second mishap, one stirrup leather gave way. I had to hold on by my knees. Whither he was carrying me I could not tell, for it was dark, and the bushes were raking me fore and aft, and I expected every moment to be dragged off. I finally succeeded in hauling him up. Then I felt around to see what damage had been done. And "I am sorry to relate," I was as poor a man as you would wish to see. Every vestige of my plunder was gone, except the field-glasses, which were around my neck. The bushes had scraped me clean; haversack and all were gone. I couldn't find my company, and I didn't know where I was. I stopped and tried to locate myself and to listen. While so engaged I heard some one groaning, apparently far below me. I could not understand it, so I

called to know who was there, and the reply came back: "It's me; Harry Finney." And sure enough, it was Lieutenant H. B. Finney, of the Powhatan troop. He begged me to help him, saying he was badly hurt. I then found that I was standing on the edge of a very deep gully, and Lieutenant Finney was at the bottom of it. I fastened my horse and went to his rescue. He could scarcely walk. His horse had played him an ugly trick. I managed to get him up the steep bank and put him on my horse, and as daylight was coming on, took him back to the rear. During the day I got another horse and put him on it, and he joined some of his own company. I soon found some of my comrades, and together we rejoined the regiment. I learned from some of the men that a soldier from the 6th regiment had captured my lost horse. I lost no time in hunting him up, but had hard work getting him back. After much persuasion and many promises, I finally succeeded. Had I stuck to him all the time, I should have come out of that raid much better off than I did.

We captured a great many prisoners, among them a woman in man's uniform and with a gun; destroyed quantities of stores and wagons, brought off all the horses, and got back without the loss of a single man, so far as I know.

Thus, Mr. Editor, I have tried to jot down my recollections of one of the most remarkable rides and raids that it was my good fortune to be in during the war.

---

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, July 2, 1899]

## WHY THE CONFEDERATE STATES DID NOT HAVE A SUPREME COURT.

I am asked why the Confederate States never had a Supreme Court.

The Constitution of the Confederate States is a copy of that of the United States, "*totidem verbis*," except where the theory of the sovereignty of the States required changes in the Constitution to make that plain. Thus the preamble of the Constitution, that fruitful source of centralizing theories, reads: "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union," was changed to read: "We, the people of the Confederate States, each State acting in its sovereign and independent character, in order to form a permanent Federal Government."

Article I, section 1, Constitution of the United States: "All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a congress," &c.,



was changed, "All legislative powers herein delegated shall be vested in a congress," &c.

The two constitutions, in parallel columns, are printed as an appendix to my "Memoir of Joseph E. Johnston," R. H. Woodward & Co., Baltimore, 1891, and the alterations of the Constitution of the United States are shown in that of the Confederate States in italics, and I assert here that every amendment was an improvement on the original instrument. The Confederate statesmen, who then included the leading minds in America, did not propose any change in the government, and they only amended the old Constitution so as to make it conform to the construction which they put upon it, and which was consistent with the origin and history and intention of the original Constitution. They hoped that if war could be avoided, all the other States, except New England ones, would come in and form an amended Union under the amended Constitution. The loss of New England they were prepared to bear in a resigned and Christian spirit, while they congratulated New Brunswick and Nova Scotia on their new associates, who they would find so agreeable to live with. I am bound to say that this Confederate hope was superficial and baseless. They never did understand that the war was not for abolition of slavery, but was a war for dominion of the strong over the weak; of conquest, of selfishness, of avarice. Abolition and humanity were the pretexts; preservation of the Union the mockery, but the reality was the money there was in it, and the money there would be in it when the rich, productive, agricultural South should be made serfs to the vigorous, active, intelligent, greedy North.

The war was a contractors' war. They pushed it on to get contracts, and then pressed it further to make those contracts good.

But the Constitution of the Confederate States was a copy of that of the United States, amended as I have shown.

Article III, section 1, of the old Constitution provides that "the judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one Supreme Court and in such inferior courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish." The amended Constitution adopts this section without change of a word, except "Confederate" is substituted for "United."

This is the only change as appears by the official copy of the Constitution of the Confederate States, now before me, printed by the Congress in Richmond in 1864.

I am thus particular, for what purports to be the Constitution of

the Confederate States, just published in the Military History of the Confederate States, contains a serious error. It prints the third article as "the judicial power of the Confederate States shall be vested in one superior court," &c., Volume XII, page 311.

The Provisional Congress of the Confederate States, at its first session, held at Montgomery, on March 16, 1861, proceeded to organize the judicial power as provided for in the Constitution.

By chapter LXI.—An act to establish the judicial courts of the Confederate States of America—"the Congress of the Confederate States of America do enact that the Supreme Court of the Confederate States shall hold annually, at the seat of government, one session, commencing the first Monday of January, and continuing until the business of said court is disposed of. The second section provides for district courts for each State. There was no provision for circuit courts. The act is an elaborate provision of fifty-four sections, prescribing the jurisdiction and mode of procedure of the courts. The Constitution provided that the President should, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, appoint the judges of the Supreme Court, but the law did not fix the number of the judges, and the court could not be organized until such number was fixed by Congress. At the third session of the Provisional Congress, held at Richmond, by chapter III, passed July 31, 1861, entitled "an act further to amend an act entitled an act to establish the judicial courts of the Confederate States of America," provides "the Congress of the Confederate States do enact that so much of the act approved March 16, 1861, entitled an act to establish the judicial courts of the Confederate States of America, as directs the holding of a session of the Supreme Court of the Confederate States in January next, be, and the same is hereby, repealed, and no session of the Supreme Court shall be held until that court shall be organized under the provisions of the permanent Constitution of the Confederate States, and the laws passed in pursuance thereof."

How a session of a court could be held before there was a court, I do not understand. But that was the law as passed. That was the end of the attempt to organize a Supreme Court of the Confederate States. The reasons for the failure to proceed further have not been recorded as far as I know. Neither President Davis, in his "*Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*," nor Mr. Stephens, in his "*War Between the States*," anywhere mention the subject, and the only light which can now be shed on the question are the

contemporaneous reports of the debates in Congress, in the *Enquirer*, the *Examiner*, and the *Dispatch* of that period.

The files of these papers are not accessible to me, but I get a glimmer of the reason from a statement to me by Judge Keith, of the Supreme Court.

He told me that when he was on picket duty he read by the light of a camp fire a long and venomous attack of Senator Wigfall on John Marshall and the centralizing tendencies of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Now, when you touch one Fauquier man, the blood of every other Fauquier man, whether on picket or on the Supreme bench, grows red-hot, and I have no doubt that, when the young cavalryman read this attack on his countryman and kinsman, his eyes got red and he blowed and puffed, and just wished he had him at sabre's length. That's the way they used to do in Fauquier. As everybody knows, they've all joined the Young Men's Christian Association since then. (This is a joke, for I don't want some fellow from about Warrenton writing to know if I meant anything disrespectful to Fauquier, sah! I don't, and I love every one of them, God bless 'em!)

Judge Keith's reminiscence gives me the clue to the reason. From the time of the resolutions of 1798-'99, the States' Rights party had been firm in their opposition to a "common arbiter." Mr. Jefferson, in his resolution, and Mr. Madison, in his report, had laid down the law, that in case of an infringement of States' rights by the common agent—the Federal Government—each State must be the judge of the wrong done her and of the mode and measure of redress.

The Kentucky resolutions of 1798 were drawn by Mr. Jefferson. They declared "that the several States, composing the United States of America, are not united on the principle of unlimited submission to their general government, but that by compact under the style and title of the Constitution of the United States, and by amendments thereto, they constituted a general government for special purposes, delegated to that government certain definite powers, reserving to each State for itself the residuary mass of right to their own self-government, and that whensoever the General Government assumes undelegated power, its acts are unauthorized, void, and of no force: that to this compact each State acceded as a State, and is an integral part; that the government created by this compact was not made the exclusive judge of the power delegated to itself, since that would have made discretion, and not the Constitu-

tion, the measure of its own powers; but as in all cases of compact among parties having no common judge, each party has an equal right to judge for itself, as well of infraction as of the mode and measure of redress." On this platform Mr. Jefferson was elected President in 1800, overthrowing John Adams and the Federal party. It was the corner-stone of the Democratic faith, and the government was administered on it in the main from 1800 to 1861, excepting the intersigna of John Quincy, of Andrew Jackson, and of Millard Fillmore. The national Democratic conventions affirmed it time and again. But John Marshall, in the Supreme Court, steadily enlarged the delegated power of the common agent, and the northern people generally lost sight of the nature of the Federal government, and, applying the principle of the resolutions of 1798, in the case of secession, set itself up "to judge for itself, as well of infraction as of the mode and measure of redress."

Mr. Calhoun wrote his book to establish the proposition, and I can well understand how President Davis, Senators Wigfall, Mason, and Hunter all agreed that there should be no Supreme Court, the creature of the Federal authority, to become a "common arbiter" in all time in disputes between States, or between States and the Federal government. The conclusion I arrive at is, that there was no Supreme Court, because the Confederate States would not tolerate a "common arbiter" appointed by their agent, the Confederate government.

BRADLEY T. JOHNSON.

*The Woodlands, Amelia Courthouse, Va., June 29, 1899.*

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, January 29, 1899.]

### ONE OF COL. JOHN S. MOSBY'S COMPANIES.

---

The following roster of Company F, Mosby's battalion, contains the name of those who composed the company in the fall of 1864 and up to the time of the surrender at Appomattox. It is taken from the roll-book of the company, which was kept by Sergeant Jesse P. Gore, brother of Officer Charles A. Gore, of this city. Sergeant Gore died about two years ago, and the book became the property of Officer Gore, who prizes it as a souvenir of the war.

The roll contains the names of quite a number of residents of this section, though many have passed away.

#### OFFICERS.

Captain—W. E. Franklin.

First Lieutenant—Walter Barrett.

Second Lieutenant—James T. Ames.

Third Lieutenant—J. Frank Turner.

First Sergeant—H. M. McIlhaney.

Second Sergeant—Robert Parrott.

Third Sergeant—Thomas A. Russell.

Fourth Sergeant—John J. Williams.

Fifth Sergeant—James P. Triplett.

E. M. Crutchfield, Jesse P. Gore, Chas. Brooks and David Reeves were also appointed from the ranks to act as first, second, third and fourth sergeants *pro tem*.

(This action is supposed to have been necessary, as the companies were often separated during the raids.)

First Corporal—Chas. W. Harris.

Second Corporal—Henry James.

Third Corporal—Benj. R. Cowherd.

Fourth Corporal—Jno. L. Shackleford.

#### PRIVATES.

Geo. B. Austin, B. R. Alexander, W. S. Broaddus, Harrison Burton, Arthur Burke, Jno. C. Bayne, James D. Brown, Charles Brooks, Chas. L. Bankhead, Washington Bayne, Thos. R. Brown,

Jno. E. Baker, Alex. Buners, J. A. Barker, J. Beverley, Jno. J. Cahill, Jno. J. Clark, William Cockrell, F. M. Conner, Isaiah Carter, D. Cooode, Butler Corder, T. W. Crow, John Culbreth, Geo. W. Crawford, Hugh H. Chandler, Irvine Chase, M. Cooksey, Charles Daime, Peter M. Daniel, Reuben Dawson, Rodger M. Dunaway, R. A. Dunton, Frederick Eubank, B. Eastham, J. P. Gayle, M. J. Gayle, Thos. B. Gayle, Lewis E. Gooding, J. H. Goddin, Abner Goodall, James J. Gooch, James R. Gresham, John B. Griffith, H. Gaskins, James Haney, Francis L. Hill, Noah Holkman, H. H. Hopkins, R. T. Howard, Isaiah Hunton, Jacob Imboden, Matthew Jennings, C. W. Johnson, M. A. Jones, W. M. Yerby, John C. Rally, Hugh C. Keysear, James P. Kite, Richard Knox, Thomas O. Kite, M. P. Lacy, T. B. Leach, Clifton Lee, J. W. Limbrick, D. W. Lowe, Willis J. Landram, Edward G. Leavell, Fielding Lucas, Wm. L. Manley, Elimonder Myers, O. D. Miller, J. M. Milton, L. E. Meredith, John L. McKenny, William Norris, John J. Porter, John T. Pritchard, James H. Peebles, Geo. H. Priest, Thomas Parr, Rupert R. Powell, H. F. Powell, Jno. R. Paine, Thos. H. Riley, Daniel Reeves, S. B. Rollins, John M. Royston, J. E. Ricketts, T. R. Ridgely, Robert Scott, J. A. Silman, John A. Silman, J. G. Smoot, Jas. W. Strother, John C. Sinclair, B. R. Swann, W. S. Sours, M. V. Scurry, F. Spottswood, E. T. Smith, Alfred Thompson, D. L. Thomas, Alonzo Travis, E. M. Towles, W. R. Taylor, Chas. Vier, A. F. Wirizelle, Jno. W. Wheatley, Chas. P. Walker, Chas. Worsam.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, September 3, 1899.]

## RETALIATION.

---

### THE EXECUTION OF SEVEN PRISONERS BY Col. JOHN S. MOSBY.

---

#### A Self-Protective Necessity.

---

The dedication at Front Royal of the monument to the six men of the 43d battalion of Virginia cavalry on the anniversary of the day they were hung, September 23, 1864, revives the memory of a painful episode of the war. But it does more: it proves that heroic sentiment still survives and that those who died for their country's cause, did not die in vain.

"Their country conquers with their martyrdom."

At the time it occurred, I was away from my command, wounded. Sheridan, with an overwhelming force, was pushing Early up the Shenandoah Valley; he had sent Torbert with two divisions of cavalry to cut off his retreat at New Market; Wickham in command of Fitz Lee's cavalry division had repulsed them at Milford, and Torbert was retreating down the Valley. Captain Sam Chapman—the same Chapman whom McKinley recently sent as a chaplain to preach humanity in Cuba—this is one of the revenges of time—with a detachment of fifty or sixty men went to the Valley to strike a blow to impede Sheridan's march by breaking his line of communications. This was the work in which we had been engaged. If Sheridan's dispatches to Grant are true, he was as much annoyed by the war in his rear as by that in his front. In his report of the campaign he belittles our operations by saying that he was benefitted by them as we kept his men from straggling—but afterward, finding that it would be of more advantage to his reputation to take the opposite ground, in his Memoirs he maintains that while his army was numerically superior to Early's, yet the partisans in his rear compelled such heavy detachments to guard the border and his line of supplies, that their actual strength was about equal. The Memoir (Vol. I, p. 499) says: "The difference of strength between the two armies at this date was considerably in my favor, but the conditions attending my situation in a hostile region necessitated so much detached service

to protect trains and to secure Maryland and Pennsylvania from raids, that my excess in numbers was almost cancelled by these incidental demands that could not be avoided, and although I knew I was strong, yet in consequence of the injunctions of General Grant, I deemed it necessary to be very cautious," etc.

#### A HIGH TRIBUTE.

This is the highest tribute ever paid to the efficiency of my command. The inspection reports at that time show that Sheridan had in his department a total present for duty of 94,026. Early's total effective, with Kershaw (whose division was not in the battle of Winchester), was 21,000. Sheridan then had good military reasons for burning of the country to drive us out. But to return from this digression. At Front Royal, Chapman saw an ambulance train, under an escort of cavalry, coming down the pike. As he had not heard of Torbert's defeat, and that he was retreating down the Valley, and not dreaming that a corps of cavalry was in supporting distance immediately behind it, he attacked the escort and drove it back on the main body. Having leaped into the midst of overwhelming numbers, he had to call off his men and abandon what he had won. A body of cavalry was sent around to intercept his retreat, and formed across his path. Merritt's whole division was in pursuit. When Chapman's men came upon the cavalry in the road that barred their way, they opened upon them with their six-shooters and cleared away the obstruction. There was no time to parley or take prisoners. The momentum of Chapman's charge swept away all before it. The enemy had attempted to cut off Chapman and had got cut off. The fate of war, six of Chapman's men were captured. Merritt, in his report, says: "It having been decided impracticable to carry the position of the enemy (Milford) without great loss of life, it was decided to withdraw both divisions. This was done at dark, and the command on the following day returned to Front Royal. Near this town the advance of the reserve brigade encountered a body of guerrillas under a Captain Chapman, who were in the act of capturing an ambulance train of our wounded. The gang quickly dispersed with a loss of eighteen killed. (None of Chapman's men were killed except those who were hung.) Lieutenant McMasters, of the 2d United States cavalry, was mortally wounded in this affair, being shot, after he was taken prisoner, and robbed."



## SILENT ABOUT THE HANGING.

Lieutenant McMasters was never a prisoner—no prisoners were taken. When he formed across the road he thought he had my men in a pen, but they dashed through his ranks and shot him as they passed. But why didn't Merritt tell the whole story—that he hung six prisoners? The reason is obvious. Torbert, the corps commander, says: "Brig.-General Merritt's division went through Front Royal crossing the Shenandoah and stopping at Cedarville, in the meantime having a skirmish with Mosby's guerrillas at Front Royal, killing two officers and nine men." Torbert, like Merritt, is silent about the hanging, and no doubt for the same reason. None of my men were killed in the fight and none wounded. Custer's report says nothing about the Front Royal affair. Neither Torbert, Merritt or Custer was willing to assume the responsibility and odium or to go on record about the hanging. It was their duty to report the fact, and if justifiable, then the circumstances that justified it. No matter whether they were active or merely passive in the business, their silence gives it a dark complexion. A few days afterward I returned to my command. Many prisoners had been captured, but the men had taken no revenge. They were waiting for me. I determined to demand and enforce every belligerent right to which the soldiers of a great military power were entitled by the laws of war. But I resolved to do it in the most humane manner, and in a calm, judicial spirit. I felt in doing it all the pangs of the weeping jailor when he handed the cup of hemlock to the great Athenian martyr. It was not an act of revenge, but a judicial sentence to save not only the lives of my own men, but the lives of the enemy. It had that effect. I regret that fate thrust such a duty upon me; I do not regret that I faced and performed it. The following correspondence speaks for itself:

NEAR MIDDLEBURG, LOUDOUN COUNTY,

October 29, 1864.

*General R. E. LEE,*

*Commanding the Army of Northern Virginia:*

GENERAL,—I desire to bring, through you, to the notice of the government the brutal conduct of the enemy manifested towards citizens of this district since their occupation of Manassas road. When they first advanced up the road, we smashed up one of their trains, killing and wounding a large number. In retaliation they arrested

a large number of citizens living along the line, and have been in the habit of sending an instalment of them on each train. As my command has done nothing contrary to the usages of war, it seems to me that some attempt at least ought to be made to prevent a repetition of such barbarities. During my absence from my command, the enemy captured six of my men near Front Royal. These were immediately hanged by order and in the presence of General Custer. They also hung another lately in Rappahannock. It is my purpose to hang an equal number of Custer's men whenever I capture them.

\* \* \*

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN S. MOSBY,  
*Lieutenant-Colonel.*

(First endorsement.)

Respectfully referred to the Honorable Secretary of War for his information. I do not know how we can prevent the cruel conduct of the enemy toward our citizens. I have directed Colonel Mosby, through his adjutant, to hang an equal number of Custer's men in retaliation for those executed by him.

(Signed,)

R. E. LEE,  
*General.*

(Second endorsement.)

November 14, 1864.

ADJUTANT GENERAL:

General Lee's instructions are cordially approved. In addition, if our citizens are found exposed on any captured train, signal vengeance should be taken on all conductors and officers found on it and every male passenger of the enemy's country as prisoners. So instruct.

J. A. SEDDON,  
*Secretary.*

November 11, 1864.

*Major-General P. H. SHERIDAN,*  
*Commanding United States Forces in the Valley:*

GENERAL.—Some time in the month of September, during my absence from my command, six of my men who had been captured by your forces were hung and shot in the streets of Front Royal by the order and in the immediate presence of Brigadier-General Custer. Since then another, captured by a Colonel Powell on a plundering expedition into Rappahannock, was also hung. A label affixed to

the coat of one of the murdered men declared that "this would be the fate of Mosby and all his men." Since the murder of my men, not less than 700 prisoners, including many officers of high rank, captured from your army by this command, have been forwarded to Richmond, but the execution of my purpose of retaliation was deferred in order, as far as possible, to confine its operation to the men of Custer and Powell. Accordingly, on the 6th instant, seven of your men were by my order executed on the Valley pike, your highway of travel. Hereafter any prisoners falling into my hands will be treated with the kindness due to their condition, unless some new act of barbarity shall compel me reluctantly to adopt a course of policy repulsive to humanity.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN S. MOSBY,

*Lieutenant-Colonel.*

This letter was sent to Sheridan by Lieutenant John Russell, of Clarke county. It was also sent to the Richmond papers to be published, as I knew it would be copied by the Northern papers. I wanted Sheridan's soldiers to know that, if they desired to fight under the black flag, I would meet them.

WINCHESTER, VA., Nov. 7, 1864.

*Lieutenant-Colonel C. KINGSBURY, JR., A. A. G., &c.:*

COLONEL,—I have the honor to state that G. H. Soule, company G. 15th Michigan cavalry (Alger's), this day entered our lines from the direction of Berryville, and reported as follows: He was taken prisoner by soldiers of Mosby's command on the macadamized road near Newtown, and by them taken to a camp on the Winchester and Berryville turnpike. There he was placed with a squad of Federal prisoners numbering about twenty-two, and with them compelled to draw lots for the purpose of determining upon a certain number who should be hung. Of the twenty-three prisoners, seven were to be executed in retaliation for a like number of Mosby's command who were hung by General Custer. Of the seven upon whom the lot fell, three were hung, two shot, and two escaped. The wounded men—one of whom escaped alive by feigning death—are being cared for by the Union families in the vicinity of the camp. The men who escaped have reported at this post. The accompanying note was found by a citizen who cut down and buried the bodies, pinned to the clothing of one of the men who was hanged. Captain

Brewster, commissary of subsistence of General Custer's command, was among the parties captured. The name of one of the men hanged was ascertained to be George L. Prouty. He was a member of company L, 5th Michigan cavalry [From which Sheridan published Alger as a deserter].

O. EDWARDS,  
*Colonel, &c.*

This is the endorsement on Edwards' letter:

(Endorsement.)

These men have been hanged in retaliation for an equal number of Colonel Mosby's men hung by order of General Custer at Front Royal.

Measure for measure.

SAVED A DRUMMER BOY.

The drawing of lots took place in Fauquier at Rectortown. I was present with the battalion, but had the prisoners taken off some distance, as I could not witness the painful scene. All felt its necessity, but every heart was touched with its pathos. A few minutes after the drawing was over, my sergeant-major, Guy Broadwater, informed me that a drummer boy had drawn a lot to be hung. I ordered him to have another drawing for one to take the place of the drummer boy. It was done. Two months afterward I was again in Richmond, wounded. Judge Ould, the Confederate commissioner, invited me to go with him down James river on the boat that was taking several hundred prisoners for exchange. The drummer boy was among them. When I stepped on deck he recognized, ran up and embraced me. Two years ago I saw in the papers that he had come on to the unveiling of the Grant monument in New York, expecting to meet me there. It had been announced that I had accepted an invitation to attend.

At the date of my letter to Sheridan, I did not know that any of the condemned men had escaped. I was really glad to hear it, for it increased the moral effect of the act. They could relate in Sheridan's camps the experience they had with Mosby's men. I did not execute any substitutes in their place; my object had been accomplished. If I had been animated by vindictive feelings, I would have let my men shoot or hang their prisoners quietly until they were satisfied, and then, like Torbert, Merritt and Custer, say noth-

ing about it. As I wished to make an example, I gave all the publicity possible to the deed.

My letter to Sheridan speaks of another one of my men who was hung, shortly after the hanging at Front Royal, by a Colonel Powell. Powell says in his report, October 13th: "Having learned of the wilful and cold-blooded murder of a United States soldier by two men (Chancellor and Myers, members of Mosby's gang of cutthroats and robbers) some two miles from my camp a few days previous, I ordered the execution of one of Mosby's gang whom I had captured the day previous at Gaines Cross Roads, and placing the placard on his breast with the following inscription: 'A. C. Willis, member of Company C, Mosby's command, hanged by the neck in retaliation for the murder of a United States soldier by Messrs. Chancellor and Myers.' I also sent a detachment, under command of Captain Howe, 1st West Virginia cavalry, with orders to destroy the residence, barn, and all buildings and forage on the premises of Mr. Chancellor, and to drive off all stock of every description, which orders were promptly carried out." As my men had been hung at Front Royal three weeks before and there had been no sign of retaliation, no doubt Powell thought the work could go on with impunity. But he never dared to hang any more.

#### FACTS IN THE CASE.

Now, the facts are these. A few days before this occurrence, a man dressed in citizen's dress came to the house of a farmer, Myers, in Fauquier county, and asked for work; he said he was a deserter from Sheridan's army. Myers did not belong to my command nor to any command. I never saw him. The man spent several days with Myers. Chancellor was a soldier who had come home on a short visit to his father, who was a neighbor of Myers. Chancellor was on his horse about leaving home when Myers with some citizens rode up with the professed deserter. They were sure from his actions that he was a spy feigning desertion. They asked Chancellor to take him out to the Confederate lines. Chancellor agreed. If the man was a spy, it was Chancellor's right to hang him on the spot, just as General Washington hung Major Andre. If, on the contrary, he was a deserter, then Powell would have shot or hung him if he had caught him. He was not entitled to the protection of a prisoner of war; if he was a spy, he had dearly forfeited his life to one side or the other. But Chancellor was merciful, and gave the man the

benefit of the doubt. He started off to deliver him as a suspect to the provost marshal at Gordonsville. If the motive had been cruelty, the man would not have been taken ten miles across a river for the purpose of shooting him. He would have been given a hasty burial in Fauquier. The prisoner tried several times to get away; Chancellor warned him that the next attempt would be his last. He tried again and was shot. Nobody will dispute the right of a guard to shoot a prisoner to prevent an escape. For what purpose are guns given to prison guards if not to shoot? When the man was killed they had crossed the Rappahannock river and were at least ten miles from the place from which they had started. This proves that the killing was not premeditated. Chancellor shot him running. His desperation in trying to escape confirmed the suspicion that he was a spy. He expected to be hung if he got to Gordonsville. If he had been a *bona fide* deserter he would not have risked his life to get back to Sheridan. Myers was not with Chancellor. No matter what corner of the earth he may be in, Powell is pursued by an avenging fury.

#### RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ACT.

In 1869, when we were under military rule in Virginia, a letter appeared in the New York *Sun*, criticizing some of my actions as a soldier. The following is an extract from my reply:

“‘This outlaw hanged five stragglers at Berryville.’ In September, 1864, General Custer captured and hanged seven of my men in the streets of Front Royal, Va. Immediately on hearing of this, having a lot of thirty prisoners on hand, I made them draw lots for seven to be hanged as a measure of retaliation to protect my men. These men were hanged on the Valley pike, along where Sheridan’s troops traveled every day, as a warning of what they might expect if any more of my men were hanged. At the same time I wrote a letter to General Sheridan (which was published in the newspapers at the time, and can be found in the memoir of my command by Scott), avowing my responsibility for the act, and stating my reasons for it. Sheridan acknowledged the justness of the deed by ordering my men to be treated with the humanities of war. I have never been called in question for this act although I assumed all responsibility for it.”

It will be observed in this letter I justify what I did and make no allusion to the instructions of General Lee—or the Confederate Sec-

retary of War, Mr. Seddon. They were both then living, but I would not take refuge under their names, although I was then, and am now, in possession of the original document with their endorsements on it. To have done so would have appeared like an apology for doing what was right. There is no act of my life that I review with more satisfaction. When the board was organized to publish the records of the war, I was requested to let them have all my official documents to be copied, relating to the war. In this way it was published in the records. But no one ever heard me refer to it in my defense. Some thought my life in danger on account of it at the time of the surrender. To have run away would at least have looked like a confession of guilt. So I took my chances and remained in Virginia—"With a heart for any fate."

JOHN S. MOSBY.

*San Francisco, Cal., August 24, 1899.*

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, March 10th and 24th, 1896.]

## RICHMOND HOWITZERS.

### Facts about the Battery During the Appomattox Campaign.

#### Extracts from Official Records which Throw Light on Many Questions whose Solution has been Wanting.

The reports of the Appomattox campaign embraced in Volume 46 of the Official Records of the war, have an intense interest for all engaged in that memorable campaign of March and April, 1865, throwing light, as they do, on many questions whose solution has awaited the detailed information embodied in these official reports. It has long been a problem to many of us, not only how Lee's army was ever able to reach Appomattox Courthouse, nearly one hundred miles from Petersburg, but even how it could get away from the Petersburg and Richmond lines, confronted and threatened as that army was, by such odds, and hampered by abundant lack of even food to sustain physical life. What these numerical odds were, is shown by the figures of official returns, as published in this volume; but neither figures nor description can represent other differences arising from our deplorable inferiority in supplies and equip-

ment. What this meant and entailed can never be adequately known but by those who endured the toils of that retreat. General Ewell says in his report, when accounting for the absence of over 3,000 of his men at the time of his surrender, that "it was caused mainly by the fatigue of four days and nights almost constant marching, the last two days with nothing to eat. Before our capture I saw men eating raw fresh meat as they marched in ranks." The memory of many others can verify or liken this experience. On the other hand, by way of contrast, here is a report (p. 1234) of a division commissary of the 25th corps of Grant's army, in which he says: "During the entire march from James river to Appomattox Courthouse, the troops have had issued to them full marching rations, and have not been a day without food." It is small wonder that men thus supplied and not bothered with fighting their way, could push on ahead, as this corps did, and succeed in absolutely blocking Lee's further progress from Appomattox.

The contrast suggested by this statement of the relative means of mere subsistence but deepens the problem presented by the great numerical superiority of the Federal army, which outnumbered its adversary by at least seventy thousand men. This superiority enabled General Grant to concentrate and throw around General Lee's right more men than the latter had in his whole army, while yet confronting and threatening every part of Lee's lines with superior forces.

Hence the problem that has long puzzled some of us. How could forty-six thousand half-starved, half-clad men, wanting almost everything but guns and ammunition, defending a line of some forty miles against forces three times their number, maintain their position as long as they did, and when this position was no longer tenable, how was it that they could break away and extricate themselves from the toils spread by a swarming foe? How could and how did they ever get away from Petersburg? General Lee, in his dispatch of April 2, announcing the necessity of the evacuation, says: "It will be a difficult operation, but, I hope, not impracticable." However, he did extricate himself, and marched his diminishing army to Appomattox, hungry and worn, badgered and fighting at every step, like a wounded lion brushing away obstacles in front and turning on enemies on flanks and in rear. For ten days was kept up the unequal contest of fighting and marching, till at last, brought to bay, the army found itself absolutely surrounded and every egress stopped by superior forces; but not until they had inflicted on their foes a loss of ten



thousand seven hundred men (p. 597). How could and how did they even sustain themselves so long? The answer to these questions will be variously given according to difference of information or prejudice. One solution probably is given in the reports of the Federal cavalry operations, which bring us information, long sought for, as to the force that was fought and beaten off by the First company of Richmond Howitzers and other artillery on the evening before the surrender.

If the few artillerymen armed with muskets, who helped to defend that column, could be magnified by apprehension or lack of judgment into two divisions of infantry, it may explain the chariness of the enemy generally in closing in on the worn and diminishing forces that punished and repulsed so many assaults on their flanks and rear. And it may also help to explain the constantly recurring assertion of these reports that the Federal assaults were repulsed "by superior force." If these assertions be true, and as far as they are true, it is the highest testimony to generalship that, with inferior numbers, could yet muster superior force at points of contact, and reminds us of the Tarheel's explanation of the confidence of Jackson's soldiers, that they were never scared on going into a fight under him, because they always knew that, though the enemy had a bigger army, Jackson would have more men "thar" at the place where the real fighting was to be.

Though not entirely germane to our present subject, but as a side light illustrating the situation and helping to form opinion on the questions stated above, the following extract may be taken from the report of General Wright, commanding the Sixth Federal corps. Describing the battle of Sailor's Creek, he says (p. 906): "The first and third divisions charged the enemy's position, carrying it handsomely, except at a point on our right of the road crossing the creek, where a column, said to be composed of the Marine brigade and other troops which had held the lines of Richmond previous to the evacuation, made a countercharge upon that part of our lines in their front. I was never more astonished. These troops were surrounded; the first and third divisions of this corps were on either flank; my artillery and a fresh division in their front, and some three divisions of General Sheridan's cavalry in their rear. Looking upon them as already our prisoners, I had ordered the artillery to cease firing, as a dictate of humanity; my surprise, therefore, was extreme when this force charged upon our front. But the fire of our infantry, which had already gained their flanks; the capture of their

superior officers already in our hands; the concentrated and murderous fire of six batteries of our artillery within effective range, brought them promptly to a surrender."

Well might he be astonished, and his surprise be extreme. But the spirit that animated that desperate countercharge is largely the explanation of the fact, and solution of the problem, of Lee's army ever reaching Appomattox. We are not, however, writing the history of the campaign nor describing the strategy and movements of the armies; our present concern is with the experience and fate of one company of artillery, a single unit of Lee's army, whose proudest memory is that they shared the glory of that army. The First Company of Richmond Howitzers, attached to Cabell's artillery battalion, had since July, 1864, been posted in the works at Dunn's Farm, about half way between Richmond and Petersburg. The artillery on this part of the lines had an easy time, the enemy on their front being so little troublesome that the battery did not fire a shot during the fall and winter of 1864-'65. Well housed and sheltered, the command passed the winter in comparative comfort as contrasted with the severe trials of other parts of the lines, while the nearness to Richmond, the home of many of the company, enabled them to supplement the scant commissary rations. The battery had always been well manned, and at the opening of the campaign it numbered over one hundred and twenty present for duty.

With these full ranks, it had also been fortunate in maintaining generally the character of its personnel, despite the changes and chances of four years' war service. The genial, not to say jovial, memories of that winter at the Dunn House will always remain as a glowing illustration of the degree of happiness that men can make for themselves under adverse circumstances. There was material in that company to stock half a dozen of the average theatrical or concert troupes. In history, science and literature, some groups could have given elementary lessons to half the societies devoted to those cults. While the "Presbyterian Board" was luminous in theology, and might have instructed many half-fledged doctors of divinity, the Agnostics of another mess could give points to Darwin, at least in the humorous treatment of science. There was not wanting even the study of ancient and modern languages, while the Company Glee Club was a delight to themselves and to everybody who ever heard them sing, from major-generals down, or rather, perhaps, from privates up, for many of those privates had a way of thinking of themselves as rather better than some major-generals, though always

respectful and hospitable to that or any other rank when they came to spend a social evening around the company camp-fires.

With a membership representing nearly all callings and professions, some of them men of culture and knowledge of the world, there was a generous comradeship, and the common devotion and daily peril of life and limb wrought bonds of brotherly friendship that relieved the severity of discipline and the irksome restraints of soldier life.

But the Dunn House and all other camps were but temporary and uncertain rests, and its end came in the last days of March, when the sounds of furious fighting around Petersburg told of the opening of another campaign, and warned everybody to be ready to move. How our lines were broken around Petersburg is a story familiar to many of us, and the glory of the ensuing campaign has been often rehearsed. So bright is its record of constancy and heroic deeds that its memory is to-day the proudest recollection of every man who stood to his colors and endured to the end, though doomed to end in disaster and surrender. This halo of glory has almost obscured the hardships of that terrible week during which the army marched day and night, with no regular supplies, but depending on such precarious subsistence as could be obtained by foraging in a depleted section of country, while the very air was rife with sounds and omens of disaster.

On the fall of Petersburg, the Dunn House lines were evacuated, during the night of Saturday, April 2. Not many miles had been marched when, early the next morning, the sound of explosions and the smoke of conflagration told the fate of Richmond, and that the enemy was between the company and their homes.

What this means can only be known by those who have endured such an experience. But, with what haste they could, the battery moved over wretched roads crowded with soldiers and teams, splashing and tugging through mud and mire. On every hand were signs of hurry and confusion, and all day long hungry stomachs complained of waning commissary stores, and nights were made miserable through want of sleep and rest. The poor horses, in bad condition even when resting in camp, were giving out, and by the time Amelia Courthouse was reached, the teams were so broken down by hard marching and want of rest, and the prospect of supplies was so hopeless that the caissons were abandoned and destroyed. This dire necessity was a fact ominous of disaster, as it was throwing away three-fourths of the ammunition, leaving only that in the limber

chests of the guns for the contingency of a fight in immediate prospect—a supply that would be soon used up in any brisk battle.

There was, however, no alternative, as the teams were so exhausted that further hauling of the caissons was impossible, and the horses must be used to relieve the gun teams. General Pendleton, Chief of Artillery, reports that ninety-five caissons, mostly loaded, were here abandoned and destroyed (p. 1281). There was probably any amount of private thinking and unpleasant reflection here going on in the minds of officers and men, but this company had long ago learned the lesson that their only duty was obedience to orders, and it is safe to say that so long as Lee ordered, their confidence was unimpaired in the belief that the movement was right and the best and the proper thing to do.

At Amelia Courthouse the batteries of Cabell's battalion were put into the advance column of artillery and trains under General Lindsay Walker, and moved to the right and west of the main body of the army. From the information now attainable there were probably a hundred pieces of artillery in this column which was pushed on in advance of the army. Being thus screened in rear, the column did not participate in the daily fighting in which the main body was engaged. Not until the evening of the 8th was it struck by the Federal cavalry, who had pushed to the front and across the head of the army.

About 3 o'clock that evening the command had reached a point opposite Appomattox Station, some two or three miles beyond the courthouse, and had turned off from the road for rest and such food as was available for man or beast. Halting in the field, as each piece drove up, the teams were unhitched and given their scant food, or allowed to graze while the men were busied making their corn coffee and cooking probably the remnants of an old cow, from which rations had been dealt and eaten that morning within an hour after her slaughter. In this irregular bivouac so little was the nearness or approach of an enemy suspected that no sort of a guard had been set, and when the report of arms and the sight of Federal cavalry in the wood skirting the field, startled officers and men from their little mess fires or slumbers, the surprise was complete and astounding. So sudden and unexpected was the attack, and so near were the enemy when first discovered, that a brisk determined charge would have brought them within the battery before a piece could be unlimbered and loaded. For there is nothing more helpless than artillery when surprised, if once the line of battery can be carried by a quick rush. It is then

a mere matter of shooting down unarmed cannoneers and driving them from their guns. Why such a rush was not made and everything captured on the spot, has often been the wonder of old Howitzers.

Their wonder will grow to amazement when they learn from the reports of this volume that at least two divisions of cavalry were at hand and engaged in that attack. But luckily there was no such charge, and in a moment quick orders sent cannoneers flying to their posts. Never were guns more quickly unlimbered, loaded and brought into action, nor in any battle of the war did the company perform a neater or more expeditious piece of work than on that field, under circumstances that might well have demoralized and stampeded them. In an incredibly short time the confusion of a surprised camp was suppressed and every gun was pouring canister into the ranks of the enemy, who had advanced to the edge of the woods, less than two hundred yards distant. It is remembered that three successive advances were repulsed before the guns could be withdrawn from their perilous position. The only thing to do was to get away as quickly as possible before the enemy could surround the position and block the road—the only means of escape. It looked like a desperate chance, but every gun of the battery was gotten away, and the last memory of that field is, just about dusk, of a thin line of artillerymen armed with muskets and a few dismounted cavalry, whose firing kept back the enemy while the last gun to leave the field could be tugged out of a ditch in which it had stalled. It is not claimed nor meant that these assaults were repelled by this battery alone, for there were other batteries along that road, of whose experience and fate we know not. It is believed that nearly all of them got away, and that few, if any, guns were captured in that fight. Some were doubtless abandoned from inability to bring them off.

As to the Otey and Dickenson batteries, under Major D. N. Walker, acting as infantry, and the few dismounted cavalrymen who came to their support, it is perhaps enough to say that the enemy's report magnifies them into two divisions of infantry, which is a pretty large estimate and testimonial to the conduct of a handful of men. Old soldiers will be interested in the following extracts from official reports. General Pendleton, Lee's chief of artillery, says: "The evening of the 8th I pushed on in person to communicate with General Walker, and found him with his command parked about two miles beyond the courthouse on the road to Appomattox

Station. While I was with him, an attack wholly unexpected was made by the enemy on his defenceless camp. To avert immediate disaster from this attack demanded the exercise of all our energies. It was, however, at once effectually repelled by the aid especially of the two gallant artillery companies of Captains Walker and Dickenson, under the command of the former, which, being at the time unequipped as artillerists, were armed with muskets as a guard. They met the enemy's sharpshooters in a brushwood near, and enabled a number of General Walker's pieces to play with effect while the remainder of his train was withdrawn. After a sharp skirmish, this attack seemed remedied, and I started back." (P. 1282.)

General Custer, commanding the Third Federal cavalry division, says (p. 1132): "Learning that the enemy was moving a large train upon the road from Appomattox Courthouse across the Lynchburg railroad, I ordered the entire division forward to attack. The train was found to be guarded by about two divisions of infantry, in addition to over thirty pieces of artillery, all under command of Major-General Walker. Most of the enemy's guard were placed in position, and their fire concentrated upon the road over which it was necessary for me to advance. The enemy succeeded in repulsing nearly all our attacks until nearly 9 o'clock at night, when by a general advance along my line he was forced from his position and compelled to abandon to our hands twenty-four pieces of artillery, all his trains, several battle flags, and a large number of prisoners."

General Devine, commanding 1st cavalry division, reports (p. 1126): "On arriving near the station, General Custer was found to be engaged with the enemy's advance, and the first and second brigades were dismounted and pushed in on his right."

General Custer's assertion notwithstanding, there were no two divisions of infantry, nor, from all information now attainable, any body of infantry with that column.

It is safe to say that artillery supported by any two divisions of Lee's infantry could not be stampeded by cavalry.

The battery's last fight was over; and it was, as the event proved, the last fight of any part of the Army of Northern Virginia, except the slight engagement the next morning, when the army attempted to break through the cordon of enemies blocking every road at Appomattox. Their last shot had been fired by this company, that had seen and done duty on every battlefield of that army, from Manassas to the end. As compared with the great battles of the war, this

fight was, of course, only a small affair, but the wonder was and is, how guns and men escaped capture.

The citations from official reports given above show that Custer's and Devine's divisions of Federal cavalry were present and engaged, and other forces were near by, if not participating. General Pendleton's report, written soon after the surrender, states his personal knowledge of the almost defenceless condition of that column of artillery, and his statement emphasizes the absence of infantry. Custer's assertion, on the other hand, of two divisions of infantry, is necessarily only his estimate of the force that repulsed his first attacks. It is an estimate only more amazing, as coming from an experienced officer, than the fact of his failure to capture everything before him. Perhaps the estimate is the explanation of the failure. His assertion, however, is contradicted by the knowledge and recollection, so far as known, of every Confederate soldier on that field. From all information now obtainable, there were less than four hundred muskets and cavalry defending that train; and the cavalry, the remnants of Gary's brigade, did not arrive on the field till the guns were being withdrawn, having galloped up from the rear on hearing the firing.

The last shot was fired, and it is believed that the second piece was the last gun, of all that escaped, to get away from that perilous field. The piece had not gone a hundred yards when it stalled in a ditch, from which the broken-down team, aided by frantic tugging of cannoneers at the wheels, could not drag it, until a fence rail was found to prize out the wheels. Bullets were flying thick, and between the piece and the enemy was only that thin line of men, who were keeping them back. By hard work the piece was started and joined the others in the road, all four guns saved. And then began a night march, the memory of which is like a confused dream. Forward and on, but whither and to what fate.

It is impossible now to give the impressions, pure and simple, or the recollections of that night, untinted with the subsequent knowledge of what the morrow had in store for us. Forward and on, walking sometimes in sleep, holding on to tail of gun or wagon, as is the belief and assertion of some, who believe they remember the fact. Tired out drivers urged on poor, jaded beasts, ready to drop with fatigue, hunger and thirst, but seemingly kept up to their work by sharing the feeling that those guns must be saved, while conscious of danger threatening from the rear, that might at any moment materialize in shots and sabre strokes of charging squadrons.

The soldier obeying orders has no right to think for himself, but everybody could see that this march was a retreat, getting away with all possible haste from an enemy, and without power of defence should he overtake or head off the column. It was clearly apparent to the understanding of the simplest private that the attack that evening had been a complete surprise; that the enemy had appeared when and where no one expected him. If so, they might be all over the face of the earth, and we might stumble on them or they on us at any moment. Nobody knew how long that thin line behind us, more forlorn than that in Gilbert Gaul's great picture, had kept or could keep them from the road in rear. And, where was the infantry? There was evidently something very seriously wrong when a train of artillery like this was left without support to shift for itself. Where was the army and what doing? Often enough before now it had been necessary to retire before superior force, but always with some degree of order, and with the cheering sight or sound of infantry near by, in whose company there was such a comforting feeling of safety and security. The whole campaign of the previous year had been such a retiring, from the Rapidan to Petersburg. But this was not retiring. It was sheer retreat, with no infantry on that road, nor had we seen any body of them for days. Sheer retreat, with signs that different batteries were saving themselves if they could; that they were even contemplating loss of some of their guns and material to get off with the rest. "Save the brass guns first," had been the order that evening, when trying to get away from that field, and the team of the second piece, happening to be the first under harness, was hitched to one of the brass pieces, which were hurried out, leaving the other two guns to repel the last advance of the enemy.

"Seven miles to Lynchburg" was the information given some time during the night by the countryman, hanging on his gate. Or was it seventeen or seventy miles to some other burg? For it was a familiar fact that on a march a geographical question might bring information of any number of miles to or from any known or unknown locality. It is the impression of some of those marchers that night that nobody knew where we were nor how many miles were gone over. The night and miles were long and weary enough for the traversing of all Southside Virginia. The very haltings seemed evidence of ignorance of the route or of indecision, as if commanders knew not whither to turn or go. But on and on, through the dark hours, tired teams and men were urged on by the tired and impatient



officers. "Hurry up that team; pull their heads out of the water and drive on, blank you." "Blank you back again; but suppose you come and pull them yourself, if you think you can," retorted a sergeant, who was learning how hard and obstinately famished beasts can bury their noses in water, and who would not take cuss words from a staff officer. It was simply and merely running away from an enemy, because of no chance of present defence against him; trying to save those guns and rejoin the main body of the army. As to the expectations of what the morrow's fate might be, no man can now speak with certainty of his hopes or forebodings. Almost certainly, though, nobody anticipated the actual result, except possibly a few officers, to whom had come rumors of the negotiations pending the last two days. Towards morning Lieutenant John Nimmo, in command of the battery, hoarsely whispered to one of the sergeants, under injunction of secrecy, that the army would probably surrender that day.

The slow coming dawn found the company still trudging on the road between Appomattox and somewhere else, probably Lynchburg, and the rising sun has seldom looked down on a group of men and animals more completely wearied out. After sunrise the battery was countermarched on this road, probably on orders to come back and meet the army, should it succeed in forcing its way out, as was attempted. The result of that attempt is known to everybody. In the absence of official reports, it is impossible to state exactly the orders received from General Lee. Their effect and the alternative of inability to rejoin the army were disclosed in a scene that ended the company's service—a scene that baffles description, but whose memory will ever remain with every man then present.

The catastrophe and the end had come. What that meant we know now better than could be realized under the stunning sensations of such a calamity. So overwhelming were the emotions excited by it, that even the weariness and hunger of the last day and week were forgotten, and the exhaustion of physical forces was replaced by something like the energy of despair, when orders were given to destroy the battery. Moving off into a field, intersected with gullies and ravines, the guns were spiked, dismounted and buried, and the carriages cut to pieces; a piece of work that was thoroughly and completely done, in soldierly fashion, by the sturdy arms that wielded hammers and axes that morning. Those guns, if found by the enemy, should be useless to them. Limber chests, trails and wheels were chopped and split into small kindling wood, with a

grudging feeling that the enemy might find and use it to warm them and cook their rations. The harness was cut to pieces and the horses turned loose.

And this was the end; or rather, the end was learned when the company was mustered, the roll called, and the commanding officer—his voice choked with emotion—announced that orders had been received to destroy the battery and disband the company if found impossible to rejoin the army. The order informed the company that they were free to accept terms of surrender and go home, or else to make their way to North Carolina and join Johnston's army.

The company disbanded, and the army to be surrendered! Announcement of the end of the world would hardly have been received with more amazement and consternation. Tear bedewed eyes and husky voices betrayed emotions that strong men could not repress. The orderly sergeant, Bloackadar, could scarcely get through the roll-call, and could not find voice, or forgot, to give the command to break ranks, and this last order to the company was given by Sergeant McCreery. It is a good and satisfying record, that at that last roll-call every man was present or satisfactorily accounted for, with possibly two or three exceptions.

Disbanded and free, with the sky above and earth beneath, and every man with untrammelled liberty to go whither he pleased; to help himself to a horse or to anything else that was common property, after the few remaining rations were shared from the wagon; free from roll-calls and obedience to somebody else's orders, and, above all, free to decide—every man for himself, individually—the question of further warfare or peace. Truly, a momentous question for men who had been so long obeying orders. There were numbers of men in that company who had served from the very commencement of the war. From a sense of duty, and from free choice, they had gone into the army, sacrificing personal freedom and everything for the cause. Their motives were the same as those of General Lee, and in their humble sphere they had tried to do their duty, relying on him for leadership.

Few men of that company or of that army had fought for love of fighting or for the glory of war, or even from mere hate of the enemy. At any and all times they would gladly have echoed Lee's wish that those people would only go home and let us alone. With such motives and under such leadership, but one result had ever been contemplated; it would have been a kind of treason to expect any other conclusion than final victory. But here was the end of the

company and the army, and what should they do? No officers, no command, but free choice for every man to act on his own sense of right and duty. Never, probably, was there a more curious council of war than that held by members of the second detachment, and presumably by other detachments or messes, consulting together as to what they should do.

A detachment of private soldiers, absolved by their commander-in-chief from further service under his command, met to consider and advise for themselves, whether the war was ended, and what they should do. Stationing a man in the road to watch for and surrender to the enemy, if he should appear, as momentarily expected, the detachment gathered under the trees, and the situation was summarily discussed. After a brief deliberation, it was pretty unanimously decided that the surrender of Lee's army meant the end of the war, rendering futile the hope of further resistance, as Johnston's surrender must soon follow.

The only thing to do was to go home, or any rate to get away as soon as possible from that dangerous region, in order to avoid a trip to the prison camp at Point Lookout. Some few members of the company, deciding that they were "in for the war," and that it was not for them to judge when it was over, did make their way to North Carolina to join Johnston. It was a matter of individual judgment as to the end of the war. The large majority judged that it was over, and made their way home or to the north side of James river as quickly as possible, where in some safety they could learn the actual state of affairs, and whether the army was really surrendered. The farewells were spoken, and the party broke up into groups, making their way to the river. With a record of which they have reason to be proud, the war service of the first company of Richmond Howitzers was closed, and has passed into history with that of the army of which it was a part.

It may be necessary for the information of some readers to add that there were three companies of the Howitzers. The second and third companies were with the main body of the army, and were surrendered at Appomattox.

C. P.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, January 14, 1900.]

**DABNEY HERNDON MAURY.**

---

**Major-General C. S. Army—Patriot and Scholar.**

---

**SKETCH OF HIS HONORED CAREER.**

---

**A Veteran of Two Wars, Who Won Distinction in Both—Was the  
Oldest Surviving Confederate Officer from Virginia.**

---

Major-General Dabney Herndon Maury, the oldest Confederate officer of his rank in Virginia, died at 5 o'clock Thursday morning, January 11, 1900, at the home of his son, Mr. Dabney H. Maury, Jr., in Peoria, Ill., in the 78th year of his age.

General Maury had been in feeble health ever since going to Peoria from Richmond, a year ago. Last summer he was quite ill there, but his strong constitution enabled him to rally. Death came unexpectedly, as gently and as peacefully as a tender benediction, after a long life of active and honored usefulness.

General Maury's wife has been dead a number of years. He leaves a son, as above, who married Mary daughter of the beloved Dr. James Brown McCaw, of Richmond, and two daughters—one, Mrs. Rose, wife of Robert Pollard, residing in Houston, Texas, and the other, Mrs. Sue Mason, wife of James M. Halsey, in Philadelphia. These ladies are both distinguished as educators and are well-known contributors to periodical literature. The former gave essential assistance to her father in his publications. Among the relatives here are Mrs. Mathew F. Maury, wife of the distinguished naval officer and scientist; Mrs. James R. Werth, and Colonel Richard L. Maury and family.

The death of General Maury removes another of the Virginians of a type of other days. The story of his life reads much like romance, yet it is a story such as that of many Virginians—the gentleman soldier, a character frequent in ante-bellum days, when the old Commonwealth was the first of all the States; when the army claimed so many of her noblest sons, and when Indian fighting gave army officers constant opportunity for adventures, which to-day sound like the inventions of the story-tellers.

General Maury was a perfect type of the old-time Virginia army officer—brave, high-spirited, adventurous, rollicking, always ready for fighting, ready for sport in any form, ready for any undertaking that offered adventure, or, if honor and duty required, ready to sacrifice life for either. Virginia gentleman and Virginia soldier, he was a splendid type of each.

#### HIS DESCENT.

General Maury was born in Fredericksburg, May 21, 1822. He was descended from the old-time Virginia families of Maury, Fontaine, Brooke and Minor, scions of which have illumined pages of the history of the State and nation by their achievements in war and in peace. He was a son of Captain John Minor Maury, United States Navy, and a nephew of the great Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury, the geographer of the seas, and probably more esteemed and honored in other countries than any American scientist who ever lived. General Maury's father died of yellow fever in the West Indies in 1828. Commodore Maury became the guardian of his dead brother's two sons—William Lewis and Dabney—and to the day of his death General Maury spoke of his uncle as having been to him all that a father could have been. William Lewis Maury died at the age of twenty.

General Maury grew up at Fredericksburg, where he received his preparatory education, and when quite young entered the University of Virginia. He graduated in the A. B. course, and also took the junior course in law. He prosecuted his law studies at Fredericksburg under the celebrated Judge Lomax, but he finally determined that the law was not to his liking, and applied for, and received, an appointment to West Point.

#### HIS COMRADES AT WEST POINT.

In the corps of cadets at the Military Academy during General Maury's four years there were many men destined to become among the greatest in American annals—George B. McClellan, Thomas J. Jackson, Ulysses S. Grant, A. P. Hill, Winfield Scott Hancock, Bee, Franklin, and dozens of others. The stories General Maury loved to tell of incidents connected with the school-life of these great captains were of the most interesting nature, and his description of their early character attractive in view of the after greatness of the boys who were then students of the art of which they became past masters.

Generals Maury, A. P. Hill, and Birket D. Fry were standing together in the south barracks one afternoon, when they saw a new cadet enter in charge of a cadet sergeant. General Maury described the new cadet as dressed in gray homespun, a hat of coarse felt on his head, and a pair of weather-stained saddlebags over his shoulder—altogether an uncommonly awkward and green appearing specimen. There was such a sturdy air about the new-comer that General Maury remarked to his companions, "That fellow looks as if he had come to stay." As the sergeant returned from installing the new arrival in quarters, he was asked the name of the stranger. He replied: "Cadet Jackson, of Virginia."

General Maury always spoke of McClellan as man, student, and soldier, in the highest terms. Grant was good in mathematics, but did not try to excel in anything save in horsemanship. In the riding school he was very daring.

#### IN THE MEXICAN WAR.

General Maury graduated in June, 1846, and was attached as second lieutenant to the Mounted Rifles, now the 3d cavalry. The regiment was commanded by Colonel Persifer Smith. General Taylor was then winning his victories in Mexico. Excitement in the country was at a high point. This was especially true among the cadets, and Lieutenant Maury was delighted with the prospect of fighting. He sailed from Baltimore on the brig *Soldana*, with a squadron of the Mounted Rifles on board, under Captain Stevens Mason. Rough weather was encountered, the vessel was unseaworthy, and it was the thirty-second day after leaving Baltimore before Point Isabel was reached, long after the transport had been reported lost with all on board. The squadron was marched overland to Monterey, where it entered the command of General Zachary Taylor, who had just captured the city. Lieutenant Thomas J. Jackson had charge of the siege pieces, which the Rifles escorted from Point Isabel to Monterey.

The Mounted Rifles were soon detached from General Taylor's command and sent to join the army of General Scott, who was preparing to attack Vera Cruz. Lieutenant Maury took part in the siege of the city, and bore himself so gallantly that General Scott mentioned his name in general orders. On the 17th of April, 1847, Lieutenant Maury had his arm shattered by a ball at the battle of Cerro Gordo, and he was sent home. The citizens of Fredericksburg presented him with a splendid sword as a token of their appre-

ciation of the gallantry of the young Virginian, and soon afterwards he received his promotion to the rank of first lieutenant.

After spending a few weeks at home, Lieutenant Maury was ordered to West Point to assume the duties of assistant professor of ethics and tactics. He remained in this position for four years.

#### HOW HE MET HIS WIFE.

Just prior to the Mexican war, Lieutenant Maury went with his mother and sister to Warrenton Springs to spend a few weeks, at what was then a favorite Virginia resort. The day after their arrival he was descending the steps of the hotel, when he met a party of young people coming up. As they reached the top, one of the young ladies missed the step and fell. With his accustomed gallantry, Captain Maury sprang to her side and picked her up. When she was on her feet the young soldier was introduced to the young lady. It was Miss Nannie Mason, daughter of Mr. Wiley Roy Mason, of King George county. The exigencies of the service demanded the departure of Captain Maury for the front in a week or two, but he was a great deal with the little Virginia beauty, and when he left they found they had lost much happiness. While Lieutenant Maury was on duty at West Point he had opportunity to come to Virginia with comparative frequency, and he often saw his sweetheart. After several trips, they were married at "Cleveland," the fine country home of Mr. Mason in King George, in 1852. The occasion was one of a generous hospitality, which was long remembered in the county. There were eight bridesmaids and groomsmen. Lieutenant Maury asked his old classmates—McClellan and Burnside—to be of the number, but they were stationed far away on the plains and could not come. Burnside and Reno, afterwards famous, represented the army. Turner Ashby and his brother, Dick, were also guests at the festivities, which lasted a week. Burnside never forgot the hospitality shown him by the Virginia people at that time, and, after the war, learning that one of the bridesmaids at the wedding had been turned out of a position in one of the government departments, which reduced circumstances had compelled her to take, left the White Sulphur, where he was staying, and hastening to Washington, he had her reinstated.

#### FOUR YEARS IN TEXAS.

At the expiration of his fourth year of service at West Point,

Captain Maury was ordered to rejoin the Mounted Rifles at Fort Inge, on the Leona river, in Texas. He served four years in Texas. His life there was full of adventure, chasing Indians, chasing buffalo and deer, and engaging in all the other pastimes which offered themselves to the young officer. The stories General Maury loved to tell of the adventures of those days were humorous and thrilling.

In 1856 General Maury was ordered to Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania, to assume the duties of post commander and superintendent of cavalry instruction. During his service there Lieutenant Maury, by authority of the War Department, published a new system of tactics for mounted riflemen, which was used by both armies during the war between the States, and is still embodied in the tactics of the United States regular army.

When ordered away from Carlisle, in 1860, Lieutenant Maury was promoted to the rank of captain and appointed adjutant-general of the Department of New Mexico. Captain Maury left his wife at her father's home, in King George, and proceeded to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. The march across the plains to Fort Union was a succession of stirring incidents, fights with Indians being the chief. The headquarters of the regiment were at Fort McIntosh, near Laredo. The life pursued by Captain Maury was much similar to that he had lived and enjoyed while stationed on the Leona river years before—fighting, hunting and fishing.

#### LAST DAYS IN THE OLD ARMY.

After serving at Fort Union for some time, Captain Maury was transferred to Santa Fe. Life in that city was happy and gay, and many friendships were formed, soon to be broken by the mailed hand of war. In a delightful volume published by General Maury a few years ago, entitled "Recollections of a Virginian," he gives a graphic picture of his last days in the old army. The majority of the officers had been pronouncedly Southern in their sympathies, but as the time drew near when it was apparent that they would have to espouse the cause of the South or give up their commissions, they became very averse to discussing the subject. Maury had to be extremely careful in his expressions. He had the feeling of being watched. One evening in May, 1861, an anxious group was gathered in the office of Adjutant Maury. There was Loring, the grizzled regimental commander, who had fought through two wars and was destined to win honor and glory in another. There was also Lieutenant John Pegram, of Virginia, who was to gain distinction as



a general officer of the Confederacy and fall fighting for his home and his people. Maury was there, troubled and anxious, fearing the news which was expected with the mail-bag would force him to give up forever the cherished friends of a lifetime. He felt his sword could never be turned against Virginia and the South. The mail-bag came in. The adjutant had to first assort the mail for the entire garrison. Then they all eagerly seized the telegrams forwarded by mail. They told of the fall of Fort Sumter months before.

Captain Maury seized the telegrams and rushed out of the door and up to the officers' quarters, crying, "Sumter has fallen and war has begun!"

A few days afterwards the news came that Virginia had seceded. As soon as it could be written, Captain Maury wrote out his resignation and dispatched it to Washington. He prepared to follow it to the States at once.

General Maury never dwelt upon his emotions when bidding his old comrades-in-arms farewell. It was a painful subject. The writer has seen his eyes glisten with emotion when alluding to it. None of his brother officers blamed him. He frequently said they told him they never expected him to pursue any other course. But there were a number of Southern men who could not bring themselves to sunder the old ties, and, drawing their sword in defence of the new nation, turn it against the old. General George H. Thomas, a native of Southampton county, Va., and a warm friend of General Maury's, was one of these. General Maury often spoke regretfully of the failure of Thomas to go with his State. He has said that no man was ever more devoted to his State, which had greatly honored him, having voted him a sword for gallantry in the Mexican war. Thomas applied early for command in the Virginia forces, and Governor Letcher held an important post for him. General Maury has stated that Thomas carried to New York with him, after Virginia seceded, his resignation from the army, and that he went to that city to bring away his wife. His wife was a New York lady, a woman of fine character and considerable wealth. General Fitzhugh Lee, when en route to Richmond after resigning from the old army, called to see Major Thomas, and at parting remarked: "Well, Major, I suppose we shall meet in Richmond in a few days?"

"Yes," Major Thomas replied.

His wife remarked: "He thinks you will."

She was bitterly opposed to her husband's resigning from the army, and succeeded in keeping him at the North until General

Winfield Scott offered him an important post in the army. Like other great soldiers of history, General Thomas yielded to a woman. General Maury always said Virginia lost an able and a brave commander when Thomas refused to draw his sword for her.

#### TRIP FROM SANTA FÈ.

General Maury's ride from Santa Fè to St. Louis was not fraught with special incidents, though at every army post he expected to be arrested. He had to spend a night in St. Louis, and did so with trepidation, but was not molested. Still, he did not feel easy until he reached Louisville. He reached Richmond on the 19th of June, 1861. He reported to Governor Letcher within an hour after his arrival, and to General Robert E. Lee, commanding the Virginia forces. General Maury has often remarked upon being much depressed by the exceedingly grave aspect which General Lee wore.

General Maury was appointed colonel of cavalry in the Virginia forces upon the day of his arrival in Richmond, and the same day was commissioned a captain of the regular Confederate cavalry, and a lieutenant-colonel in the provisional army. He was given leave to go to see his people, at Fredericksburg. The Sunday he spent there he could hear all day the cannonading at Manassas. He took the first train for Richmond. He has more than once remarked that he expected his wife and old mother to try to hinder him from going into battle. But he never had any more anxiety after that Sunday. Their sole fear seemed to be that he would be too late for the fight. The day he reached Richmond he received an order from General Lee to report to General Joseph E. Johnston at Manassas, and he hastened thither.

---

#### IN THE CONFEDERATE SERVICE.

##### **A Record Exhibiting a Signal Display of Courage and Genius.**

General Maury's career in the Confederate army is history.

The niche assigned him in the temple of fame is a high one. It is in more than one respect unique. A distinguished soldier of the Confederacy remarked to the writer recently, that had General Maury achieved in the East the things which he achieved in the Army of the West, his final rank would have been higher and his fame greater.

As it is, he is known to the student of Confederate history as one of the bravest, one of the most skillful, and one of the hardest fight-

ers in the Southern army. His heroic defence of Mobile, in the spring of 1865, against the land attack of Canby and the attack of the great Farragut by sea, is alone sufficient to give him a lasting place in history.

General Johnston and General Maury were old army comrades and warmest friends, but General Johnston felt he had been improperly treated in having General Lee assign officers to his army. He claimed to outrank Lee. General Maury was much embarrassed by the view which General Johnston took of General Lee's action, and, with the former's permission, returned to Richmond and requested assignment elsewhere. General Johnston, after General Maury returned to Richmond, wrote to Mr. Davis, protesting against the injustice of General Lee's action and the then existing state of affairs. He said he would raise no protest until after the achievement of the independence of the Confederacy, when he would use all proper means to have his rank rightfully established. The gauntlet thus thrown down was accepted by Mr. Davis. General Maury always said this caused the ultimate removal of Johnston from the command of the Army of the Tennessee, and, as many thought, the downfall of the Confederacy.

General Maury's request for a different post was answered with an assignment to the Army of Fredericksburg, under General Holmes, at Brooke's Station. After the victory of Manassas, both armies lay quiescent for many months. General Maury had had no opportunity for active service when, in February, 1862, he was made chief of staff to General Earle Van Dorn, in command of the Trans-Mississippi Department. This distinguished honor illustrates the confidence reposed in General Maury at headquarters in Richmond.

#### FOUGHT WITH GREAT MEN.

It is impossible to go into detail regarding the career of General Maury in the Confederate army. It is interwoven with the history of the great men who led the Southern armies in the West—with the great Albert Sidney Johnston; with Forrest, the unique and wonderful; the brilliant, but unfortunate, Van Dorn; with Leonidas Polk, the "Fighting Bishop"; with Stephen D. Lee—with a dozen other men whose names are famous in the history of the greatest war of the world.

General Maury was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general for conduct in the Alcorn campaign. His first command in the field was of the famous Missouri brigade, at Corinth, and in the affair at

Farmington. On the evacuation of Corinth, May 31, 1862, he was assigned to command the rear guard of the Army of the West. The next day he was assigned to the command of the First division of that army, with which he subsequently fought at Iuka, Corinth, Hatchie-Bridge and Vicksburg. Maury's division of the Army of the West went into action at Corinth 4,600 strong, on October 4, 1862. After three days of fighting, it was reduced to 1,200 men, who held Ord's corps in check, repulsing every attack from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M., and saved Van Dorn's army and trains.

In April, 1863, General Maury was ordered to take command of the Department of East Tennessee. While in this command he received a dispatch to this effect: "General Van Dorn was killed here to-day. Representing the wishes of his whole corps of cavalry, we desire to know if you will accept its command." This was signed by all the generals, including Governor Ross, of Texas, and General Frank Armstrong. This, the highest compliment ever paid General Maury, he found proper to decline.

#### HIS DEFENCE OF MOBILE.

Soon afterwards he was transferred to the Department of the Gulf, which he defended until the battle of Mobile closed the war between the States, on April 12th. The fighting began March 26, 1865, against Canby's army of three corps of infantry, a heavy force of artillery, and Farragut's fleet. General Maury conducted the defence with great skill, destroying twelve of Farragut's vessels.

On the 12th of April, pursuant to his orders from General Lee, General Maury marched out the remnant of his little army, now reduced to a division of 4,500 men. As he marched out with the rear guard, a flag of truce was sent out to the fleet, to apprise the enemy that he might enter Mobile, without firing a shot into the town. On the 14th of May, he and his army were paroled.

---

#### **General Maury in Civil Life—Teacher—Minister to Columbia.**

General Maury's life after the war was that of many a soldier of the Confederacy.

The close of the war found him penniless. He has often remarked upon how little fitted he was by education and training to be a man of business. He was fond of borrowing General Dick Taylor's opinion of the education of officers of the United States army: "Take a boy of sixteen from his mother's apron-strings, shut him up under

constant surveillance at West Point, send him out to a two-company post upon the frontier, where he does little but play seven-up and drink whiskey at the sutler's, and by the time he is forty-five years old, he will furnish the most complete illustration of suppressed mental development of which human nature is capable."

Though without business training or inclination for business life, General Maury went to work with a will. Being a graduate of the University and of West Point, he decided to establish a classical and mathematical academy for boys at Fredericksburg, where he lived. Though he always spoke in humorous depreciation of the school, it succeeded. But teaching was not at all to General Maury's tastes, and when offered a lucrative position with an express company at New Orleans, he accepted. After he had been in the employ of the company for some time he resigned to embark in the manufacture of rosin and turpentine in St. Tammany Parish, La. For a year General Maury succeeded profitably in his new enterprise, but owing to the embarrassments of the old army friend who was advancing him money for the business, he was unable to carry it on successfully. General Maury continued the enterprise until he had lost nearly every cent.

#### ORIGINATED THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

He went to New Orleans with only \$2.50 in his pocket. He went to the office of an old friend, General Simon B. Buckner, to whom he told his plight. General Buckner told him the office of secretary of the Southern Hospital Association had just been created the previous night, at a salary of \$125 a month. He asked General Maury if he would accept it.

"As that is just \$125 more than my present income, of course I will accept," replied General Maury. He received the appointment. The salary was soon increased to \$200 a month.

It was in New Orleans, in 1868, that General Maury set on foot a plan for the systematic collection of Southern war records, which resulted in the formation of the Southern Historical Society. In August, 1873, at a convention held at the White Sulphur Springs, the domicile of the society was removed to the Capitol at Richmond, and General Maury was made Chairman of the Executive Committee.

#### NATIONAL GUARD ASSOCIATION.

During the contest of Tilden and Hayes for the presidency, and

soon after the great labor riots in Baltimore and Pittsburg, General Maury called a meeting in Richmond for the purpose of taking steps to improve the militia of the State. At this meeting the co-operation of other States was invited. Many accepted, and the National Guard Association of America was formed as a result. A further result was the securing from Congress of a small annual appropriation for the purpose of arming the State military. General Maury always said this meeting aroused such vital interest in the subject in every State that the United States now has the most efficient national militia in the world.

In 1885, General Maury was appointed United States envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the United States of Colombia by Mr. Cleveland. He remained at Bogota until after the election of Mr. Harrison.

#### MADE HIS HOME IN RICHMOND.

Since his return from the United States of Colombia, General Maury had resided with relatives in this city and with his son, Mr. Dabney H. Maury, Jr., at Peoria, Ill. Few men and women in Richmond are unfamiliar with his rather small, spare, but stiffly erect figure. All who knew him loved him. General Maury angry was something few persons ever saw. He was the soul of good fellowship. He was a man with a heart—a big one in a small body. He was an inveterate story-teller. His long life and his varied experiences prevented his stories from ever growing tiresome.

#### OFFER FROM THE LOTTERY.

His frankness and his honesty were probably his most striking characteristics. The latter is splendidly illustrated by an incident of General Maury's life after the war, one which he often told. He was in very destitute circumstances, and had no idea whither to go to find the dollar. One afternoon he received a letter in an official-looking envelope. He broke the seal and found it was from the Louisiana State Lottery Company, offering him a salary of \$25,000 per year if he would accept the position of president of the company.

"The temptation was a terrible one," said General Maury. "To say that it was otherwise would be to say I was more than human. I was almost penniless, and there was no prospect of my being otherwise. Twenty-five thousand a year was wealth which to me seemed fabulous. I did not say anything to any one concerning the proposition. When I went to bed I could not sleep. I tossed and

turned for hours, trying to make up my mind. Finally, just before dawn, I resolved to decline the offer. I had never done anything which was not honest, and I determined that it was too late to begin in my old age. Sleep was easy to me then, and it was late when I awoke. Almost as soon as I did so I arose, and writing a letter of refusal of the company's offer, posted it. I have never regretted it."

#### INTEREST IN SPANISH WAR.

General Maury was in every fibre a soldier. He not only had the personal courage requisite, but despite his whimsical manner of disparaging the army as an occupation, it was plain to see he was by nature a man who loved and was fitted for army life. All his stories were of war; all his recollections of incidents of battle and adventure in the field. When war broke out with Spain, the old fellow would go to the Governor's office every day and ask the influence of Governor Tyler in securing appointment to the army. The old warhorse scented battle once again, and wished to drink once more of the excitement of war.

General Maury was a man of the simplest tastes. He abhorred anything which favored of display. About five years ago he was taken ill in this city, and it was feared his death was not distant. He spoke to a friend concerning his wishes as to the funeral.

"There must be no pomp," he said. "Let the services be simple. Let the coffin be hauled to the railroad station on a caisson, followed by a few of my old comrades. I want my body to be sent to the old family burying-ground, at Fredericksburg, that I may sleep with my people."

There was general sorrow in Richmond last night at the news of General Maury's death. At no other place was the expression more general or hearty than at the Westmoreland Club, where he spent much of his time when in Richmond. He was a great favorite with the members of the club. A fine painting of the General adorns the walls of the club-house, and in the Lee Camp gallery is another, given by the Westmoreland.

The old soldier has well earned the rest upon which he has entered, and his sleep will be dreamless and sweet in the bosom of the old State for whom he risked all save honor, and lost all save honor and life.

**THE FUNERAL.****Beautiful Services held in Richmond.**

All that is mortal of General Dabney H. Maury was laid to rest Saturday in Fredericksburg, beside the graves of his mother and wife, and in the city where he was born and much of his earlier life was spent. The funeral services were held here.

The remains of the distinguished Virginian and Confederate soldier reached this city Saturday morning at 8:20 o'clock. Mr. Dabney H. Maury, Jr., of Peoria, Ill., the only son of General Maury, and with whom he made his home and at whose residence he died, accompanied the remains to Richmond. His daughter, Mrs. James M. Halsey, of Philadelphia, was also here, but Mrs. Pollard, his other daughter, who resides in Texas, was unable to be present.

When the train of the Chesapeake & Ohio road pulled into Richmond, quite a large number of people were gathered at the station to receive the body of the dead chieftain. Among those who waited on the platform were delegations from Lee and Pickett camps. They formed an escort to the body as it was taken slowly through the streets of Richmond, where he had so often visited, to St. James Protestant Episcopal church. From this time until the funeral service began, at 10:30 o'clock, the body lay in state, and was viewed by quite a large number of people. The following gentlemen acted as guard of honor: Comrades T. B. Ellett and A. O. James, of Lee Camp, and Comrade Alexander Jennings, of Pickett Camp.

Just as the services were beginning, a detachment of the Richmond Howitzers, Lieutenant Minson in command, appeared on the Capitol Square and fired a salute of thirteen guns. The detail was composed as follows: Lieutenant F. W. Minson, Sergeant C. L. Epps, Corporals E. W. Bosher, G. F. Delarue, H. P. Poindexter, Privates O. E. Leath, C. C. Gebhardt, and W. W. Poindexter.

**BEAUTIFUL SERVICES HELD.**

The church was filled with the friends, comrades and relatives of the departed, and the delegation appointed to do this last honor to the memory of one who was so well known and beloved throughout the South. The casket rested in front of the church, and was covered with the flag for which he had fought and with the floral tributes of loving friends. Among the floral offerings was one from the General D. H. Maury Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy. One tribute was sent without the name of the sender being given.



The services at the church, which were very simple, but beautiful, began promptly at 10:30 o'clock. The pall bearers and delegations from Lee and Pickett camps entered by the middle aisle and occupied the seats reserved for them. They were followed by the relatives of General Maury.

Rev. William Meade Clarke was the officiating minister. He read the service prepared for such occasions. During the reading of the service, "Thy Will Be Done" was sung by the choir, and "My Faith Looks Up to Thee" as the procession filed out.

The remains were carried to the Union depot and left for Fredericksburg over the Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac railroad on the noon train. The details from the two veteran camps here accompanied the remains to Fredericksburg.

#### REMAINS IN FREDERICKSBURG.

The remains of General Maury arrived at Fredericksburg Saturday afternoon, February 13th, on the 1:37 train from Richmond. They were accompanied by Messrs. D. C. Richardson, George L. Christian, Captain John Cussons, W. P. Smith, Captain C. C. Scott, Rev. James P. Smith, F. B. Elliott, A. O. Jones, Thomas P. Pollard, W. U. Bass, T. R. Gates, A. Jennings, R. N. Northen, Charles T. Loehr, D. H. Maury, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Halsey, Colonel R. L. Maury, M. F. Maury, and Miss Anna Werth. At the depot they were met by Maury Camp, Confederate Veterans; R. S. Chew Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and the Daughters of the Confederacy. As soon as the train left, the funeral cortege, with the following pall bearers, proceeded to the cemetery, where the remains were interred, Rev. W. D. Smith, of the Episcopal church, conducting the services:

Active—W. H. Hurkamp, W. H. Merchant, W. E. Bradley, A. P. Rowe, Jr., W. C. Warren, and M. S. Chancellor.

Honorary—James A. Turner, J. B. Colbert, J. G. King, E. C. Bell, C. E. Layton, S. E. Foster, St. George R. Fitzhugh, Robert T. Knox, M. G. Willis, S. J. Quinn, E. D. Cole, C. W. Eddington, P. V. D. Conway, A. B. Botts, A. W. Wallace, John L. Marye and S. W. Carmichael.

Maury Camp, with Captain D. M. Lee in command, acted as escort.

Among the floral tributes were one from Lee Camp, Pickett-Buchanan Camp, and Maury Camp. As the grave was being filled, taps were sounded, and all present stood with uncovered head.

At a meeting of Maury Camp Saturday, a touching resolution was passed out of respect for General Maury's memory. This tribute is paid:

"General Maury was a loyal citizen of this republic, a true son of our Southland, and Virginia never had borne on her bosom a more chivalrous, courtly gentleman. While this city, which was his birth-place and his home in the earliest years of his life, will ever do reverence to his memory, and this camp will always cherish the fact that General Maury, who was one of its honorary members, and who expressed himself pleased and proud that we bore his name, died as he lived, a fearless and stainless Confederate soldier."

The tribute will go upon the records of the camp.

---

Numerous other glowing tributes which were published, have been paid to the honored memory of General Maury.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Southern Historical Society, held January 17, 1900, the following action was taken:

DABNEY HERNDON MAURY—HERO AND SCHOLAR.

Died at the home of his son in Peoria, Illinois, January 11, 1900, Dabney Herndon Maury, the eldest surviving Major-General of the Confederate States Army, and who was born at Fredericksburg, Virginia, May 21, 1822.

Drawing his life-springs from lines which have shed lustre on the annals of his native State, and of our common country, he nobly exemplified in his "happy" and protracted life the worth of his descent. The lessons presented by his dutiful career, and as limned in his delightful "Recollections," can but be potent in inspiring posterity.

*Resolved*, 1st. That the death of General Dabney H. Maury is an impressive loss to Virginia, to our country, and to this Society, of which he was one of the earliest and most zealous promoters, and whose interests and objects have been constantly since, first in his affections—as evinced so signally in results as Chairman of its Executive Committee.

*Resolved*, 2d. This Society would express its profound sympathy with the family of General Maury in the poignant loss they have sustained.

ROBERT STILES,  
*Chairman, pro tem.*

R. A. BROCK, *Secretary.*

## JUDGE WILLIAM BROCKENBROUGH.

**An Address Delivered by Prof. Benjamin Blake Minor,  
LL. D., on the Occasion of the Presentation of  
a Portrait of Judge Brockenbrough to  
the Circuit Court of Essex  
County, July 17, 1899.**

There would be a great deficiency in any gallery of portraits appropriate for the circuit court room of Essex county, if it did not embrace one of such a man as Judge William Brockenbrough. The promoters of the collection have felt the truth of this, and have tried to obtain a portrait of so distinguished a son of old Essex. But, for various reasons, their efforts were fruitless. At length a few of those who cordially approved of getting together such galleries and of placing a likeness of Judge Brockenbrough where it so justly belonged, determined that this too long deferred honor should be paid him, even in a modified form. They have the pleasure of presenting to the circuit court of Essex an enlarged photograph of him, taken from an oil portrait belonging to the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia, which was presented to them by Mrs. John P. McGuire, a daughter of the eminent judge. The present Court of Appeals is entitled to special thanks, not only for permitting the picture to be photographed, but for contributing to the expense of procuring the portrait which is now presented.\*

The records of Richmond county show that the Brockenbroughs were there, from England, prior to 1701; and some of them were in Essex also at a very early date. Dr. John Brockenbrough, of Tappahannock, a surgeon in the Virginia navy during the Revolution, and long a justice of Essex, and Sarah Roane, his wife, were the

---

\*Those, besides the Judges of the Court of Appeals, who presented the portrait, were Prof. John P. McGuire, stepson of Mrs. Judith (Brockenbrough) McGuire, daughter of the Judge; Miss Mary M. P. Newton, great-granddaughter of the Judge; Austin and Benjamin B. Brockenbrough and Thomas C. Gordon, grandsons of Dr. Austin Brockenbrough and Frances Blake, his wife, and grandnephews of the Judge; B. Blake Minor, Jr., M. D., and Benjamin Blake Minor, Sr., a native of Tappahannock.

The galleries of the portraits of worthies of Essex and some other counties are mainly due to the efforts of Judge T. R. B. Wright.

parents of William, who was born July 10, 1778. His father gave him good scholastic opportunities, which he very creditably improved, and then adopted the profession of law. At the early age of twenty-four (1802-3) he represented Essex in the legislature, and in May, 1803, was appointed a member of the State Council. About this time he gave to the public, under the signature of "Aristogiton," some essays on constitutional law, "which were greatly admired at the time, for the depth and originality of their views." His employing such a signature is significant, as showing something of the character of his reading and his sympathy with the patriotism and love of liberty which inspired Harmodious and Aristogiton in their resistance to the tyrants over their beloved Athens.

For about six years, besides his services in the council, he continued successfully the practice of law.

In 1809, the legislature had abolished the old district courts and established circuit superior courts, for which the State was divided into fourteen circuits. So that some new judges had to be elected, which was then done by joint vote of both houses of the legislature, for life, or during good behavior. Then the judges, thus elected, were commissioned by the governor. The election took place February 7, 1809. Messrs. Baker and Daniel nominated William Brockenbrough in the lower house; Messrs. Strother and Pope nominated Hugh Nelson; others were also nominated. On the second ballot Hugh Nelson was elected. There were three more balloting, and Brockenbrough, advancing from 53 to 85, was elected by a joint vote of 97. The others voted for were Daniel Sheffey, who came next to Brockenbrough, James Semple, James Allen, Wm. W. Hening, and Alex. Stuart, all worthy competitors.

Judge Brockenbrough was assigned to a western circuit (the Thirteenth), which, in 1811, embraced the counties of Tazewell, Russell, Lee, Washington, Wythe, Grayson, and Montgomery. He was afterwards, in 1812, brough to the more important one, embracing the city of Richmond and counties of Henrico, Essex, etc. Besides discharging faithfully and efficiently all his judicial functions, he undertook the publication of a volume entitled "Virginia Cases: A collection of Cases decided by the General Court of Virginia, chiefly relating to the penal laws of the Commonwealth, commencing in the year 1798 and ending in 1814. Copied from the Records of said Court, with explanatory notes by Judges Brockenbrough and Holmes. 1815."

This work shows his disposition towards his profession and its

members and the public. In it he was assisted by Judge Hugh Holmes, and it contained only 336 pages. But about ten years later, in 1826, he rendered a larger and greater service to the State by the publication of a second volume, of 680 pages, with an index to both volumes. About 1819, the general court came to a resolution that its decisions should be preserved in a manuscript volume, and should show the grounds on which they were made. The preparation of this volume devolved upon Judge Brockenbrough, as he resided in Richmond, where the records of the court were kept, and out of these facts grew his second printed volume of reports, in 1826. The wonder is how such an important matter was so long neglected. The general court was truly an imposing and august tribunal. It had supreme appellate jurisdiction in criminal cases, and surely the profession and the public were entitled to reports of its decisions. It was composed of all the judges of the circuit courts, but only a quorum need attend its sessions. When the number of circuits was considerably increased, there was an understanding between the judges that one-half should attend one session and the other half another, so as to make sure of a quorum; but any judge could, if he chose, attend a session held by the half to which he did not belong. The number holding a court, therefore, varied very much, both according to the number of circuits in the State and the number of the judges who elected to be present. There were two sessions each year. I remember this court very well, and have seen it in session with fifteen or more members, some of whom would have honored and graced the bench of our Supreme Court, to which they were, like Brockenbrough, sometimes elevated. The senior judge present at any session presided. I once knew nearly, if not quite, all of its members. The accomplished James Lyons honored me with invitations to the elegant dinners which he used to give them. I was in their court-room the afternoon when the eminent Benjamin Watkins Leigh obtained from them the bailing of the unfortunate young Simms, who so unnecessarily shot and killed Prof. John A. G. Davis, chairman of the Faculty of the University of Virginia. I have always thought that the manner of that great advocate towards the court on that occasion was rather imperious. The court occupied that room in the Capitol whose floor gave way with such tragic consequences on the 28th of April, 1870. It was the decisions of the court above referred to which Judge Brockenbrough reported, commencing with the June term, 1815, and ending with the June term, 1826.

It can never do any harm for a lawyer to use his pen in behalf of his profession outside of his own professional duties. Our modern Virginia bar has furnished some striking illustrations of this in Benjamin Watkins Leigh, and his son-in-law, Conway Robinson; Prof. John A. G. Davis, and his brother-in-law, John B. Minor, and the other distinguished Law Professors, John Tayloe Lomax and Henry St. George Tucker, and James M. Mathews, law writer and State Reporter, who is not only a worthy son of Essex, but of the efficient clerk, Wm. B. Matthews, of the court over which Judge Brockenbrough presided. There were still in Virginia district courts of chancery, besides the circuit courts.

The connection between the two volumes of the reports of the decisions of the general court of Virginia led to a rapid flight over nearly eleven years of Judge Brockenbrough's distinguished career. In the meantime occurred about the most important event in that career, which not only gave him a vacation from his judicial labors, but a pleasant visit to that delightful region which has always had such attractions for Virginians ever since the time of Spotswood and his Knights of the Golden Horseshoe. That visit was under the most flattering auspices conceivable.

On the 21st of February, 1818, the State legislature passed an act to take effect March 1st, "for appropriating a part of the Literary Fund, and for other purposes." The whole statute had reference to schools and education, but among its "other purposes" was the establishing of the University. "In order to aid the legislature in ascertaining a permanent site for the University and in organizing it," the executive was required to appoint, without delay, twenty-four discreet and intelligent persons, one for each senatorial district, who were to meet the first of August next, at the tavern in Rockfish Gap, on the Blue Ridge. Three-fourths of this "Board of Commissioners for the University" were necessary for the transaction of business. It was their high province to report to the next session of the legislature: 1st, A proper site for the University; 2d, A plan for the buildings thereof; 3d, The branches of learning to be taught therein; 4th, The number and description of professorships; and 5th, Such general provisions as might properly be enacted by the legislature for the better organizing and governing the University.

Governor James P. Preston duly made the appointment of such men as he and his advisers deemed well qualified for such a sacred and solemn trust, and this distinguished "Board of Commissioners" met on the first day of August, at the place designated, and that

humble mountain inn was honored with the presence of one of the grandest and most dignified conclaves that ever met anywhere. Prof. George Tucker says, in his *Life of Jefferson*, that President James Monroe was one of them. If he be mistaken in this, it is certain that two ex-Presidents of the United States, Thomas Jefferson and James Madison, were in it, with nineteen worthy associates, several of whom were fully the equals of President Monroe. Judge William Brockenbrough was one of these.

Mr. Jefferson was made President of the Board, who appointed a sub-committee of six to consider and report on all the duties assigned them, except that relating to the site of the University. They were engaged in their noble work until August 4th. Three sites were offered: at Lexington, at Staunton, and at Central College, where our renowned University, lately sprung up anew from her ashes, now rests, surrounded by such surpassing beauty.

The Board, having voted that it was not necessary to visit, as was proposed, the competing locations, proceeded on the third day to make the selection. Staunton obtained two votes, Lexington three, and Central College sixteen, one of which was Judge Brockenbrough's. Each site offered material inducements in its own favor, but the Board said to the legislature: "Although the act required them to receive any voluntary contributions which might be offered for the benefit of the University, yet they did not consider this as establishing an auction or as pledging the location to the highest bidder." Have there not been too many auctions in similar cases?

The Board also adopted an elaborate report, drawn up by Mr. Jefferson, which was, with some amendments, signed by all the twenty-one members present and transmitted to the legislature. Mr. Jefferson's signature was the first; Judge Brockenbrough's was the fourth. Thus our now famous University may be regarded as having been launched by this august assemblage. Some years afterwards, one of Judge Brockenbrough's brothers (Arthur) was its Proctor. A son of the Proctor, Wm. H. Brockenbrough, studied law there under Prof. John A. G. Davis, and settled in Florida, of which he was appointed Territorial Governor, and where he became distinguished as a lawyer and a judge. He also represented Florida in Congress. Thus Virginia has produced three judges Brockenbrough; and Dr. Austin Brockenbrough was a valuable member of the county court of Essex, over which he frequently presided. A daughter of the Proctor married Senator Maxwell, Confederate States Senator from Florida, and their daughter, Lucy, married Rev. Ev-

erard Meade, for eleven years beloved rector of St. John's church, Richmond.

It may be gratifying to the people of Essex to know that their section of the State was further ably represented in that memorable conclave at Rockfish Gap by Judge Spencer Roane, and that Judge Hugh Holmes, who assisted Judge William Brockenbrough in the preparation of the first volume of the *Virginia Cases*, was also a member of it. The Commissioners who signed the report to the legislature were: Th: Jefferson, Creed Taylor, Peter Randolph, Wm. Brockenbrough, Arch'd Rutherford, Arch'd Stuart, James Breckenridge, Henry E. Watkins, James Madison, Armistead T. Mason, Hugh Holmes, Phil. C. Pendleton, Spencer Roane, John M. C. Taylor, J. G. Jackson, Thos. Wilson, Phil. Slaughter, Wm. H. Cabell, Nathl. H. Claiborne, Wm. A. G. Dade, Wm. Jones.

From 1826 to 1834, Judge Brockenbrough kept on in the discharge of his arduous duties as circuit judge. When he was transferred to the Supreme Court of Appeals, in 1834, he was president of the general court and presiding over the Fourth district and the Seventh circuit, composed of Chesterfield, Powhatan, Goochland, Hanover and Henrico counties. There were then in the State ten districts and twenty circuits. He had for some years presided, when the arrangement was different, over the Fourth circuit, composed of Goochland, Henrico, Hanover, King and Queen, Essex, Caroline and Spotsylvania. When he had to give up Essex, it came under the jurisdiction, for one year, of Judge Brown, and then of Judge Semple. It had been in Judge Brown's district when he held his courts in Fredericksburg and Williamsburg. In 1832, the circuit courts were increased to twenty, and Judge Brown was placed over the Fourth circuit, embracing Essex.

When Judge John Williams Green, of the Court of Appeals, died, his place had to be filled. The election for his successor took place February 20, 1834. Mr. Booker, of Amelia, nominated Judge Brockenbrough; Mr. Botts, Robert Stanard, Esq.; and Mr. Watts, Judge Ro. B. Taylor. On the second ballot, Taylor was dropped. Then Judge Brockenbrough got seventy-two votes, and from both houses ninety-three to Stanard's sixty-four, and was promoted to the Supreme Court of Appeals. The cases in which he sat are reported in *Leigh's Reports*, Vols. V to IX, inclusive, and they contain a good many of his opinions. The Court of Appeals at that time consisted of President Henry St. George Tucker, and Judges Francis T. Brooke, Wm. H. Cabell, Dabney Carr, and Brockenbrough.



Hon. John Randolph Tucker, who became so highly distinguished, describes them as he, when a boy, saw them sitting, in 1835, in the Senate chamber of the Capitol. In his reminiscences of the Virginia Bench and Bar, given to the Bar Association of Richmond, he says: "And next to him I see the vigorous face, strongly marked with common sense and integrity, of William Brockenbrough, for many years an eminent judge on the circuit and of the general court, and then a judge of the Court of Appeals from 1834 until his death, in 1838."

The *Richmond Enquirer* of December 11, 1838, made the following announcement: "Died in the city of Richmond, yesterday morning, 10th inst., after a painful and protracted illness, Judge Wm. Brockenbrough, of the Court of Appeals, in the 61st year of his age."

The funeral took place on December 11, from the residence of his brother, Dr. John Brockenbrough, and the remains were taken for interment to White Plains, in King William county. The day of his decease, the judge of the circuit court of Richmond and Henrico entered upon the records of that court a strong and feeling tribute to his memory, and adjourned. The next day there was a meeting, in the capitol, of the surviving judges of the Court of Appeals, the judge of the circuit court of Richmond and Henrico, the officers of both courts, and members of the bar. On motion of Judge Henry St. George Tucker, Judge Francis T. Brooke was called to the chair, and Sidney S. Baxter, Attorney-General, appointed secretary. Mr. Leigh moved a preamble and resolutions of respect and condolence, which were unanimously adopted. Mr. Leigh's estimate of his character, ability and services was a very high one.

The obituary notice in the *Richmond Enquirer* says that "his whole life was employed in acts of private virtue and public usefulness," and that "it could not do justice to the memory of one of the best men that ever lived; yet his constancy and firmness in bearing his last afflicting trial ought not to be omitted, for constancy and firmness were striking traits in his character." That friendly but discriminating notice also asserts: "As a tender husband, an affectionate father, a faithful friend, a true and virtuous citizen, he can never be forgotten. His heart was the seat of every kind, generous and benevolent emotion. No one could know him without being struck with the simplicity of his manners, the kindness and warmth of his feelings, and the strength and purity of his principles. \* \* The sympathy and sorrow so extensively evinced by 'high and low,

rich and poor,' bear witness that he was not only respected, but beloved by his family, by his friends, by the bar over which he so long presided, and by the surviving members of the bench of which he was an ornament."

I have some faint recollection of Judge Brockenbrough. I saw him in Tappahannock when I was a boy. He was a tall, dignified and commanding person, but not particularly handsome. He had something of a cross in his eyes, which gave them a peculiar expression. This may have had something to do with an anecdote which is related of him whilst he was holding a court at Tappahannock. A man, too much under the influence of liquor, annoyed and disturbed the judge, who kept his eyes upon him, hoping thereby to stop him. At length he rebuked him and told him to behave himself. He, too, had been watching the judge, and found that he could not escape his look. So he mounted a chair and exclaimed:

"The ancients did old Argus prize,  
Because he had a hundred eyes;  
But much more praise to him is due  
Who looks a hundred ways with two."

The judge was so nonplussed and surprised by the offender's smartness, as well as audacity, that he let him off without fining him. He was the renowned, but unfortunate, Billy Pope, orator, poet and wit.

I have, too, some recollection of the members of the bar of that period. Thomas Gresham and Wm. A. Wright lived in Tappahannock; John Gaines, two Upshaws (Horace and Edwin), and Muscoe Garnett, came from the country; Phil. Branham and Chinn came across the Rappahannock; Richard Baylor from the upper part of the county, and John L. Marye and Carter L. Stevenson from Fredericksburg. Mr. Marye had lived in Tappahannock, where he served in the store of Mr. Robert Weir. Whilst I was at school in Fredericksburg, I became well acquainted with him and Mr. Stevenson, and intimate with their sons. My last Essex county teacher, James M. Garnett, was a member of its bar.

Judge Brockenbrough married Judith White, daughter of John and Judith White. One of their sons, John White Brockenbrough, married Miss Mary C. Bowyer, and became distinguished as judge of the United States Court for the Western district of Virginia; as founder and head of his own law school at Lexington, and after-

wards as Professor in the Law School of Washington and Lee University. He followed the example of his father by publishing a volume of Federal Decisions. He was also a member of the Confederate Congress.\*

One of their daughters, Mary, married Hon. Willoughby Newton, and was mother of Bishop John Brockenbrough Newton. Another, Judith White, married the Rev. John P. McGuire, so long and so favorably known as an Episcopal clergyman, so highly esteemed for his faithful ministrations, and so beloved by the people of Essex. She was a noble woman, and wrote that admirable book about the Confederate war times, "The Diary of a Southern Refugee." It was she who presented to our Supreme Court of Appeals that portrait of her beloved and honored father which they have materially aided in having copied for the people of Essex. How appropriate and becoming it is, then, for her to be remembered on this interesting occasion, when you are paying due honor to your military heroes and civic worthies. She has been laid to rest here in venerable Tappahannock. But there are those of the blood of both the Judges Brockenbrough who still survive, and an affectionate appeal is made to them, by the hereditary as well as general interest which they might take in such a behalf, to supplant, at no distant day, our humble offering with the best presentment of their illustrious ancestor which their liberality and painter's art and skill can possibly secure.

---

\*A sketch (with portrait) of Judge John W. Brockenbrough, by Professor Charles A. Graves, will be found in a *Virginia Law Register*, 157.

## A NOBLE LIFE.

Address Delivered at Tappahannock, Essex County, Va.,  
July 17, 1899, Presenting to Essex Court a Portrait of

JUDGE WILLIAM BROCKENBROUGH.

By JOHN P. MCGUIRE.

*Ladies and Gentlemen :*

A Virginian in a Virginia assembly is always among friends; but for myself, and here in this county of Essex, as a wanderer returned to his home again, I stand among you and respectfully salute you all.

In the far dawn of human history, the blind old bard of Chios, with mental vision doubly clear, surveyed the course of human life, and this true picture drew:

"Like leaves on trees, the race of men are found,  
Some green in youth, some withering on the ground.

\* \* \* \* \*

So generations in their course decay;  
These come to life, and others pass away."

Countless as the leaves of the forest or the sands along the shore are the men who, in ages gone, have run their restless course on this round world, even as the busy ants run to and fro upon their hillock home. Brief parts the actors play; the scene changes and they disappear. I saw a clown upon a narrow stage. Decked in the tawdry tinsel of his craft, he entered on the one side, stopped one moment, and pointing to the other door, he said—not knowing what he said: "I came in here to tell you that I am—going out yonder." 'Alas!' I thought, 'this is our human life.' 'Good health to-day, my friend,' I say, and so the greeting passes, 'and now—good morrow.'

Millions of millions have passed on; how few are remembered! And, of the few, why keep we record and memory of their names? Why, and how long? Let us examine the record, and from it learn that *a noble life alone is memorable*; that man's life is made noble, his memory made sweet, his name engraven where it cannot be effaced, "not by might, nor by power," but by noble thoughts and noble purposes wrought out in noble deeds, even "by the works of

that Spirit" whose fruits are justice, mercy and truth, obedience to law, purity of life, sweet charity, and that self-sacrifice that crowns them all.

A noble life partakes of deity and endures. The test of its high kinship is that it *stand for* some noble thought—impress upon our minds and hearts some one of these eternal elements, some attribute of that august character in whom alone they are perfectly developed—each element eternal as His days are without end.

If there be presented for our consideration a character pre-eminently marked by but one of these ennobling features, *this is the blood-mark*—by this we know the strain of immortality. Let but a spark of the eternal fire burn in the heart of man, there needs no vestal virgin to keep the lamp aflame. It is part of the light of the universe that cannot expire. Man struggles with imperfections. But a little leaven leavens the whole lump. The odor of the violet pervades the garden. The sweet character of Cordelia makes the whole of King Lear a charm.

Full many a shining name, high written on the roll of fame, is doomed to be forgotten.

A monarch grown colossal in his might, boasts that the gods of the nations have not been able to save their people from his destroying arm; a doubtful inscription on a crumbling stone is the record of his deeds. A Pharaoh of four thousand years ago, in the pride of his power, defies the God of Israel and deals hardly with His chosen. See, in this our day, his royal lineaments stripped of their ceremonies—a spectacle for a gaping crowd to mock at.

An unconquerable phalanx, tramping steadily on, crushing its unsparing way through crowding armies of peoples struggling to be free, bears a hero's banner to the border land beyond which there are no more worlds to conquer. Amid triumphal music, high seated at the feast with his worshippers around him, he

" Assumes the nod,  
Affects the god,  
And seems to shake the spheres."

In a mad debauch he dies, his right hand red with the blood of his friend; and for the world-empire that he founded, the map of the nations bears no trace that it ever existed.

The demon Corsican, with titanic force, shakes the foundations of empires. Like a destroying storm he crosses a continent; the windrows of the dead mark his passage through the nations. The groans

of the dying, a helpless woman's cry, and the orphan's wail; these are the antiphone to each song in his praise; these, and these alone, shall be his requiem.

Shall sculptured marble or graven brass, or the limner's art as here displayed, preserve man from the yawning chasm of dark oblivion?

"There is an ancient land, across the sea,  
Whence came a traveller telling he had seen  
Two vast and trunkless legs stand in the desert ;  
Near by, half buried in the sand, a head,  
So marred he doubted what it had been ;  
The body, deep beyond his ken, or bore away,  
Built into some old wall—Ruin's predestined prey.  
The feet stood on a pedestal whereon these words were writ :

' My name is Ozymandias, king of kings,  
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair !'

Nothing beside remained. Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,  
The lone and level sands *stretched far away.*"

Not by might nor by power, nor yet by the trumpet of fame, not through wide-reaching opportunity, nor great deed done on a world wide stage—not so is an enduring record made; but by a noble life faithfully lived in daily practice of our poor human share of those virtues which combining, even as the colors of the spectrum, form that pure light which is the light of the world. By such a life as is here exemplified, my friends, so shall a noble ancestry be duly honored; so shall the reverence of contemporaries encircle the hoary head; so shall the generations grow nobler and better because a man has lived.

The life but needs to wear, as this one did, the forehead-mark of high purpose and heaven born inspiration; but needs to *stand for* some noble, some enduring quality.

The smallest good is a part of the great sum of all good. No need to "uplift the millions." "He who has done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, has done it unto me."

The lightest chord if in true unison with the music, goes to make the great swelling anthem that lifts man's heart toward the creator.

The tinkle of the widow's mite, as it fell into the treasury, gave the key-note to the sacrificial song of the ages: and after two thousand years, 'the nameless widow' means for us,—All for God.

Wheresoever the gospel of faith and love has been and shall be preached, a little deed that a woman did has been and "shall be

told for a memorial of her;" so for faith and devotion the name of 'Mary of Bethany' shall forever stand.

Thus stands 'St. John' for love; 'St. Peter' for repentance unto good works; 'St. Paul' for lion-like courage and holy zeal.

Æneas, with old Anchises on his back, stands for filial piety; Curtius for self-sacrifice; Lucretia for purity; Horatius for courage; Cato, noblest Roman of them all, stands for stern integrity. These illustrate that ancient story and tell us why man's memory endures.

Here in a newer land and a later age, the name of a great Virginian stands for the qualities that mark a grand character, and by these he will be remembered when men have forgotten the operations on the Delaware that won great Frederick's admiration, and the march from the Hudson to the York that broke the yoke of tyranny for mankind.

Need I ask these graybeards around me to search the inner chamber of their hearts and tell me what other Virginian, there enshrined in simple majesty, so rules our lives that at thought of his presence men fear to fail of duty and flee from dishonor! It is the faithful gentleman who left to our English tongue those 'words of the wise which are as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies,' "The question is, Is it right?"—that supreme maxim which is to remain as an apple of gold in a picture of silver, "Duty is the noblest word in our language." It is the loved commander who, while the world paused to take record of his deeds and Glory wept for a flag furled forever, was content to utter the simplest, most pathetic words that ever fell from a leader's lips: "I and my brave men have done the best we could." It is not Sir Lancelot, not Sir Galahad, not Sir Tristram, nor any knight of Table Round,—*it is Arthur the King*, the royal gentlemen, 'whose strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure;' the incomparable soldier, the Christian—who died at Lexington, his uplifted finger then as always pointing his people "Forward!" to the goal where final Victory waits to welcome that valor and virtue for which his name shall stand 'till Time shall be no more.

The ancient philosopher describes the virtues that made the worthies of Rome's nobler day: "quas mihi semper antiponens," he says: "mentem animumque conformabam"—"and placing them always before me, so I sought to mould my mind and my soul."

Let us learn from the wise old heathen, and wisely choose our models for imitation.

If then in the record of this our native land, our own Virginia, a

man's life shows that his mind instinctively turned to the "pole-star of truth," then is his image worthy to be set up that our young men may learn this greatest of all the virtues—greatest of all, for

"By the gods, it is not in the power of painting or of sculpture  
To fashion ought so divine as the fair form of truth.  
The creatures of their art may please the eye,  
But her sweet nature captivates the soul."

Have justice and mercy marked his career? Great is the office of the judge. Divine is that justice which with equal balance weighs each man's merit and to each his true desert assigns. Worthy of all honor is he who, like Israel's great judge can 'call all men to witness that of none has he taken aught, of none has he received any gift to blind his eyes therewith.' Yet

"The marshal's truncheon nor the judge's robe,  
Become them with one-half so good a grace  
As mercy does."

Justice is

"The attribute to awe and majesty.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
But earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice."

Noble is the heart in which they both reside. Worthy of all reverence, the character in which these virtues shine.

Has charity warmed a man's heart and opened his hand stretched out to aid the helpless, until "like a watered garden" he has fed them and "like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land" he has given them rest and refreshment for the journey of life?

Has he so walked among his fellows that

'His pity has been as balm to heal their wounds,  
His mildness has allayed their swelling griefs,  
His mercy dried their water-flowing tears?'

If perchance a character is presented combining all these exalted qualities, then have we one of those whose memory is as a sweet savor that no wind of forgetfulness shall ever blow away—then indeed we who are passing away do but our duty to those who shall succeed us, if, by any act of ours, we may provoke their curiosity to enquire, and move them to loving study, when they know, why these walls bear witness to our estimate of the man.

Such a noble character is here represented, my friends, such a



noble life, you and your children are here invited to study; such a noble example is here offered for their imitation and for ours.

Fellow citizens and good friends—for these people are bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh: yonder where the solemn cedars wave, and here where the spire points to heaven, lie the ashes of generations right dear to me; familiar to my childhood are the faces here depicted; to this town of Tappahannock I owe the peaceful ending of an honored father's long labor of love; in the act I now perform, I pay reverent honor to a noble woman, who, once familiar to your eyes, was, as I think, dear to your hearts, and who, when the shadows fell around her, was comforted by the memory of your affection and desired that her last home might be among you.

So thinking and so feeling—thankful for the opportunity to render this service to my people, deeply sensible of the honor I myself receive in having this commission laid upon me—I bring here this picture of Judge William Brockenbrough—learned lawyer and upright judge—Virginia gentleman, true to State and lineage, and careful to hand down to posterity that 'good name which is more to be desired than great riches,'—a man whose life stands for learning guided by wisdom, for truth, for purity, for charity towards all, for courage to do right, for justice the ermine adorning, for Christian virtue in that he humbly sought to form his mind and heart by loving study of the only complete example.

True product, this, of the ancient civilization, my young friends—the civilization of the time when the fields were greener, when the summer breeze was softer, when the birds sang more sweetly than now, and all the world was vocal with the sounds that brought us joy;—a civilization (I charge you to observe) which the ignorant, the envious, and the malignant condemn, and for which the weak and the base among ourselves have been fain to apologize. Yet was it so simple and so beautiful, so natural and native to the soil, so rooted in truth, so erect in honor, so lofty and so strong, so abloom with all courtesy, so redolent of nobleness, so fruitful of virtue—that for myself I am profoundly thankful that the men and women before whom my soul stands uncovered, were born under its shadow and that the formative years of my own life were spent beneath its grateful shade.

Therefore, I speak in humble recognition of the Hand that worketh all nobleness in man—in commemoration of that gracious olden time that now is passing away—paying honor where honor is justly due—knowing that the generation so paying its debt of honor to those that have gone is guiding in paths of honor generations yet

unborn. For that reason rejoicing thus to aid the work of founding here, in our county of Essex, and for our State of Virginia, *this ennobling memorial institution*, and praying that your children may prove worthy to guard your precious things—to this Court I present this portrait; to bench and to bar, to counting house and farm, to pew and to pulpit, to youth and to age—I commend the study of this most noble life.

## PRESIDENT LINCOLN FURTHER ARRAIGNED. ✓

### His Autocratic Sway and "Want of Principle."

[For the cogent "letter" of Dr. Minor, the accomplished writer referred to in the conclusion of this communication, see *ante*, pp. 165-170.—ED.]

A letter of the subscriber, published in the *Richmond Dispatch* of the 14th of January, proved by quotations from President Lincoln's most respectable and most eulogistic biographers that Lincoln was habitually indecent in his conversation; that he was guilty of grossly indecent and still more grossly immoral conduct in connection with his satire called "The First Chronicle of Reuben"; that he was an infidel, and was, till he became candidate for the Presidency, a frequent scoffer at religion, and in the habit of using his good gifts to attack its truths; that he was the author of "a little book," the purpose of which was to attack the fundamental truths of religion, and never denied or retracted any of these views.

That letter further stated that it would be as easy to prove, from precisely the same sort of evidence, that Lincoln's character and conduct provoked the bitterest censure from a very great number of the most distinguished of his co-workers in his great achievements, among whom may be named Greeley, Thad. Stevens, Sumner, Trumbull, Zach. Chandler, Fred. Douglas, Beecher, Fremont, Ben. Wade, Winter Davis and Wendell Phillips. while the most bitter and contemptuous and persistent of all Lincoln's critics were Chase, his Secretary of the Treasury and Chief Justice, and Stanton, known ever since as his "great War Secretary."

This letter is intended to prove what is alleged in the last para-

graph, and to give some further evidence of the estimate of Lincoln entertained by his contemporaries. Such light is needed, for the pæan of praise that began with his death has grown to such extravagance that one of his eulogists, on his birth-day last week, taught that he is "first of all that have walked the earth after The Nazarine," and another asked us to give up aspirations for a Heaven where Lincoln's presence is not assured. Every author quoted or referred to in this letter is an ardently eulogistic biographer and a partisan of the North against the South.

Colonel A. K. McClure's *Lincoln and Men of the War Time*, says (page 225, *et seq.*):

"Greeley was in closer touch with the active, loyal sense of the people than even the President himself," and "Mr. Greeley's *Tribune* was the most widely read Republican journal in the country, and it was unquestionably the most potent in modelling Republican sentiment. \* \* \* It reached the intelligent masses of the people in every State in the Union, and *Greeley was not in accord with Lincoln.*" \* \* \* Greeley "was [page 289, *et seq.*] a perpetual thorn in Lincoln's side, \* \* \* and almost constantly criticised him boldly and often bitterly." "Greeley \* \* \* labored [page 296] most faithfully to accomplish Lincoln's overthrow" in his great struggle for re-election in 1864. See also pages 282 to 292, *et seq.* See Morse's *Lincoln*, Vol. I, page 193. None will deny that Greeley ardently hated slavery and loved the Union, and was unsurpassed for purity and patriotism.

Dr. J. G. Holland's *Life of Lincoln* (page 469, *et seq.*), shows Fremont, Wendell Phillips, Fred Douglas and Greeley as leaders in the very nearly successful effort to defeat Lincoln's second election. The call for the convention for that purpose, held in Cleveland, May 31, 1864, said that "the public liberty was in danger;" that its object was to arouse the people "and bring them to realize that, while we are saturating Southern soil with the best blood of the country in the name of liberty, we have really parted with it at home."

McClure's *Lincoln*, etc., conceding the hostile attitude towards Lincoln of the leading members of the cabinet, says (page 54):

"Outside of the cabinet the leaders were equally discordant, and quite as distrustful of the ability of Lincoln to fill his great office. Sumner, Trumbull, Chandler, Wade, Winter Davis, and the men to whom the nation then turned as the great representative men of the new political power, did not conceal their distrust of Lincoln.

and he had little support from them at any time during his administration."

Dr. Holland's *Life*, etc., shows (page 476, *et seq.*), that when Lincoln killed, by "pocketing" it, a bill for the reconstruction of the Union, which Congress had passed, Ben Wade and Winter Davis, aided by Greeley, published in Greeley's *Tribune* of August 5th "a bitter manifesto." It charged that the President, by this action, "holds the electoral vote of the rebel States at the discretion of his personal ambition," and that "a more studied outrage on the authority of the people has never been perpetrated." An examination to-day of the official record of the electoral vote by which Lincoln got his second term, fully verifies the above charge. Nicolay and Hay's *Abraham Lincoln*, and General Benjamin F. Butler's autobiography (the title is *Butler's Book*), alike concede the fictitious pretense of a State that was counted as casting the vote of the State of Virginia in the electoral college, and similar farces were played in the case of others of the "rebel States," just as foreseen by Wade and Henry Winter Davis. This accounts for the much boasted majority recorded by the electoral college in Lincoln's favor, and the small majority, as officially recorded, of votes of the people. McClellan, on a platform that said the war must stop, got eighty-one per cent of the votes that were cast for Lincoln. This was the vote of the people of the "loyal" States, in spite of the fact that *criticism of the Administration was, by order of the War Department, treason, triable by court martial*, and that a man so enormously popular in his State (Ohio) as Vallandigham lay under sentence of *banishment*, a punishment new to this country and imposed for a new offense, "not for deeds done but for words spoken," to use the words in which it was denounced by John Sherman, and these words spoken in public debate and received with wild applause by thousands. Soldiers ruled at the polls. *Butler's Book* (pages 754 to 773) gives full particulars of the large force with which he occupied New York city and shows how completely he controlled its vote and its opposition to the war and to emancipation that had lately been demonstrated in its great anti-draft riot. This "riot" had countenance from the Governor (Seymour) and the Arch-Bishop (Hughes), as Nicolay and Hay elaborately describe in their *Abraham Lincoln*; and Gorham, in his lately published *Life of Stanton*, says that if the battle of Gettysburg, then raging, had been of opposite result, New York would not have submitted.

Lincoln refused to listen at all to the Southern commissioners,

Clement C. Clay, Jr., and James P. Holcombe, unless they could show "written authority from Jefferson Davis" to make unconditional surrender. Greeley, who had procured their coming to negotiate for a cessation of the war, protested against Lincoln's action as follows, in a letter written him in July, 1864 (see Holland's *Life*, etc., page 478): "Our bleeding, bankrupt, almost dying country longs for peace, shudders at the prospect of fresh conscriptions, of further wholesale devastations and new rivers of human blood; and there is a widespread conviction that the Government and its supporters are not anxious for peace, and do not improve proffered opportunities to achieve it." He further intimates (page 482) the possibility of a Northern insurrection.

Ben Perley Poore, in *Reminiscences of Lincoln*, collected and edited by Allen Thorndyke Rice (page 248), shows Beecher's censures of Lincoln, and so do Beecher's editorials in the *Independent* of 1862. Hapgood's *Abraham Lincoln* quotes (page 164) Wendell Phillips about Lincoln, "Who is this fluckster in politics? Who is this county court lawyer?" Morse's *Lincoln* (Vol. I, page 177) gives severe censures of Lincoln by Wendell Phillips. McClure's *Lincoln*, etc., records in two places (pages 112 and 259) the reprobation of Lincoln by Thad. Stevens, "The Great Commoner." Miss Ida Tarbell, in *McClure's Magazine* for 1899 (page 277), calls Sumner, Wade, Winter Davis and Chase "malicious foes of Lincoln," on the authority of one of Lincoln's closest intimates, Leonard Swet. and in the same magazine for July, 1899 (page 218, *et seq.*), says: "About all the most prominent leaders \* \* \* were actively opposed to Lincoln," and mentions Greeley as their chief. McClure's *Lincoln*, etc. (page 54, *et seq.*), shows the hostility to Lincoln of Sumner, Trumbull and Chandler, and of his Vice-President, Hamlin.

Fremont, who, eight years before, had received every Republican vote for President, charged Lincoln (Holland's *Life*, etc., page 469, *et seq.*) with "incapacity and selfishness," with "disregarding personal rights," with "violation of personal liberty and the liberty of the press," with "feebleness and want of principle," and we find (page 470, *et seq.*) quoted from a letter of Fremont: "Had Lincoln remained faithful to the principles he was elected to defend, no schism could have been created and no contest could have been possible. \* \* \* The ordinary rights under the Constitution and laws of the country have been violated;" and he further accused Lincoln of "managing the war for personal ends."

Seward has been much criticised, and accused of rare presumption,

for a letter that he wrote to the President, as Secretary of State, one month after his first inauguration, because the letter manifested a sense of superiority and condescendingly offered his advice and aid. It is probable that Seward did feel something of the contempt for Lincoln that his brethren in the Cabinet—Chase and Stanton—never ceased to express freely for Lincoln, and very frequently showed to his face throughout their long terms of office. Like them, Seward was a man of the highest social standing and of large experience in the highest public functions. It was only after Lincoln's death that any one accounted him a gentleman, much less a hero or a saint. Stanton constantly spoke of him as "The Great Original Gorilla." What he was capable of, in morals, manners and personal habits, is illustrated (see the letter above referred to, *ante*, pages 165-170) by the story of "The First Chronicle of Reuben." He annoyed General McClellan by very frequent visits at his headquarters in Washington, after being repeatedly treated with most humiliating slights there. These details are given by his most unqualified eulogists of all—Nicolay and Hay—and called proofs of their hero's humility, but there is a much more obvious way of accounting for them. Whether Seward's letter gave offense or not, it suggested the policy that Lincoln adopted, which policy was his means of precipitating the war which he, almost alone, desired. The astuteness of that policy has been much commended by his eulogists as something without which neither the success of the war nor the emancipation would have been possible. The policy advised in Seward's letter is, "Change the question before the public from the one upon slavery for a question upon Union or Disunion." The letter did not come to light for years, and Seward might well say, as he did, that Lincoln "had a cunning that was genius." See Don Piatt, in *Reminiscences of Lincoln* (page 487).

McClure's *Lincoln*, etc., says (page 9): "Chase was the most irritating fly in the Lincoln ointment." Miss Ida Tarbell, in *McClure's Magazine* for January, 1899, says: "But Mr. Chase was never able to realize Mr. Lincoln's greatness." Nicolay and Hay's *Abraham Lincoln* says (Vol. IX, page 389), about Chase: "Even to comparative strangers, he could not write without speaking slightly of the President. He kept up this habit to the end of Lincoln's life." Volume VI, page 264, says: "\* \* \* But his attitude towards the President, it is hardly too much to say, was one which varied between the limits of active hostility and benevolent contempt."

Yet none rate Chase higher than Nicolay and Hay do for talent, character and patriotism.

McClure's *Lincoln*, etc. (page 150, *et seq.*), says: "Stanton had been in open and malignant opposition to the Administration only a few months before." This was in January, 1862. "Stanton [page 155, *et seq.*,] often spoke of and to public men, military and civil, with a withering sneer. I have heard him scores of times thus speak of Lincoln, and several times thus speak to Lincoln." \* \* \* "After Stanton's retirement from the Buchanan Cabinet, when Lincoln was inaugurated, he maintained the closest confidential relations with Buchanan, and wrote him many letters expressing the utmost contempt for Lincoln." \* \* \* These letters, given to the public in Curtis' *Life of Buchanan*, speak freely (see Hapgood's *Lincoln*, page 254,) of "the painful imbecility of Lincoln, the venality and corruption which ran riot in the government," and McClure goes on: "It is an open secret that Stanton advised the revolutionary overthrow of the Lincoln government, to be replaced by General McClellan as military dictator." \* \* \* "These letters published by Curtis, bad as they are, are not the worst letters written by Stanton to Buchanan. Some of them were so violent in their expression against Lincoln \* \* \* that they have been charitably withheld from the public." Whitney, in his *On Circuit with Lincoln* (page 424), tells of these suppressed letters. See, too, his pages 422 to 424, *et seq.*, and Ben Perley Poore, in *Reminiscences of Lincoln* (page 223), and Kasson, in *Reminiscences of Lincoln* (page 384), all in confirmation of Stanton's estimate and treatment of Lincoln. Hapgood's *Abraham Lincoln* refers (page 164) to Stanton's "brutal absence of decent personal feeling" towards Lincoln, and tells of Stanton's insulting behavior when they met five years earlier, of which meeting Stanton said that he "had met him at the bar, and found him a low, cunning clown." (See Ben Perley Poore, in *Reminiscences of Lincoln*, page 223.) Miss Ida Tarbell, in *McClure's Magazine* for March, 1899, tells the story of this earliest manifestation of Stanton's contempt for Lincoln.

McClure's *Lincoln*, etc. (page 123, *et seq.*), says: "Lincoln's desire for a renomination was the one thing ever apparent in his mind during the third year of his administration," and he draws a pitiful picture (pages 113 to 115) of Lincoln as he saw him, in fits of abject depression during a considerable time after his second nomination, when he and all the leaders of the Republican party thought his defeat inevitable. Don Piatt depicts (*Reminiscences of Lincoln*, page

493), in curious contrast to the above, Lincoln's extraordinary insensibility to the ills of others.

After such an array of the concessions against him quoted and referred to above, it is worth while to repeat the statement about those authors that is made in the third paragraph of this letter, and to add that every one of them is shown, *in his book quoted or referred to*, to be an ardent admirer of Lincoln and a partisan of the North against the South. To reconcile their concessions with their admiration is not the duty of the writer of this letter. There are some unconscious betrayals of their estimate of their hero that are very significant. A number of these eulogists have thought it worth while to declare very expressly their belief that Lincoln did not purposely betray General McClellan and his army to defeat in the Seven Days' Battles before Richmond. McClure (page 207) is one; Holland (page 53, *et seq.*) is another; and John Codman Ropes declares it, in his *Story of the Civil War*, Part II (page 116), and reaffirms his belief on more than one other page. McClellan, in his celebrated dispatch after his retreat, reproached Stanton with this atrocious crime, and so worded the dispatch that he imputed the same guilt to Lincoln. McClure, in his *Lincoln*, etc. (page 202), and Nicolay and Hay, in their *Abraham Lincoln* (pages 441, 442 and 451), deplore that McClellan should have believed Lincoln capable of it, both conceding to McClellan the most exalted character, ability and patriotism. See McClure's *Lincoln*, etc. (page 208), and Nicolay and Hay's *Abraham Lincoln* (Volume VI, page 189, *et seq.*)

This letter will also appear in the *Richmond Dispatch*, as did that of the 14th January last.

CHARLES L. C. MINOR.

1002 McCulloh St., Baltimore.



[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, Feb. 18, 1900.]

## THE MURDER OF DAVID GETZ.

### AN INSTANCE OF THE BRUTALITY OF CUSTER.

#### His Retributive Fate.

[This account appears to contain every essential and authenticated detail given in the previous article referred to.—ED.]

WOODSTOCK, VA., February 10, 1900.

*To the Editor of the Dispatch:*

In last Sunday's *Dispatch* is published an article by Mr. R. D. Steuart, of Baltimore, giving an account of the horrible murder of Davy Getz, of this place, by the command of General George A. Custer.

While the article is generally correct, it differs in some of its details from the account which I have secured from persons who were present, and are still living in Woodstock. The writer personally knew the small family, consisting of Andrew Getz, Elizabeth, his wife, and their simple-minded son, David. David was about thirty years of age. The family lived in a small house close to the Methodist church. For rent of this humble home they acted as sextons of the church. The fact that Davy was mentally deficient was doubted by no one. A single glance at his countenance would convince any one. Of him were required no duties of a civil or military character. He was simple and harmless. The boys loved to tease him, and many a Confederate soldier told Davy that he had come from the army to take him back with him. He was, in every respect, nothing more than a very timid child. He had no ambition to be a soldier, but, on the contrary, was always badly frightened when the suggestion was made that he should go into the army.

He had, in some way, become possessed of an old musket, and with it amused himself in hunting ground-squirrels and small birds. In the summer of 1864, he was engaged in his usual sport in the pines near his home, when a squad of Federal soldiers came upon him. To their question: "Are you a bushwhacker!" "Why, yes," he replied. He had no more intelligent comprehension of the

term "bushwhacker" than he had of the doctrine of transcendentalism. He was at once seized by a number of the Federal soldiers, dragged down High street to the 'pike, and then tied to a wagon. The poor fellow was almost frightened to death, and his heart-rending screams aroused the whole town.

Accustomed as were our people to the brutality of the Federal hordes that prowled through this valley, nothing aroused their sympathy and horror—not even the burning of their homes and churches by the fire fiends of the brutal Sheridan—as did this inhuman outrage. Tied behind a wagon and dragged through the streets, his plaintive cries and shrieks brought to their doors the ladies on either side of the street. Helpless, they stood and wept for the poor unfortunate.

Close behind him walked his aged father and mother, clasping each other's hands, while their cries of distress touched the hearts of all except the inhuman captors. They continued to follow their screaming child until they were driven back by the bayonets of the Federal soldiers.

Custer's camp was about one mile south of Woodstock. Here he was waited upon by Mrs. J. L. Campbell, Mrs. Murphy, and other ladies of the town, who gave him a truthful statement of the character of the man, and besought Custer to look at him, as one glance would have convinced him of the truth of their statements. He roughly repulsed them. He was afterwards visited by Moses Walton, a distinguished lawyer of Woodstock; by Dr. J. S. Irwin, a Union man, of this town; and by Mr. Adolph Heller, a prominent merchant and a strong Union man, at whose house both Custer and Torbert had occasionally made their headquarters. While Mr. Heller was at heart a Union man, he was not one of that kind who would give information that would injure his neighbors, but was always ready to protect the innocent, so far as it was in his power. He earnestly besought General Custer to release the poor idiot that was in his hands. When Custer intimated that he proposed to have him shot, Mr. Heller boldly exclaimed: "General Custer, you will have to sleep in a bloody grave for this. Surely, a just God will not permit such a crime to go unavenged." These gentlemen left his headquarters saddened by the exhibition of brutality upon the part of Custer. The words of Mr. Heller, we all now know, proved to be prophetic.

Poor Davy Getz was again tied behind a wagon, compelled to walk to Bridgewater, a distance of forty-five miles, there forced to dig his

own grave, and was then murdered like a dog. The father, several years later, committed suicide. The mother was taken to the home of her son, Mr. Levi Getz, of Rockingham county, where she died some years ago.

These are facts well established by a number of citizens of Woodstock. It is important that they should be placed where they will be preserved, for the day will come when the impartial historian will write a true history of the war. It will be important for him to have access to a correct and true statement of facts. The one-sided stories that have been imposed, even upon our own children, by careless school boards will be swept aside, and the truth will be given to coming generations.

JOHN H. GRABILL.

---

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, February 25, 1900.]

## THE PEACE CONFERENCE

---

In Hampton Roads, January 31, 1865.

---

Lincoln Did Not Offer to Pay For Our Slaves.

---

*To the Editor of the Dispatch:*

Did Abraham Lincoln, at the Hampton Roads conference, offer any compensation whatever for slaves? R. C. W.

The above inquiry having been referred to me, I answer with pleasure.

On January 29, 1865, the Confederate commissioners—Stephens, Hunter and Campbell—left Richmond to meet the Federal commissioners at Fort Monroe. There, on January 31st, they met in conference President Lincoln and Mr. Seward, Secretary of State.

The conference lasted four hours, and Mr. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederate States, has left on record a detailed report of the discussion there.

Mr. Stephens pressed for a secret military convention between the two belligerents, with the object of uniting the people of the whole country in the defense of the Monroe doctrine, by expelling the French from Mexico, which would of necessity produce a truce, and that would lead to peace. Mr. Lincoln was peremptory that the

first condition of negotiation should be that the Confederates should acknowledge supremacy of the Constitution and the laws of the United States. That must be the first step, he said.

To the Confederate objection that this was unconditional surrender, he replied that obedience to the laws of the land would not be "unconditional surrender" at all, but merely submission to law. To Hunter's objection that our submission would not be accompanied by the guarantee that we should be secured the protection of the Constitution of the United States, Lincoln replied: "That so far as the confiscation acts and other penal acts were concerned, their enforcement was left entirely with him, and in that point he was perfectly willing to be full and explicit, and on his assurance perfect reliance might be placed. He should exercise then the power of the Executive with the utmost liberality—that is, that pardons should be plentiful and hangings scarce."—*The War Between the States*, by A. H. Stephens, Volume II, page 617.

"He went on to say," says Mr. Stephens, "that he would be willing to be taxed to remunerate the Southern people for their slaves. He believed the people of the North were as responsible for slavery as the people of the South, and if the war should then cease, with the voluntary abolition of slavery by the States, he should be in favor, individually, of the government paying a fair indemnity for the loss to the owners. He said he believed this feeling had an extensive existence at the North. He knew some who were in favor of an appropriation as high as four hundred millions of dollars for this purpose. I could mention persons, said he, whose names would astonish you, who are willing to do this if the war shall now cease, without further expense, and with the abolition of slavery, as stated. But, on this subject, he said, he could give no assurance; enter into no stipulation. He barely expressed his own feelings and views, and what he believed to be the views of others upon the subject." Page 617.

Mr. Seward said the Northern people were weary of the war. They desired peace and a restoration of harmony, and, he believed, would be willing to pay, as an indemnity for the slaves, what would be required to continue the war, but stated no amount (page 618). After a four hours' talk, the subject of exchange of prisoners of war was brought up, and Mr. Lincoln said he would put the whole matter in the hands of General Grant, who was then at City Point, and then the conference broke up.

I do not consider this an offer to pay for slaves.

Within a week after this conference I met Mr. Stephens at Burkeville, on the Richmond & Danville railroad. I was on my way to Salisbury, N. C., where my headquarters then were, and he to his home in Georgia. The train was very slow, and we missed the connection at Danville, and therefore stayed all night at the tavern there.

Mr. Stephens was full of the conference and the great meeting, which he had attended the night before, or two or three other nights before, at the African church, on Broad street in Richmond, and on the train and at night at the tavern he talked constantly and frankly, and I am gratified to find how accurate my memory is about what he told me of what had happened at the conference, in testing that memory by the statements in his book.

But he told me something else that is not in the book. He said: "Mr. Lincoln told us, 'you may take a blank sheet of paper and write on it, first, submission to the Constitution and the laws of the United States, and second, emancipation of the slaves, and then write any other laws you please below those two, and I will sign it.'"

He did not mention the names of those who were willing to pay \$400,000,000 for the slaves, but gave us to understand that Horace Greeley and the *Tribune* would support such a proposition, said Mr. Stephens.

Mr. Stephens was very emphatic in impressing on me his views and purpose in urging an armistice. I do not think much of the scheme of uniting to enforce the Monroe doctrine and driving the French out of Mexico. In fact, I hoped the Yanks would get into a row with Napoleon III, for that would bring recognition, open ports, and independence to us, and told him so. I do not remember what he said about the Monroe doctrine, but I am very clear about the armistice. "If we can get them to stop fighting," said he, "for six months, three months, one month, the war will stop. Both sides are tired of it. They now know what war is, and they'll stop it. A general truce, to include all the armies and the whole country, will inevitably force peace. When Henry IV of France got a truce—an armistice—a cessation of fighting between Catholics and Protestants—he secured permanent peace and the kingdom for himself." I did not know much about Henry IV, in truth, except that he was a gentleman who swapped his religion for a kingdom, saying, "a crown is worth a mass," so I said what I thought—that a man who would change his faith for pay was a poor pattern to follow, and I had no idea of making professions to secure profits. But Stephens

laughed, and said it would be perfectly justifiable to profess submission to the laws if thereby we could secure independence.

I agreed to his proposition, though I could not understand it, nor do I now.

BRADLEY T. JOHNSON.

*The Woodlands, Amelia Courthouse, Va.*

---

[From the *Rockbridge county News*, July, 1897.]

## ROCKBRIDGE'S ROLL OF HONOR.

---

We publish the third instalment of Rockbridge's roll of honor—the companies from the county of Rockbridge who formed part of the Confederate army during the war, the lists of which are now being compiled by a committee of Stonewall Jackson Confederate Veterans—namely: Veterans J. P. Moore, J. Scott Moore, W. F. Johnston, and Mr. W. G. McDowell.

### ROCKBRIDGE FIRST DRAGOONS, COMPANY C, FIRST VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

*(Compiled by J. Scott Moore.)*

This company was organized at Fancy Hill, May 12, 1859. L. C. Davidson was elected captain. It was composed of men from every section of the county, and the flower of the young manhood of Rockbridge. It had stated meetings monthly for drill, and became perfect in the simple cavalry tactics of that time. In the fall of 1859, Captain L. C. Davidson was made colonel of the 8th regiment of Virginia militia, which necessitated his resignation as commander of the Dragoons, and the company was reorganized by the election of Mathew X. White as captain; John S. Cummings, first lieutenant; C. F. Jordan, second lieutenant; James E. Poague, third lieutenant. Lieutenant Poague resigned in 1860 to attend the medical school of the University of Virginia, and C. R. Burks was elected to fill the vacancy. Thus officered, the company was mustered into service at Harper's Ferry. They left Lexington, April 18, 1861. Captain White resigned in 1861, and Lieutenant Jordan was elected captain, and was the commanding officer to the close of the war.

Upon entering the service the company was assigned to the 1st Virginia cavalry, and became company C. This regiment was commanded by Colonel Fitzhugh Lee (afterwards General), and was the pride of the cavalry arm of the service in the Army of Northern Virginia, and in every conflict with the enemy sustained their enviable reputation as hard fighters.

The following is a list of the dead and living who at any time during the war served in the company.

#### OFFICERS.

Captains—Matthew X. White and Charles F. Jordan.

Lieutenants—John S. Cummings, C. R. Burks, Charles J. Cameron, L. C. Davidson, and John W. Moore.

Sergeants—James P. Goul, W. D. McCorkle, John W. Moore, Samuel C. Mackey, James M. Lackey, William B. Poindexter, and S. F. Patterson.

Corporals—Charles Q. Michie, D. H. Ford, R. K. Estill, N. H. Lackey, James Compton, Isaac Bare, John M. Dunlap, and Robert Barton.

#### PRIVATEs.

William H. Adair, John McD. Alexander, Cornelius Armentrout, Henry Armentrout, Henry Arnold, John Armentrout, Samuel Agnor, Harry Arnold, William Barger, John P. Bowlin, William Bowlin, Elihu H. Barclay, Adam Bare, George Bare, E. P. Buckner, William Brockenbrough, George H. Cameron, J. H. Cameron, William Campbell, Daniel Crigler, Norborne Chandler, S. T. Chandler, Robert Cooper, Frank Cummings, Givens B. Davidson, Robert G. Davidson, William Davidson, George D. Dixon, John J. Dixon, S. K. Dunlap, John Davidson, George Williams Effinger, Adolphus Elhart, James S. Figgat, Charles M. Figgat, John A. Fisher, Robert K. Floyd, Samuel B. Fuller, Robert Ford, John Gilbert, Ezekiel Gilbert, Andrew Glover, Samuel Goul, S. McD. Gold, E. L. Graham, D. R. B. Greenlee, James S. Greenlee, Marshall Greenlee, William Wood Greenlee, Lucian P. Grigsby, John W. Gold, A. J. Gilmore, James Gold, Augustus Hanger, John G. Hamilton, W. W. Hamilton, G. Boyd Harlan, Hunter Harlan, Silas Harlan, J. Scott Harlan, Wilkie H. Harlan, James F. Harris, William P. Hartigan, James R. Hanger, Michael Hanger, John Hill, John Holden, Samuel M. Holden, Calvin M. Harper, Thomas Holden, Thomas C. Johnston, W. J. Johnston, J. Montgomery Johnston, Frank Jordan,

John J. Jordan, Jeremiah Kelly, Joseph Kelly, Isaac Caruthers Lackey, James T. Lackey, N. H. Lackey, D. E. Laird, John Ewig Laird, Henry Ruffner Laird, Samuel McKee Laird, Abe Lavelle, Robert Sharp Leake, A. C. Lam, Alfred Leyburn, Jacob Lincoln, Philander Mackey, A. J. Martin, W. P. Martin, W. H. Marks, Samuel R. Moore, Harry E. Moore, Richard L. Moore, Thomas Montgomery, John Montgomery, A. S. Montgomery, J. G. Montgomery, Henry H. Myers, John D. Myers, R. Culton Morrison, Robert H. Morrison, Henry Ruffner Morrison, George Martin, J. McD. McClung, W. H. McFaddin, H. C. McFaddin, Dennis McGravy, Thomas McGovern, James M. McNutt, W. P. McCorkle, W. T. Meade, Jacqueline S. Morgan, Benjamin Miller, R. McD. McCown, John H. McClintic, Hezekiah Nicely, John McK. Parry, John A. Patton, James E. Poague, James W. Poague, Oliver B. Powers, Charles Pulse, Jacob Pulse, Levi Pulse, Zebulon Rader, Jacob N. Rhodes, John W. Robertson, Iverson S. Root, James W. Ruff, John A. Ruff, Andrew Robinson, William H. Sale, Jacob A. Supinger, Samuel J. Shafer, Robert Supinger, Charles Schindel, William C. St. Clair, T. Lackey Scott, Peachy R. Taliaferro, James Turpin, Nash Turpin, W. W. Tribbett, William H. Taylor, A. A. Thompson, A. S. Trevey, Cyrus A. Trevey, David A. Trevey, Adam Unroe, John Van Lear, Thomas S. White, Robert K. Wilson, Samuel A. Wilson, Samuel L. Wilson, Joseph Wilson, John W. Wright, David H. Witt, Jacob H. Wilmore, William James Wash, John West, William Luckess Welch and John W. Zollman.

*Killed*—John M. Dunlap, at Gettysburg; William H. Adair, at Gettysburg; Ezekiel Gilbert, at Cannon's farm, near Richmond; James W. Ruff, at Columbia Furnace in 1863; James S. Figgat, near Mt. Jackson in 1864; A. S. Trevey, at Yellow Tavern in 1864; Thomas McGovern, in 1864; Peachy Taliaferro, at Haw's Shop in 1864; William Barger, at Appomattox Courthouse in 1865; John P. Bowlin, at Gettysburg.

*Died during the War*—James Gold, in 1861; John Armentrout, in 1862; Philander Mackey; Nash Turpin, in hospital at Richmond in 1862; Samuel Goul and John Goul, near Louisa Courthouse in 1862; Zebulon Rader, in 1862; John Hill, in 1862; William James Wash, at Charlottesville in 1862.



[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, January 11, 1898.]

## COMPANY H, THIRTEENTH VA. CAVALRY.

Its Roster from April 22, 1862, to April 9, 1865.

With the Killed, Wounded, Captured and Promoted—A Summary.

LUMBERTON, SUSSEX CO., VA., January 3, 1898.

*To the Editor of the Dispatch :*

You having kindly published in your issue of September 21st (Confederate column), a roll of the Sussex Light Dragoons, I now send by request of several veterans of company "H," 13th Virginia cavalry, a list of those who continued to join us of the Sussex Light Dragoons, from the reorganization of the company, April 22, 1862, to the surrender at Appomattox, April 9, 1865.

None of the following names appear on the roster of the original troop except those of some of the officers who served through the war.

WILLIAM N. BLOW,  
*Captain Company H, 13th Virginia Cavalry.*

### OFFICERS.

Captain, W. N. Blow; first lieutenant, H. Q. Moyler; second lieutenant, Samuel Birdsong; second lieutenant, P. H. Thorp; first sergeant, T. A. Dillard; first sergeant, W. L. Adkins.

Sergeants—J. L. Chappell, W. H. Dillard, A. T. Dobie, J. D. Adkins, C. T. Thornton.

Corporals—J. H. Dobie, R. P. Bendall, J. L. White, A. F. Harrison, F. L. Velines, J. A. Barker, Joseph H. Chappell, Sr.

### PRIVATES.

T. W. Adkins, P. G. Anthony, ——— Alston, J. S. Bendall, O. P. Bendall, W. P. Bendall, J. R. Bendall, T. A. Barham, W. N. Bell, G. W. Blow, ——— Brock, W. D. Chappel, G. B. Chappel, W. E. Chappel, J. H. Chappel, Jr., W. B. Chambliss, W. E. Dillard, S. J. Drewry, R. A. Dobie, J. W. Dobie, C. S. Ellis, W. H. Finch, W. G. Freeman, J. P. Freeman, T. B. Foster, W. E. Glover, Wil-

liam Grigg, F. Grigg, J. K. Gwaltney, L. P. Hargrave, William Harrison, P. H. Holt, L. M. Heath, W. F. Hunt, W. J. Hunnicutt, W. P. Hunnicutt, Joseph A. Hunnicutt, J. L. Horn, John B. Jarratt, A. Jones, J. F. Jordan, J. A. Jelks, T. W. Jelks, E. S. James, ——— Johnson, L. S. King, J. R. Little, R. S. Lewis, St. George T. Mason, A. M. Maclin, J. McGlemore, C. McCourt, A. Norris, John R. Norris, ——— Neblett, S. Potts, P. W. H. Parsons, W. H. Pennington, Roger A. Pryor, A. B. Parker, E. B. Robinson, J. W. Saunders, J. D. Spain, C. W. Spratley, W. W. Spratley, J. C. Smith, George Seaborn, W. E. Thornton, P. Vellines, Joseph H. Walters, J. L. Williamson.

*Killed.*

James McGlemore, Chickahominy river, June, 1862.  
 Sidney Potts, died in hospital, 1862.  
 William G. Freeman, Blackwater river, October, 1862.  
 W. H. H. Parker, Middleburg, June, 1863.  
 C. W. Spratley, Brandy Station, October, 1863.  
 J. R. Morris, Upperville, June, 1863.  
 Richard Parker, Upperville, June, 1863.  
 J. Lewis Williamson, wounded Spotsylvania Courthouse, and died May, 1864.  
 George Blow Walker, Ashland, June, 1864.  
 J. L. Jordan, died in hospital, 1864.  
 Richard Grigg, died at home, 1864.  
 Thomas W. Adkins, Dinwiddie Courthouse, March, 1865.  
 I. Bendall, Dinwiddie Courthouse, March, 1865.  
 Francis Grigg, Dinwiddie Courthouse, March, 1865.  
 Joseph A. Jelks, Dinwiddie Courthouse, March, 1865.  
 Jesse Little, Dinwiddie Courthouse, March, 1865.  
 R. S. Lewis, Dinwiddie Courthouse, March, 1865.  
 George Seaborn, Dinwiddie Courthouse, March, 1865.  
 J. A. Hunnicutt, Dinwiddie Courthouse, March, 1865.  
 W. C. Newsome, died on retreat, Dinwiddie Courthouse, March, 1865.  
 J. D. Spain, died of wounds, Dinwiddie Courthouse, March, 1865.

*Wounded.*

T. S. Morgan, wounded at Blackwater, October, 1862; discharged.  
 R. R. Bain, George W. Blow, John W. Cox, The. A. Field, William Harrison (discharged), E. T. Thornton, wounded at Spotsylvania Courthouse, May, 1863.

Joseph H. Chappel, wounded at Beverley Ford, March, 1863; captured.

Andrew Briggs, wounded at Upperville, June, 1863.

Peyton G. Anthony, wounded at Gettysburg, July, 1863.

Peter H. Thorp, lieutenant, wounded at Gettysburg, July, 1863.

George W. Gilliam, Joseph W. Parker (discharged), wounded at Middleburg, June, 1863.

A. Sidney Birdsong, W. E. Chappel, Waverly Fitzhugh, J. T. Freeman, F. D. Neblett (discharged), Wm. Thornton (discharged), wounded at Dinwiddie Courthouse, March, 1863.

Robert J. Gwaltney (captured), L. P. Hargrave (captured), St. George T. Mason, wounded at Hanover, Penn.; B. L. Hargrave, wounded at Hanover Courthouse; R. M. Dobie (captured), wounded at Five Forks, April, 1865.

John R. West, R. H. Harrison, T. C. Dillard, wounded at Nansemond, 1861; all discharged.

Henry Jones, wounded at Brandy Station, November, 1863.

Hugh B. Walker, wounded at Reams' Station, August, 1864.

#### *Promotions.*

Benjamin W. Belsches, promoted to major of the regiment.

William N. Blow, promoted to captain of the company.

H. Q. Moyler, promoted to first lieutenant of the company.

S. J. Birdsong, promoted to second lieutenant of the company.

P. H. Thorp, promoted to second lieutenant of the company.

R. P. Harrison, promoted to lieutenant and adjutant of the company.

H. B. Walker, promoted to lieutenant and quartermaster of the company.

Joseph H. Walters, promoted to captain and quartermaster.

W. B. Chambliss, promoted to lieutenant on brigade staff.

G. S. Rives, promoted to first lieutenant Company K.

J. E. Moyler, promoted to assistant surgeon Confederate States navy.

P. G. Anthony, promoted to lieutenant in North Carolina company.

Theodore A. Barham, promoted to lieutenant-colonel North Carolina regiment.

Samuel T. Drewry, promoted to captain of infantry company.

W. E. Dillard, promoted to captain of infantry company.

P. F. Weaver, promoted to sergeant-major of regiment.

Charles McCourt, promoted to sergeant-major, then detailed as blockade runner.

*Detailed.*

Johnson, detailed as general scout.

Roger A. Pryor, general scout.

W. E. Chappel and A. H. Ellis, couriers at cavalry headquarters.

L. L. Johnson and A. C. Winston; W. H. Pennington and R. W.

H. Parsons, detailed for civil service.

O. H. Baird, detailed for medical department.

F. J. Ellis, detailed ambulance corps.

W. E. Glover and P. Velines, quartermaster's department.

W. W. Belle, commissary department.

The original company numbered.....	105
Recruits added during the war.....	73
	<hr/>
Total number on roll.....	178
	<hr/>
Killed, and died in hospital .....	21
Wounded.....	29
Transferred for promotion.....	12
Permanent details .....	13
Transferred .....	9
Did not re-enlist .....	16
Discharged for disability and captured .....	21
Strength of Company H, 13th Virginia cavalry, at the sur- render, April 9, 1865...	57

[From the *Spartan*, Spartansburg, S. C., February 28, 1900.]

## CONFEDERATE VALOR AND DEVOTION.

By Col. WM. H STEWART, Portsmouth, Va.

The grandest era of American chivalry is enshrined in the heroic traditions of the Confederate States.

The girlhood, the womanhood, the boyhood and the manhood of the people were imbued with a glowing chivalry. Patriotism in the homes, the sanctuaries, the army, absorbed the minds of all with sublime self-forgetfulness; and now the memory of heroic actions

and knightly deeds is written in the hearts of the sons and the daughters of the Confederacy; so that, although the States increase and the boundaries of the Union expand to the limits of the North and South seas, and their offspring scatters over the face of continents, these deeds will be brilliant jewels in the wreck of time which will enkindle in their hearts the cherishing memory of their ancestors of the Southern Confederacy.

In 1861 an agricultural people, armed with the noblest impulses of chivalry and honor, but without the appliances to equip and maintain an army in the field, were converted into soldiers, as with magical wand, to defend their homes and firesides. There were no looms to weave the cloth; no furnaces to mold the cannon; no plants to make the muskets; no outputs of lead for shot; no manufactories for powder in all this fair Southland, which produced the cotton for the world; and yet, from beginning to end, the most powerful nations of Europe opened their resources of wealth, manufacture and men to conquer the Confederate States of America. The magnitude of the intersectional war is almost incomprehensible, and the odds in soldiers against the Confederacy were so tremendous that we marvel how its armies held out for four years.

The total enrollment of the Confederate army and navy, including all classes, was about 600,000 men, out of a population of five millions of whites.

The calculations for the United States Sanitary Commission, in regard to nativity, gave half a million of foreigners in the Union armies, of whom 187,858 were Germans, and 144,221 were Irish. There were also enlisted 180,000 negroes.

The total enrollment of the Union armies, not including three and six months men, was 2,864,272, or 2,264,272 more men than were on the Confederate side. Of Union soldiers there were killed and wounded 395,245, and the total of deaths, including those from disease, was 469,298, or only 130,703 less than all soldiers ever enrolled by the Confederacy. Such contrasting figures are an eloquent and cogent testimonial to the courage and tenacity of the Confederate army. The glorious record of the devoted struggle of the Southern States for independence, may not be dimmed by the will of the conqueror, and must increasingly illumine the pages of history.

With honor and fame shall the heroism of the Confederate soldier be invested, and the justice of his cause will be a beacon in the progress of mankind throughout the cycles of time.

# INDEX.

- Adams, John Quincy, 65.  
 Alexander, General E. P., 56.  
 Alien and Sedition Laws, 64.  
 Allen, C. T., 44.  
 Appomattox, Last volley fired at, 92; Wants of Confederates at, and their unyielding spirit, 322, 323.  
 Atkinson, J. M. P., 45.  
 August, Colonel T. P., wounded, 49.
- Balaklava, The valor of the "thin red line" at, surpassed, 170.  
 Baldwin, Colonel B. G., 117.  
 Barksdale, General Wm., 234.  
 Beall, Captain John V., 130.  
 Beers, James H., Devotion of, 17.  
 Blackman, W. H. H., 108.  
 Blacknall, Colonel C. C., 175.  
 Blanchard, General A. G., 206.  
 Blow, Captain W. N., 380.  
 Bloxham, Governor W. D., Address of, 124.  
 Bouldin Captain E. E., 182.  
 Brock, R. A., 349.  
 Brockenbrough, Judge Wm., Addresses on the life of, his descent, and exalted character, 351, 359.  
 Brown, John, Raid of, 79.  
 Burnside, General A. E., 234.
- Cabell, Colonel H. Coalter, 327.  
 Campbell, Sir Colin, 171.  
 Carter, Captain R. R., 221.  
 Catlett's Station, Raid on, 303.  
 Cedar Creek, Battle of, 13.  
 Cedar Run, Battle of, 89, 144.  
 Chambersburg, Pa., 273.  
 Chancellorsville, Battle of, 218.  
 Chandler, Zach W., 73.  
 Chapman, Rev. Captain Sam, 314.  
 Charlestown, Engagement at, 2.  
 Chase, Salmon P., 368, 369.  
 Cheat Mountain, Advance on, 42.  
 Clinkscale, Dr. Frank, killed, 162.  
 Cold Harbor, Battle of, 162, 218.  
 Confederate, Ability of generals, 290; Supreme Court—there was none, 307; Soldiers, privations of, 323; their amusements, 325; conduct after the surrender, 333; valor and devotion of, 383.  
 Corinth, Battle of, 343.  
 Couch, General D. N., 267.  
 Cox, General W. R., 92.  
 Craven, Commodore T. T., 223.  
 Creigh, David, Murder of, 183.  
 Custer, General George A., 255, 321, 329; his brutality, 372.
- Dana, C. A., 284.  
 Davidson, Captain Hunter, 221, 224.  
 Davidson, Colonel R. M. H., Address of, 116.  
 Davis, Henry Winter, 367.  
 Davis, President, Effort to rescue, 132.  
 Downing, H. H., Address of, 262.  
 Drewry, A. S., 92.
- Du Bose, John W., 102, 293.  
 Duncan, John N., 296.  
 Dunn House, Quarters at the, 325.
- Early, General J. A., 52, 266; Campaigns of 1864, 1.  
 Ebert, Valerius, 289.  
 Edwards, Colonel O., 319.  
 Ellerson's Mill, Battle of, 160.  
 England, Captain A. V., killed, 50.  
 Essex county, Va., worthies, 354, 355.
- "F" Company, 21st Virginia, 144; Junior, 20.  
 Fisher's Hill, Battle of, 1.  
 Fleming, Captain C. S., Sketch of, 192.  
 Fleming, ex-Governor F. P., Address of, 113.  
 Florida, The Confederate Dead of—Monument to at Jacksonville, 109; description of, 117; troops from, in the C. S. Army, 118; brigade at Gettysburg, 192; casualties in, 202.  
 Fort Necessity, 171.  
 Fredericksburg, Battle of, 231.  
 Fremont, John C., 366, 368.  
 Freitchie myth, The Barbara, 287.  
 Front Royal, Battle of, 15.
- Gaines, Dr. J. M., 241.  
 Gaines' Mill, Battle of, 161.  
 Garnett, L. L. D., Captain J. M., Diary of, 1, 177.  
 Garnett, Hon. M. R. H., Address on, 155.  
 Garnett, General R. S., killed, 41.  
 Garnett, Hon. T. S., Addresses of, 151, 155.  
 Gettysburg, Battle, discussed, 52; the Florida brigade at, 192, 241.  
 Getz, David, Murder of, 372.  
 Grabill, John H., 374.  
 Grant, General U. S., 266.  
 Greeley, Horace, 366.  
 Green, Dr. B. W., 222.  
 Green, Judge John W., 355.
- Hagerstown and Williamsport, Md., C. S. sick and wounded at, 241.  
 Hampden Sidney College Boys, 45.  
 Hampton, General Wade, 132.  
 Hanover county heroes, 85.  
 Harris, Edward, 295.  
 Hemming, Chas. C., 129.  
 Hill, General A. P., killed, 26.  
 Hill, General D. H., 49.  
 Hood, General J. B., 53.  
 Howitzers, First company of, at Chancellorsville, 218; in the Appomattox campaign, 322.  
 Hughes, Captain J. M., 43.  
 Hunter, General David, Vandalism of, 179.  
 Hunter, R. M. T., Address on, 151.
- Jackson, General Henry R., 41.  
 Jackson, General T. J., 233, 336.  
 Janney, John, 74.  
 Jones, General W. E., killed, 175.  
 Johnson, General Bradley T., 174, 311, 377.  
 Johnson, General Edward, 40.  
 Johnson's Island, The dead at, 104.

- Johnston, General R. D., 170, 175.  
 Johnston, Wm. Preston, Sketch of; his services to Tulane University, 301.
- Kaigler, Captain Wm., 92.  
 Kershaw, General J. B., 56.
- Lacy, James B., 51.  
 Lamb, Hon. John, 231.  
 Lang, Col. David, 192.  
 Lee, General Fitzhugh, 126.  
 Lee, General R. E., 42, 73, 269, 290, 317.  
 Lee, Mrs. Susan P., 40.  
 Legal worthies of Virginia, 353.  
 Lincoln, President, Platform of, 79; his emancipation proclamation, 80; character and religious opinions, 165, 369; his assumption and duplicity, 365; hated by his Cabinet; suppressed bill for reconstruction, 369; his demand for unconditional surrender of the South, 368, 375; efforts to defeat the second election of, 366; did not offer to pay for our slaves, 374.  
 Longstreet, General James, his delinquency at Gettysburg, 195.  
 Lowell, General Charles R., 273.  
 Loyall, Commander B. P., 136.
- McCabe, W. Gordon, 286.  
 McCaslan, Captain W. E., killed, 196.  
 McCausland, General John, 179.  
 McClure, Colonel A. K., 366.  
 McGuire, Dr. Hunter, his able report on school histories, 98.  
 McGuire, Prof. J. P., Address by, 352, 359.  
 McDowell, Battle of, 43.  
 McLaws, General L., 55.  
 McCaw, Dr. J. B., 335.  
 McMasters, Lieutenant, killed, 316.  
 Magruder, Colonel John Bowie, Sketch of, 205.  
 Marshall, Colonel Thomas, killed, 15.  
 Marye's Heights, 225.  
 Mason, Wiley Roy, 338.  
 Massachusetts advocated secession, 65.  
 Massie, Captain Liv., killed, 9.  
 Matthews, James P., 26.  
 Mattison, J. W., 157.  
 Mauk, Sergeant John H., 26.  
 Maury, General D. H., Sketch of, 335; comrades at West Point, 336; in the Mexican war, 337; last days in the U. S. army, 339; in the C. S. army, 341; funeral services of, 347; tributes to, 349.  
 Maury, Jr., D. H., 345.  
 Maury, Captain John Minor, 335.  
 Maury, Commodore M. F., 335.  
 Maury, Mrs. Nannie Mason, 338.  
 Maury, Colonel R. L., 335.  
 Mayo, Mayor Joseph, 20.  
 Mechanicsville, Battle of, 160.  
 Merritt, General Wesley, 273, 315.  
 Metts, Captain James I., 92.  
 Minor, B. B., LL.D., Address on Judge Wm. Brockenbrough, 350.  
 Minor, Dr. C. L. C., 170, 335.  
 Mobile, Defence of, 343.  
 Moore, J. Blythe, 219.  
 Moore, J. Scott, 191.  
 Morgan, General Daniel, 68.  
 Morgan, Captain Wm. H., "F" Co., killed, 149.  
 Morris Island, v. arturs of, 43.  
 Mosby, Colonel John S., 250; roster of one of his companies, 312; monument at Front Royal to his murdered men unveiled, with addresses on the occasion, 250; deeds of, 256; retaliation by, 314.  
 Mt. Jackson, Skirmish at, 9.
- Munford, B. B., Address of, vindicating the South, 60.
- Niagara, U. S. gunboat, 228.  
 Newton, Virginius, 220.  
 Newton, Wm B., 304.
- Ordnance report of Grimes' division, April 10, 1865, 177.  
 Orr's S. C. Rifles, Sketch of, 157.
- Page, Captain Thomas Jefferson, Sketch of life and deeds of, 219.  
 Parker, Captain W. H., 137.  
 Parksley, Monument at, unveiled, 60.  
 Peace Congress of 1861, 70.  
 Peace Conference in 1865, 374.  
 Pegram, Colonel W. R. J., 91.  
 Pegram, General John, killed, 45.  
 Pendleton, General W. N., 52.  
 Perry, General E. A., 194.  
 Peters, Colonel Winfield, of Baltimore, 26.  
 Peters, Colonel W. E., 273.  
 Petersburg, Battles before, in 1865, 28.  
 Phillips, Wendell, 368.  
 Pickett, General G. E., 143, 208.  
 Poindexter, Charles, 334.  
 Point Pleasant, Battle of, 171.  
 Pollard, Mrs. Rose, 335.  
 Poore, Ben Perley, 368.  
 Porter, Commodore D., 144.  
 Powell, Colonel Wm. H.  
 Preston, Wm., 295.  
 Price, Dr. Henry M., 38.  
 Purcell Battery, Gallantry of, at Cedar Run, 89.
- Quincey, Josiah, 65.
- Ramseur, General S. D., killed, 7.  
 Reprisal or retaliation in war, 270, 314.  
 Richards, Major E. A., Address of, 253.  
 Richmond, Did General Lee counsel its abandonment? 290.  
 Richmond City, gunboat, 221.  
 Rich Mountain campaign in 1861, 38.  
 Rockbridge county, Roster of Company C, 1st Virginia cavalry, from, 377.  
 Rodes, General R. E., killed, 5.  
 Ropes, John Codman, historian, 83.  
 Rosser, General T. L., 283.
- Sailor's Creek, Battle of, 324.  
 Sanders, Palmer, killed, 141.  
 Scott, Colonel W. C., 44.  
 Secession, Right of, 61, 114; advocated by Massachusetts, 65; by the N. Y. *Tribune*, 67; cause of, 81.  
 Seddon, James A., 317.  
 Sedgwick, General John, killed, 37.  
 Seward, W. H., 375.  
 Sharpsburg, Battle of, 49, 210.  
 Sheridan, General P. H., 173, 314.  
 Slavery, Virginia did not fight for, 76; protested against continuation of, 77; the emancipation proclamation, 64.  
 Slave trade, Debate on the, in 1858, 99.  
 Smith, Mrs. F. H., 184, 259.  
 South, Vindication of the, 60; cause of the, 119.  
 Southern Historical Society—Its history, 344.  
 Stanton, E. M., 369.  
 Star Spangled Banner, 120.  
 Stephens, Alex. H., 375.  
 Steuart, R. D., 176.  
 Stewart, Colonel W. H., 205, 333.  
 Stiles, Major Robert, 17, 349.  
 Stiles, Rev. Joseph C., D. D., 17.  
 Stonewall, The C. S. gunboat, 219.  
 Stonewall Jackson Camp, C. V., 377.

- Stuart, General J. E. B., 303.  
 Sumerton road, Engagement on the, 208.  
 Sussex Light Dragoons, Roster of, 97.  
 Talliaferro, General W. B., 39.  
 Tarheels' thin gray line, 170.  
 Torbert, General A. T. A., 273, 314.  
 Tucker, Sergeant G. W., 26.  
 Tucker, Henry St. George, 294.  
 Tulane University, 301.  
 Tyler, Jr., John, 206.  
 Underwriter, Capture of the, 136.  
 University of Virginia, Founding of, 353.  
 Vollandigham, C. L., 367.  
 Virginia, Bill of Rights, 62; her love for the Union, 68; traditions of, 82.  
 Virginia infantry, Career of the 15th regiment, 48; casualties in, at Sharpsburg, 50; 21st and 48th, 147.  
 Virginia Military Institute and other buildings burnt by General Hunter, 179.  
 Virginia to the aid of Massachusetts, 68.  
 Wade, Ben. F., 367.  
 Walker, Major D. N., 51, 328.  
 Walker, Major John Stewart, killed, 49.  
 Walker, General R. Lindsay, 327.  
 Wheeler, General Joseph, 133.  
 White, Dr. Henry Alex., 52.  
 White, Captain Matthew X., Murder of, 187.  
 White Marsh road, Engagement on, 208.  
 Wickham, General W. C., 314.  
 Willis, Captain E. J., 51.  
 Winder, General W. S., killed, 149.  
 Winchester, Engagement at, Sept., 1864, 173.  
 Wood, Captain John Taylor, 137.  
 Worsham, John H., 148.  
 Wright, General H. G., 324.  
 Yancey, W. L., did not urge the revival of the slave trade, 100.









SOUTHERN

# Historical Society Papers.

---

VOLUME XXVIII.



EDITED BY

**R. A. BROCK,**

SECRETARY OF THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

---

RICHMOND, VA.

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY.

1900.

\*

---

***WM. ELLIS JONES,  
PRINTER,  
RICHMOND, VA.***

---

# TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
I. Lane's Corps of Sharpshooters. The career of this famous body, with a roster of its officers, by General James H. Lane .....	I
II. Brunswick Guard—its record, marches, fights, and roll of its members .....	8
III. A Secret Service Episode, affecting the First Battle of Manassas, by Captain Louis Zimmer .....	14
IV. The Last Days of Lee and his Paladins, by John Herbert Claiborne, M. A., M. D., late Major and Surgeon P. A. C. S. ....	19
V. Harper's Ferry and First Manassas. Extracts from the Diary of Captain James M. Garnett, LL.D., Ordnance Officer of Rodes's (later Grimes's) Division, C. S. A., February, 1864—April 9, 1865. ....	59
VI. Charlotte Cavalry. Its record, with roll of members, by Captain E. E. Bouldin ....	71
VII. The Pioneer of Secession in the Continental Congress—Thomas Burke, of North Carolina, in 1777 .....	81
VIII. Sketch of Life of Lieutenant-Colonel William F. Niemeyer, 61st Virginia Infantry, by Colonel William H. Stewart ....	84
IX. History of the Confederate Flag, by Major Arthur Lee Rogers .....	89
X. How the Seven Days' Battle around Richmond began .....	90
XI. The Barn Burners. A chapter of Sheridan's raid up the Valley, by N. M. Burkholder .....	98

XII. R. E. Lee—"An Unequaled Leader of an Incomparable Host." Tribute by Judge T. S. Garnett, on the celebration of Lee's Birthday, at Norfolk, Va., January 19th, 1899, with Estimate of Lord Wolseley.....	106
XIII. Roll of Company F, 10th Virginia Infantry (the Muhlenburg Rifles)—History of members traced, by Herbert F. Miley,	115
XIV. History of the Confederate States Navy—Its Vessels and what became of them, by John W. H. Porter.....	125
XV. How Lieutenant Walter Bowie, of Mosby's Command, met his end, by James G. Wiltshire.....	135
XVI. Efforts to Establish a Central Confederacy in 1861.....	144
XVII. The Correspondence of General R. E. Lee. Chancellorsville to Gettysburg—March to August, 1863. A pathetic array of evidence from the War Records, by Colonel Wm. H. Palmer.....	148
XVIII. The Case of the South against the North, by B. F. Grady. A Review by William Walker.....	156
XIX. Carpenter's Battery, Stonewall Brigade—Its career, by C. A. Fonerden.....	166
XX. Official Report of the History Committee of the Grand Camp, C. V., Department of Virginia, by Judge Geo. L. Christian, Acting Chairman, October 4, 1900....	169
XXI. Battle of the Crater. The agency of Mahone and Weisiger therein, by George S. Bernard.....	204
XXII. The Confederate States organized Arizona in 1862, by Judge Robert L. Rodgers.....	222
XXIII. Celebration of Birthday of General R. E. Lee, at New Orleans, La., January 19, 1901. Appealing characterization by Rev. B. M. Palmer, D. D., and impressive poem by Mrs. Mary Ashley Townsend.....	228
XXIV. General Lee as College President, by Professor Edwin S. Joynes.....	243
XXV. Was the Confederate Soldier a Rebel? Answered by Bushrod C. Washington.....	247

XXVI. The Last Charge at Appomattox made by the 14th Virginia Cavalry, by Captain E. E. Bouldin.....	254
XXVII. The only Confederate Treaty negotiated with a Foreign Power, by Lieutenant-Colonel C. H. Giddings.....	255
XXVIII. Company D, 44th Virginia Infantry. Its history and roster, by Richard C. Bowles.....	259
XXIX. The Brunswick Blues—Account of.....	261
XXX. The Charlotte Rifles—Its roll.....	262
XXXI. Battle of Fort Gregg—Louisiana troops engaged therein..	265
XXXII. Sketch of the Life and Career of Hunter Holmes McGuire, M. D., LL.D .....	267
XXXIII. General Thomas R. R. Cobb. Extracts from letters of, to his wife, February 3, 1861—December 10, 1862.....	280
XXXIV. Washington Artillery Heroes. Roll of those killed and who have died.....	301
XXXV. Some Notes of the Confederate States Navy—Treachery of a Canandian—Letter of Captain Robert D. Minor.....	305
XXXVI. The Phi Gamma in War. Touching tribute by Colonel James M. Wells.....	309
XXXVII. Mrs. Jefferson Davis—A visit to, by General N. M. Curtis, U. S. A.....	314
XXXVIII. What is a Confederate Veteran? Definition by Judge Robert L. Rodgers.....	316
XXXIX. General P. G. T. Beauregard. His comprehensive and aggressive strategy—Drewry's Bluff and Petersburg. Address by General Johnson Hagood.....	318
XL. Crenshaw's Battery, Pegram's Battalion. Its organization and career, by J. C. Goolsby....	336
XLI. A Confederation of Southern Memorial Associations. Account of the effective movement, by Miss Sue H. Walker, Corresponding Secretary.....	377



## ERRATA.

Page 77. For country read *county*.

" For 1863 read 1864.

Page 80. For Welton read *Mellon*.

Page 106. For 1899 read 1900.

Page 114. For "now Grand Commander," &c., read "now commanding the Virginia Division of the United Confederate Veterans, with the rank of Major-General."

Page 384. For Mrs. Joseph D. Davis read Mrs. Joseph R.

Page 383. For Mrs. W. G. Behan read Mrs. W. J.

INDEXED

# SOUTHERN Historical Society Papers.

---

VOLUME XXVIII.



EDITED BY  
**R. A. BROCK,**  
SECRETARY OF THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

---

RICHMOND, VA.  
PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY.  
1900.



# Southern Historical Society Papers.

**VOL. XXVIII. Richmond, Va., January-December. 1900.**

## **LANE'S CORPS OF SHARPSHOOTERS.**

✓

### **The Career of this Famous Body, with a Roster of its Officers.**

The corps of sharpshooters of Lane's brigade was organized after the brigade went into winter quarters at Liberty Mills, Orange county, Va., in 1863. Picked officers and men were detailed from the regiments in proportion to their respective strength, and put in charge of Captain John G. Knox, of the 7th, who was a cool, brave and popular officer, and a splendid tactician. They were excused from all camp and picket duties, and thoroughly drilled in their special duties. When the following campaign opened, this corps was as fine a body of soldiers as the world ever saw.

In the Wilderness, on the 5th of May, 1864, the brigade was assigned a position on the left of the road near the home of a Mr. Turning, and the corps was pushed far to the front. Soon afterwards, the brigade was ordered to form at right angles to its original position for the purpose of sweeping the woods in front of another command. The corps returned at a double quick and deployed while the brigade was taking its new position. The enemy opened, and the corps dashed forward, poured a destructive fire into them, killed a large number and captured one hundred and forty-seven, including eight commissioned officers.

When the brigade was ordered to the right of the plank road that afternoon, where our troops were hard pressed, the corps fought on the extreme right, where Captain V. V. Richardson, a gallant officer and second in rank, was severely wounded. The fight continued until after dark in the woods, through the dense undergrowth. The contending lines were close to each other, and when the enemy attempted to turn our right, Knox was captured; and he was succeeded by the accomplished and gallant Captain William T. Nicholson, of the 37th.

On the 12th of May, at Spotsylvania Courthouse, in front of the salient, on the left of the Fredericksburg road, this corps behaved with conspicuous gallantry in the presence of General Lee. That afternoon, after the brigade had attacked Burnside's corps in flank, General Lee sent for Lane, told him he had witnessed their gallant behavior and the cheerfulness with which they had borne the hardships of the day, and he did not have the heart to order them forward again; and yet, he wished them to make an important reconnoissance for him on the Fredericksburg road. When assured that they would cheerfully do whatever he wished, he replied: "Tell them it is a request and not an order." When Nicholson reported for instructions, General Lee especially cautioned him to let his men know that he would not send them unless they were willing to go. It was an inspiring sight when those brave fellows marched past their beloved chieftain. Every cap was waved and cheer followed cheer. General Lee, superbly mounted, gracefully bared his head, and uttered not a word, while the troops in the works joined in the cheering as those tired and hungry heroes went to the front.

On the 18th of May, while General Early, temporarily in command of A. P. Hill's corps, and Generals Wilcox and Lane and a number of staff officers were standing near the brick kiln, the enemy honored the group with a short but rapid artillery fire, under which Nicholson was severely wounded. Major Thomas J. Wooten, of the 18th, was then ordered to take charge of the corps, and he continued in command until the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse. Young, cool and brave, but modest as a girl, he was a worthy successor of Knox and Nicholson.

This corps rendered splendid service from Spotsylvania Courthouse to Petersburg. Its first brilliant exploit near the "Cockade City" was the surprise and capture of the enemy's videttes and reserve, without the loss of a man. The following will tell how it was appreciated:

#### HEADQUARTERS LANE'S BRIGADE,

General Orders, No. 21.

September 9, 1864.

The following communications are published to the brigade, not only as an act due the distinguished merit of their gallant recipient, but with the hope that it may encourage officers and men to emulate this noble example:

HEADQUARTERS THIRD ARMY CORPS,  
September 7, 1864.

General,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the report of Major T. J. Wooten, commanding the skirmishers of Lane's brigade, containing an account of his surprise of the enemy's videttes at the Davis house and attendant capture. The Lieutenant-General commanding, desires that you will congratulate Major Wooten for his handsome success, and to assure him that he highly appreciates the activity, ability and gallantry which he has displayed in his present responsible position.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

W. N. STARKE.

HEADQUARTERS WILCOX'S LIGHT DIVISION,  
September 7, 1864.

Major,—The Major-General commanding desires me to express his gratification in transmitting the enclosed letter from Major Starke, A. A. G., Third Army Corps, conveying the congratulations of Lieutenant-General Hill to you upon your handsome capture of the enemy's videttes at the Davis house, and also to acknowledge his own appreciation, not only of this affair, but of the valuable service rendered by you and the gallant officers and men under your command during the arduous campaign of the last four months.

I am, Major, very respectfully,

Jos. A. ENGLEHARD.

HEADQUARTERS LANE'S BRIGADE.

*Major T. J. Wooten, Commanding Sharpshooters:*

Major,—The brigadier commanding feels a proud pleasure in transmitting to you the congratulatory notes of Lieutenant-General Hill and Major-General Wilcox. And while he adds to these well earned compliments his own hearty congratulations of the brilliant accomplishment of your well conceived purpose, he rejoices that you have furnished him this fitting opportunity formally to thank you and your gallant command for the steady performance of every

duty; whether of dangerous enterprises or laborious watching, which has distinguished your actions since the campaign began.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

E. J. HALE, JR., A. A. G.

By command of Brigadier-General J. H. Lane.

E. J. HALE, JR., A. A. G.

The Major was never more happy than when engaged in his "seine hauling," as it was called by the brigade. He would steal up to the enemy's skirmish line, sometimes crawl until within easy running distance then dash forward, halt on the line of pits, and just as the rear of his command passed him he would order both ranks to face outward and wheel, and they, coming back in single ranks and at a run, would capture everything before them and not fire a gun. In all of his dashes he never lost a man, killed, wounded or captured. The Yanks often called to our pickets to know: "When is your Major *Hooten* coming this way again."

The morning of the 30th of September troops were ordered from the right of Petersburg to support those engaged on the north side of the James, leaving the works at the Pegram house to be defended by a weak skirmish line of dismounted cavalry. The order was countermanded soon after we had crossed the Appomattox, and we were moved back, as our right was threatened in force. That afternoon the brigade was ordered to the right of the road leading to the Jones house, and as the enemy were driving the cavalry rapidly, Wooten came up at a double-quick, deployed, pushed rapidly to the front, opened fire, and the blue-coated prisoners came streaming to the rear. The whole affair was witnessed by a group of general officers, one of whom declared it was the handsomest thing of the kind he had seen during the war.

Next day, when Major Thomas A. Brander had thrown the enemy into confusion at the Pegram house by his well directed artillery fire, Wooten dashed into the works, and brought back more prisoners than he had men in his command.

After Gordon's attack on Fort Stedman, the enemy swept the whole Confederate skirmish line, from Hatcher's Run to Lieutenant Run. General Wilcox was sick at the time and Lane was in command of his division. Next morning General Lee sent for Lane to know if he had re-established his part of the line, and when told that he had with the exception of a hill, from which the enemy

could fire into his winter quarters, General Lee asked if he could take the hill, and Lane replied: "I will have it to-night, if you say so." When Lane and Wooten were examining the ground that beautiful Sunday morning, one of the men called out: "Look yonder, fellows, that means fighting, and somebody is going to get hurt." The attack was made by the sharpshooters of the whole division, under Wooten, and the hill was carried without the loss of a man.

During that winter, General Lane received a note from General Wilcox asking if he could "catch a Yankee" that night for General Lee, as some of the enemy were moving and he could not get the desired information through his scouts. Wooten was sent for and the note handed him. After sitting a while with his head between his hands, he looked up with a bright face, and said: "I can get him." Early next morning, followed by a crowd of laughing, ragged Rebels, he marched seven prisoners to headquarters, and with a merry good morning, reported: "I couldn't get that promised Yankee for General Lee, but I caught seven Dutchmen." They were sent at once to division headquarters with a note from the brigadier, giving the credit of the capture to Wooten, and stating that if General Lee could make anything out of their "*foreign gibberish*," it was more than he could.

After our line had been broken by Grant in the spring of 1865, and the brigade driven from the works, this corps very materially helped to retake the same works as far as the Jones Farm road, where it was confronted by two long lines of battle and a strong skirmish line. To escape death or capture, the brigade was ordered back to Battery Gregg and Howard's Dam, near Battery 45.

In the retreat to Appomattox Courthouse this corps was kept very busy, and it was often engaged when not a shot was fired by any of the regiments.

FIELD AND STAFF OF LANE'S BRIGADE AND ITS REGIMENTS  
FROM THEIR ORGANIZATION TO THEIR SURRENDER  
AT APPOMATTOX COURTHOUSE.

Brigadier-Generals.—L. O'B. Branch, James H. Lane.

Aids.—W. A. Blount, to Branch, Oscar Lane, to Lane, J. Rooker Lane (acting), to Lane, Everard B. Meade, to Lane.

Assistant Adjutant-Generals.—W. E. Cannaday, Francis T. Hawks, Geo. B. Johnson, Edward J. Hale, Jr.



Assistant Inspector-General.—Ed. T. Nicholson.  
Ordnance Officer.—James A. Bryan.  
Quartermasters.—Joseph A. Engelhard, Geo. S. Thompson, A. D. Cazaux (acting), E. W. Herndon.  
Commissaries.—Daniel T. Carraway, Thos. Hall McKoy.  
Surgeons.—James A. Miller, Robert Gibbon, Ed. G. Higginbotham, Wesley M. Campbell, George E. Trescot.

## SEVENTH NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

Colonels.—Reuben P. Campbell, Ed. Graham Haywood, Wm. Lee Davidson.  
Lieutenant-Colonels.—Ed. Graham Haywood, Junius L. Hill, Wm. Lee Davidson, J. McLeod Turner.  
Majors.—Edward D. Hall, Junius L. Hill, Robt. S. Young, Robt. B. McRae, Wm. Lee Davidson, J. McLeod Turner, James G. Harris, Adjutants.—J. P. Cunningham, Jno. E. Brown, Frank D. Stockton, Ives Smedes, Jno. M. Pearson.  
Quartermasters.—William A. Eliason, John Hughes.  
Commissaries.—William H. Sanford, Thos. Hall McKoy.  
Surgeons.—Wesley M. Campbell.  
Assistant Surgeons.—William Ed. White, Alfred W. Wiseman, J. R. Fraley.  
Chaplain.—M. M. Marshall.

## EIGHTEENTH NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

Colonels.—James D. Radcliffe, Robert H. Cowan, Thomas J. Purdie, John D. Barry.  
Lieutenant-Colonels.—O. P. Mears, Thomas J. Purdie, Forney George, John W. McGill.  
Majors.—George Tait, Forney George, R. M. DeVane, John D. Barry, Thomas J. Wooten.  
Adjutants.—Charles D. Myers, Samuel B. Walters, William H. McLaurin.  
Quartermaster.—A. D. Cazaux.  
Commissaries.—Duncan McNeill, Robert Tait.  
Surgeons.—James A. Miller, John Tazwell Tyler, Thomas B. Lane.  
Assistant Surgeons.—Charles Lecesne, William Brower, Alexander Gordon, Simpson Russ.  
Chaplain.—Colin Shaw.

TWENTY-EIGHTH NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

Colonels.—James H. Lane, Sam D. Lowe.

Lieutenant-Colonels.—Thomas L. Lowe, Sam D. Lowe, William D. Barringer, William H. A. Speer.

Majors.—Richard E. Reeves, Sam D. Lowe, Wm. J. Montgomery, William D. Barringer, William H. A. Speer, Samuel N. Stowe.

Adjutants.—Duncan A. McRae, Romulus S. Folger.

Quartermasters.—George S. Thompson, Durant A. Parker.

Commissary.—Nicholas Gibbon.

Surgeons.—Robert Gibbon, W. W. Gaither.

Assistant Surgeons.—F. N. Luckey, R. G. Barham, Thomas B. Lane, N. L. Mayo.

Chaplains.—Oscar J. Brent, F. Milton Kennedy, D. S. Henkel.

THIRTY-THIRD NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

Colonels.—L. O'B. Branch, Clark M. Avery, Robert V. Cowan.

Lieutenant-Colonels.—Clark M. Avery, Robert F. Hoke, Robert V. Cowan, Joseph H. Saunders.

Majors.—Robert F. Hoke, W. Gaston Lewis, Robert V. Cowan, Thomas W. Mayhew, Joseph H. Saunders, James A. Weston.

Adjutants.—John M. Poteat, Spier Whitaker, Jr.

Quartermasters.—Joseph A. Engelhard, John M. Poteat, John R. Sudderth.

Commissaries.—J. A. Gibson, Robert A. Hauser.

Surgeons.—R. B. Baker, J. H. Shaffner, Ed. G. Higginbotham.

Assistant Surgeons.—J. H. Shaffner, John A. Vigal, J. L. McLean.

Chaplain.—T. J. Eatmon.

THIRTY-SEVENTH NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

Colonels.—Charles C. Lee, William M. Barbour.

Lieutenant-Colonels.—William M. Barbour, John B. Ashcraft, William G. Morris.

Majors.—John G. Bryan, Charles N. Hickerson, William R. Rankin, John B. Ashcraft, William G. Morris, O. N. Brown, Jackson L. Bost.

Adjutants.—William T. Nicholson, David B. Oates.

Quartermasters.—Robert M. Oates, Miles P. Pegram.

Commissaries.—Herbert DeLambert Stowe, Miles P. Pegram.

Surgeons.—James Hickerson, George E. Trescot.

Assistant Surgeons.—J. W. Tracy, J. B. Alexander, G. B. Moffitt, Daniel McL. Graham.

Chaplain.—A. L. Stough.

JAMES H. LANE.

---

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, October 21, 1900.]

## **BRUNSWICK GUARD.**

### **A Detailed Account of its Fine Record.**

#### **ITS MARCHES, FIGHTS AND ROLL OF MEMBERS.**

The 5th Virginia Battalion was, in 1862, transferred to General L. A. Armistead's brigade, Huger's division; was at the battle of Seven Pines, the Seven Days' fight around Richmond, and Malvern Hill. In July of the same year it was transferred to General A. P. Hill's division, was ordered to the south side of James river, and ordered to camp at Falling Creek, and was there placed in the division of General R. H. Anderson. The battalion broke camp in August, 1862, and moved to Louisa Courthouse, from there to Orange Courthouse, thence to Clark's Mountain, then to Warrenton Springs, and from there to the battle of Second Manassas. It went from Second Manassas to Leesburg, wading the Potomac river, crossed over into Maryland at Frederick City, and from Frederick City proceeded to Harper's Ferry, and crossed back again over into Maryland at Sheperstown, and was at the battle of Sharpsburg; crossing back in the night over into Virginia. It reached Harper's Ferry, and was in the fight at this place. It then went into camp near Winchester.

I should have stated that shortly after the battle of Sharpsburg company A, Brunswick Guards, was disbanded and put into company H, 53rd Virginia regiment. At that time there were forty-nine of the roll of the Brunswick Guards, and between thirty to thirty-five reported to that regiment. Those not reported were reported either sick in hospitals or joined other commands by transfers.

In November, 1862, Armistead's brigade was transferred to Pickett's division, which at that time was composed entirely of Virginians.

#### **COWHIDE MOCCASINS.**

From the camp at Winchester we moved to Culpeper Courthouse. The troops were without shoes at this place, and General Armistead

detailed men to make moccasins out of green cowhide for his men. While used for marching in the wet these stretched so that the men would have to cut them off. When the soldiers stopped at night and dried out their boots they would have to cut them off their feet. This "footwear" answered very well for camp duty, but not for marching. From Culpeper Courthouse we went to Fredericksburg. This was a very hard march on account of the extremely muddy roads and the cold and freezing weather. We went into camp at Fredericksburg, and were at the battle of Fredericksburg on the 13th December, 1862. After the battle at this place we went into camp at Guinea Station.

The winters of 1862-'63 were the hardest of the war. Our men were without tents, and had only "tent flies" and brush houses. At Guinea Station general orders were issued that the men could build fires during day, but that at night they should be extinguished, and the ashes swept away. We slept where the fires had been.

While in camp here we were on hard duty all the time, working on breastworks from Hamilton crossing to Spotsylvania Courthouse.

#### HARD TIMES, INDEED.

In February, 1863, we broke camp at this place and marched to Richmond, and from Richmond to Chester Station. While at Chester Station we were entirely without tents or tent flies, and the men had to lie on the bare ground without any protection. During the night the snow fell several inches deep, and the soldiers were covered completely. They knew nothing of it until they were waked up the next morning, and fared as comfortably as if they had been in a house.

From Chester Station we marched to near Petersburg and camped below Petersburg on the Prince George road. Thence we marched to Fort Powhatan, and worked on fortifications until about the 1st of April. Our line of march from this place led to Suffolk, by way of Franklin. We crossed Blackwater river at South Quay, with four days cooked rations. On reaching Suffolk we formed line of battle. Our regiment was sent on picket. The line of battle never advanced, but we had severe picket fighting. Several of our company were hurt. Three of the Brunswick guards were also wounded—one mortally.

In May the company was ordered back, marching by way of Ivor Station. We camped at this place a few days, guarding supplies

collected. This might be termed a foraging campaign. The enemy being in pursuit of us, we burned the bridge across the Backwater and left the supplies we had collected on the opposite side of the river. We had to transfer them across in what we called "dugouts." We next marched from this place to Petersburg by way of Jerusalem, in Southampton county; from Petersburg to Falling Creek; from Falling Creek to Hanover Junction. Armistead's brigade was ordered from Hanover Junction to Newtown, King and Queen county, and from Newtown to Culpeper Courthouse, where we camped a few days. The command was ordered from Culpeper with four days' cooked rations in their haversacks, and ten days' rations on the wagon. We did not know where we were going, but crossed the Blue Ridge at Snicker's Gap, waded the Shenandoah at Shepard's Mill, and camped at Berryville for a few days. We passed through Martinsburg, crossed the Potomac river over into Maryland at Williamsport, marched through Hagerstown, entered Pennsylvania at Middleburg, marched to Chambersburg, camped there one night, and then marched from Chambersburg to Gettysburg over the South Mountain at Gettysburg.

The command was frequently fired on during the day by bushwhackers. It was in the charge of Gettysburg on the 3d of July. The Brunswick part of the company had fifteen men in the charge—five were killed and seven wounded. Two prisoners were captured unhurt, one belonging to the ambulance corps escaped unhurt.

The division crossed the Potomac back to Virginia on July 7th, and went in camp near Petersburg, and rested. In October the command broke camp, and was ordered to Kinston, N. C., and from Kinston to New Berne. In February, 1864, it was ordered back to Virginia. They took the train for Richmond, stopped at the Nine Mile road, and camped there until the last of March or about the first of April. Our regiment with another was detailed to guard the fishing squad. In May we were ordered back to the command, and stopped on the Brook turnpike for a few days. We were then sent to Drewry's Bluff, and on the 16th of May, 1864, were in the fight at that place. On the 19th of May the division was sent as reinforcements to the Wilderness, and met the command on retreat from that place. The two armies marched in parallel columns to Cold Harbor, skirmishing nearly all the way. They had a hard battle at Cold Harbor. We went from Cold Harbor to Malvern Hill. About the 19th of June there was a forced march from Malvern Hill. We crossed the river at Drewry's Bluff on pontoon

bridges, and met the enemy on the Petersburg turnpike, tearing up the railroad. Here the fight commenced. We re-established the Howlett line about the 20th of June, but had a very hard fight. Here General Lee complimented Pickett's division. The General did not wish to bring on an engagement at this point, and sent repeated orders to Pickett to halt. These orders were transmitted to the troops, but were of no avail.

Pickett's men dashed on in spite of the efforts of their officers to stop them, in a fierce and impetuous charge, and drove Butler into his own works, and re-established Beauregard's line, with the enemy in front and the woods afire behind us. This drew the following complimentary letter from General Lee to General Anderson, then commanding Longstreet's corps, he (Longstreet) having been wounded at the Wilderness:

“Clay's House, June 17th, 5:30 P. M.

“Lieutenant-General R. H. Anderson, commanding Longstreet's corps:

“General,—I take pleasure in presenting to you my congratulations upon the conduct of the men of your corps. I believe they will carry anything they are put against. We tried very hard to stop Pickett's men from capturing the breastworks of the enemy, but could not do it. I hope his loss has been small.

“I am respectfully, your obedient servant,

“R. E. LEE, General.”

In this connection I will say your division stayed on the Howlett line until about the 1st of March, 1865, Armistead's brigade being ordered at different times to reinforce other commands at different places, viz: Chaffin's Bluff, Fort Harrison and the Darbytown road, and in pursuit of Sheridan's raid around Richmond.

#### KILLING DEER.

I will relate an incident which happened on the Howlett line. Two deer passed through our company on the main lines of battle to the picket line, and both our pickets and the enemy's fired on them and killed them. They agreed that the game should be divided, and they went forward from each line and carried in the carcasses.

From the Howlett line we were ordered to Petersburg, and camped at or near Old Town Run, and worked on fortifications for a few days. From this place we went to Sutherland Station, thence to

Dinwiddie Courthouse, fighting all the way, and then back to Five Forks, fighting all day. At Five Forks we had a hard battle. The fighting force of the enemy was 3,100 infantry, and all of Sheridan's cavalry. Pickett's division constituted all the infantry of the Confederates.

The writer of this article was captured at this place, and thus ended his career as a Confederate soldier. What I have written is from memory.

I will mention several of the members of the original company (Brunswick Guards), viz: James A. Riddick was the only member of the original company who ever held a commission after it was disbanded, and placed in Company H, 53d regiment. He was elected lieutenant, and made a capable and efficient officer.

Adolphus Johnson, one of the color guards at the battle of Gettysburg, was killed upholding his flag. He was the last one of the guards to carry the colors, and bore them to the stone wall.

Fenton Williams was in only two battles of the war—Seven Pines and Gettysburg. He was severely wounded at Seven Pines, and sent to the hospital, where he contracted small-pox. He was killed in his first day's service after leaving the hospital, at the battle of Gettysburg.

I will add an extract from a letter received by the writer of these lines from Captain J. L. Latané, who commanded our company:

"Of my opinion of the men as soldiers of the 'Old Brunswick Guards' I cannot be too strong in words of praise, for, as I said on a former occasion, they were never called on to perform any duty day or night that it was not done most cheerfully, without a murmur or complaint, entirely subject to discipline, and to a man, as far as I can remember, doing what was ordered by those in authority. When I forget them and their deeds of heroism, may a just and righteous God forget me.

"(Signed.) JOHN L. LATANÉ,

*"Late Captain Company H, 53d Regiment  
Virginia Volunteers."*

#### THE ROLL OF MEMBERS.

The following is a roll of the officers and members of the Brunswick Guards, who first saw service in the 5th Virginia battalion, and later in company H, 53d Virginia regiment:

Captain.—D. T. Poynor, dead.

Lieutenants.—First, George B. Clark; Second, B. A. Lewis (dead); Third, Charles H. Wilkes (dead).

Sergeants.—First, George Claiborne; first lieutenant (dead); Second, H. H. Heartwell; Third, A. B. Morrison (dead); Fourth, Charles P. Montague (ambulance sergeant).

Corporals.—First, J. J. Percival; Second, W. H. Michael (transferred to 59th Virginia regiment); Third, J. W. Buford (wounded at Gettysburg—dead); Fourth, James T. Lashley.

Privates.—John Bass (dead), J. B. Battle (dead), John F. Bennett (died in service), Alex. Barrow (dead), W. S. Bacon (wounded at Dinwiddie Courthouse), M. A. Clark (dead), Edward W. Crichton, James Crichton (transferred to 12th Virginia regiment, dead), John Clayton (dead), Benjamin D. Clayton (sergeant), George W. Clayton (dead), George E. Clayton, T. F. Duane, J. H. Dameron, George Dameron (died in service), Littleton Edmonds (dead), Thomas Flournoy (dead), Benjamin B. Graves (first sergeant, killed at Gettysburg), Charles Gibbon (dead), John A. Heartwell, W. E. Hammonds (wounded at Gettysburg), Turner Hammonds (sub.), A. W. Hammonds, James H. Hall (wounded at Suffolk), R. W. Hall, William D. Hicks (dead), George Hicks (died in service), Thomas J. Hines (died from wounds), R. C. Haskins, R. E. Haskins, E. M. Harris, Robert Hitchcock, W. H. House (dead), William Hagood (died in service), John Hagood (killed at Gettysburg), George Harrison, captain (dead), D. J. Johnson, Adolphus Johnson, color corporal (killed at Gettysburg), Richard Johnson, John R. Jolly, George H. Jolly (dead), John S. Kelley, James W. Kelly (died in service), F. P. Kirkland (dead), J. M. Kirkland (wounded at Gettysburg), W. J. Kirkland, S. E. Lanier, B. W. Lashley, John Laird (died in service), Peter Laird (died in service), F. E. Lewis (dead), Richard Lewis (sub., died in prison), W. M. Manning, George E. Michael (wounded at Gettysburg), G. W. Mitchell, T. B. Machen (wounded at Gettysburg, killed on retreat from Petersburg), J. H. Machin, S. J. Morrison (dead); (Greensville county), Myrick Walter (killed at Fort Harrison), Richard E. McCoy (drummer), George Nicholson (dead), (Gosh) Oscar H. Nicholson (dead), Algeron Nicholson, James M. Northington, John H. Newton, second sergeant (dead), M. A. Orgain, sergeant (wounded at Dinwiddie Courthouse), William Orgain, William H. Poyner (killed at Gettysburg), R. H. Prichett (dead), James A. Riddick (lieu-



tenant), Benjamin L. Riddick (dead), J. J. Reeves (dead), J. Royal Robinson (dead), John J. Rawlings (died in prison), John H. W. Robinson (dead), W. J. Steed (died from wounds), William E. Stith, L. A. Scoggin, G. A. Short, B. B. Saunders (dead), E. W. Travis (dead), James A. Traylor (dead), W. T. Thomas, quartermaster (dead), E. R. Turnbull (quartermaster), W. H. Venable (quartermaster), W. A. Vaughan, H. M. Vaiden, lieutenant (dead), B. J. Walker (wounded at Gettysburg), John Wray, John L. Williams, L. Fenton Williams (wounded at Seven Pines, killed at Gettysburg), — Woodruff, William Young (died in service), H. E. Young, corporal (wounded), William Peebles (died in service), B. A. Stith (wounded).

---

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, October 21, 1900.]

## A SECRET-SERVICE EPISODE

### AFFECTING THE SUCCESS OF THE FIRST BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

(Captain Louis Zimmer was an early member of the famous "F" company, of Richmond, which supplied so many officers to the Confederate army from the rank of general, downward. He resided here for many years prior to the war, and was very popular. He has a letter also from Colonel Walter H. Taylor, formerly adjutant-general of the Army of Northern Virginia, confirming his important services to the Southern Confederacy. He was first appointed lieutenant by Governor Letcher, and afterward promoted to captain in the ordnance department.)

VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE, August 22, 1878.

My Dear Sir,—I was very much gratified at the receipt of your letter of the 19th. I well remember you, and how your valuable services to the State in the time of her great peril led the Governor and Council to promote you. But for your services at that time we could not have fought the battle of Manassas.

The old Governor is still with us as president of our board.

With kindest regards, I am truly your friend,

FRANCIS H. SMITH, Superintendent.

To Mr. Louis Zimmer, Tryon City, N. C.

This remarkable historical document requires some explanation to any one except a Virginian of the past generation. When "The Mother of States" decided to secede from the Union and join her fortunes with the Southern Confederacy, Governor Letcher called to his assistance, as a special council of war, Commodore Matthew F. Maury, Lieutenant-Governor Robert L. Montague, Hon. Thomas S. Haymond and General Francis H. Smith. (Captain R. B. Pegram was afterward added to the board, or council.) These patriotic citizens performed all functions incidental to placing the Virginia volunteers in the field. These troops were subsequently mustered into the Confederate army, forming the nucleus of the Army of Northern Virginia. A condensed retrospect of existing conditions in the United States is necessary to show what led to the state of affairs alluded to by General Smith in the letter that heads this article.

It is the testimony of every one of the historians of the Civil war that both armies which met on the field of Manassas were little better than armed mobs, lacking in organization, discipline, experience; in fact, in all that goes to the making of that most complex of living machines. In the North the cry "On to Richmond" was raised by the enthusiastic people, and despite the advice of such experienced soldiers as Generals Winfield Scott and McDowell, ardent congressmen, learned editors and patriotic contractors urged the Army of the Potomac to action.

Congress had issued a call for half a million three-year men, and the volunteers massed at the camps near Washington with amazing alacrity. The soldiers who had volunteered for three months being near the end of their enlistment, were preparing to return to their homes. Thus that experienced general, McDowell, took the field with an army without a staff, commissariat, or organization in any department. With all these drawbacks to contend against, McDowell fixed on July 9, 1861, for an excellently devised move against the Confederates under Beauregard, but on account of lack of transportation, the advance commenced on the 16th. The commander of the Army of the Potomac expected the co-operation of General Patterson, who, with 18,000 men, was ordered to observe and attack the Confederates under Joseph E. Johnston, then holding Harper's Ferry.

General Beauregard had been terribly busy for weeks in licking into shape the motley Confederate organizations as they arrived from Richmond on Manassas plains. Many of these soldiers brought

from home their trusty rifles and shotguns, but the vast majority of the Army of Northern Virginia were armed with old Springfield muskets, such as had been captured with the government arsenals at several points in the Confederacy. Camp equipage was quite lacking in the Southern army, but the officers in the various regiments commanded the respect of their men. Such were the conditions existing on both sides of the Potomac when the first campaign of the armies near Richmond resulted in the battle of Manassas, which was fought on July 21, 1861. The result of this, the first great battle of the war, was that after desperate fighting on both sides, the Federal troops became panic-stricken, and fell back, badly demoralized, to Centreville.

The Confederate editors, learned especially in all matters pertaining to war, aroused a storm of indignation through the land by their comments on the fact that Beauregard's army had not pursued the routed foe into Washington; and fierce was their denunciation of the administration and the commanding generals because the advantage gained after fierce fighting during all that hot summer day had not been followed up. It was in vain that Beauregard, Johnston and President Davis explained, in orders and reports, that fatigue and the lack of adequate equipment prevented the Confederate troops from pursuing the foe. Only at this late date, thirty-nine years after the battle of Manassas was fought, is it made known that, but for the brave and patriotic action of a modest captain in the ordnance department of the Confederacy, the battle could not have been fought, and the southern army would have been forced after a few hours resistance to retreat on Richmond. This gentleman, now living in Harlem, an honored member of the Confederate camp of New York, is Captain Louis Zimmer. The venerable soldier tells the story in plain, unvarnished style, and displays the most authentic corroborative evidence of the deed from the highest military authority of the Confederacy, commissioned by Governor Letcher, of Virginia, for secret service duty, and with letters of highest commendation from Governor Letcher and General Francis H. Smith (the latter superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute), he reported to General Robert E. Lee, who in turn, assigned him to duty with Commodore Maury. The latter immediately ordered him to go into the enemy's country and bring out percussion caps, because at that time the supply was limited to but four rounds for each man then mustered into service. This is the old soldier's narrative:

On March 4, 1861, I received orders from Commodore Maury to proceed to New York to purchase 1,000,000 percussion caps for the use of the army of Virginia, and for that purpose obtained a credit from Colonel George Wythe Munford, then Secretary of State for Virginia, for \$10,000 gold by draft on a Baltimore banking firm, with instructions to be guided by circumstances in the matters of purchase and conveyance. I started for the Potomac via Port Royal, stopped at Rice's farm, and at night crossed the river in a lugger to Piney Point Light-house, Maryland; went to a point on St. Mary's river, whence I took steamer to Baltimore. Was recognized when I registered at the Maltby House by a northern spy, and forced to get out of the rear entrance of the hotel in short order; drew the gold from the bankers and belted it securely about my body; went by train that day to Philadelphia, where I stopped at the St. Lawrence Hotel; next day to New York, where I registered at Taylor's Hotel; wore conspicuously a Lincoln badge; saw several crack city regiments march down Broadway on their way to the front; purchased 1,000,000 army percussion caps at a store on Liberty street, and ordered them shipped to the address of a friend in Philadelphia. An hour later I was informed that the caps had been seized. I always suspected that the merchant from whom I bought the goods furnished information to the police.

My Philadelphia friend, the consignee, had to prove his loyalty before the authorities would permit the caps to be sent forward, and even then the suspicious merchandise was shipped under police escort, consigned to care of Mayor Henry. This official was satisfied to let the stuff go, so I stored the caps in an old house in an unfrequented part of the city, where at night I transferred them to several Saratoga trunks; shipped the trunks to Baltimore; thence continued my journey as a refugee to St. Mary's river, Maryland. Kind friends here assisted me with my "baggage" to the cottage of trusty Captain Bell, who was custodian of my boat. I crossed the Potomac river that night in safety; got government transportation for my precious charge via Fredericksburg to Richmond, and delivered 250,000 percussion caps to General Dimmock, chief ordnance officer of the State of Virginia. Promptly I went back by the same route for more of my "baggage," but the patrol boat chased us, captured my boat, and I escaped with my life by swimming and running my best. However, I managed to run the blockade again on a favorable dark night, and was able to deliver 300,000 more caps to my superior officers. "Running the blockade" across

the Potomac became daily more difficult; spies were everywhere, and the Federal blockade became terribly rigid, so I was forced to try another route. This time I took my Saratoga trunk from Baltimore to Washington, and started for Alexandria, via the Long Bridge. The bridge was guarded by regulars, who would have searched my trunk but for the presentation of two bottles of whiskey. Once arrived at Alexandria, the way to Richmond was open, and my third venture was delivered where it would "do the most good." My fourth and last trip through the lines was by way of Mathias Point, on the Potomac, and I was successful in conveying the remaining trunk to the Potomac, on the Maryland side, where I hired a row-boat to get to Virginia. This time the fates were against me, for the vigilant Federal tug fired a shot at the boat, causing the crew to throw my precious baggage overboard, and to row swiftly to shore to save our yet more precious lives.

Thus were 800,000 of the percussion caps delivered after a month of hair-breadth escapes and adventures, much to the gratification of the Governor of Virginia. The distribution of these essential munitions of war to the Confederate army took place during the early days of July, 1861, and the army was thus prepared for the desperate battle on the plains of Manassas, the result of which so dismayed the people of the North.

---

## PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE "LAST DAYS OF LEE AND HIS PALADINS."

---

Read Before the A. P. Hill Camp, C. V., by Request,  
on the 6th of March, 1890.

---

By JOHN HERBERT CLAIBORNE, M. A., M. D.,  
Lately Major and Surgeon, P. A. C. S.

---

COMRADES:—"Arma virumque cano,"—sang the bard of Mantua in epic story, which nineteen centuries have decreed immortal; but it is a story whose stirring incidents pale in shadowy nothing in presence of that mighty drama, whose tragic history you made in the "*Seven Last Scenes of Lee and His Paladins*."

The poet has not been born nor the orator made, who, with lyre

or tongue, has given to the world a fitting recital of that heroic struggle of one short week, in which was lost a cause and country that we had dreamed to be a heritage from heaven, and which we had loved even better than life.

Do not look to me, therefore, for song or story worthy of Confederate fame. I have no flowers of rhetoric to show, no measured lines of epic verse to bring, to your camp fire to-night; I have only a simple story to tell, a tale of personal reminiscence, a recountal of march and bivouac and battle, measured by septenary scenes of suffering, of weariness, of wounds, of want, of hopeless deeds of heroism, of days of disaster, in which the heavens seemed hid, and finally, of a black and starless night, in which the warrior's banner was planted for the last time by warrior hands, and of a coming morning of unspeakable sorrow, when slowly and sullenly it was furled forever.

When, in the memorable campaign of 1864, Lee and Grant, on the 18th of June, confronted each other in the trenches at Petersburg, I was in the city, assigned to duty as senior surgeon, or executive officer, in charge of all general military hospitals at this post, reporting immediately to the general commanding the department.

My duties were scarcely of a professional character at all—I had no opportunity of seeing the sick and wounded except on tour of inspection—but my whole time was consumed in receiving and forwarding morning reports of the number and condition of those under hospital treatment; to see that they had proper and sufficient accommodation; that they were carefully and skillfully attended; that their diet was full and in accordance with regulation; that they were supplied with bedding and clothing; that the sick were carefully apportioned to hospital dimension; that the wounded were removed from under fire as promptly as possible, &c., &c.; in the execution of which my life was no sinecure, and my position not pleasant, not safe, especially after the heavy shelling of the city commenced, and one not especially to be coveted. Few men had the privilege of selecting their places, however, in those days, and my lot was light in comparison with that of many others.

When General Lee assumed command, or rather when he was placed in command, of all the forces and affairs at the post, my duties were increased, and I was required to report at his headquarters, or to forward my reports to his headquarters. I made a friend of his chief surgeon, a frank, genial and generous man, a surgeon in the old army, and I had his support and help in the discharge of some of my onerous and unpleasant duties. And here let me record, that

the Confederate Government was liberal, in and beyond its means, in the care of its sick and wounded soldiers. I had permission and authority to make requisitions, at my own will, for money in any amount, and, when money would not buy the necessary supplies, to draw for cotton yarns and snuff, with which I rarely failed to get what I wanted.

But as the months wore on; as the casualties of the siege daily increased; as the hospitals and cemeteries were being constantly filled; as the recruits became fewer and fewer; as the food, gathered and bought or impressed, came in more and more slowly from broken and badly equipped roads; it became evident that our struggle was against hope. The deserters, gaunt and hungry—God help and forgive them, for they had been men and soldiers and patriots once—began to creep away under cover of night, and our attenuated lines could no longer be held.

On the morning of the 2nd of April, 1865 (my quarters then were on Washington street, on the south side, just opposite to the present residence of Mr. Bangley), Col. P—— came galloping down from the direction of Turnbull's farm, the headquarters of General Lee, and reining up in front of my office, informed me that General A. P. Hill had been killed, and that our lines were broken on the Dinwiddie plank road. He would give me no specific information, however, said he had no orders for me, and hurried on to the front on the Jerusalem plank road. He did not tell me—(it was about 11 A. M.)—that General Lee had left his headquarters, nor of the fierce fighting at Fort Grigg. I was soon made fully aware of the situation on the west of the city by one of my assistant surgeons, who having constituted himself a scout, proceeded, without my command, to reconnoiter about a mile up Cox road. He returned with great precipitancy, and, I might say, with haste unbecoming his rank, and informed me that the Yankees were advancing their lines as far as the Whitworth house, now the lunatic asylum, and, swinging around their left, were threatening to encircle the city. There soon came tidings from the hospital at the fair grounds (now West End Park), that things were very unpleasant in that vicinity, and that surgeons and attaches were compelled to resort to the leeward of the large trees, to protect themselves from the enemy's random bullets, whilst the convalescents were disposed to go, and not to stand on the order of their going.

About two o'clock my orders came to leave the city, and to take with me as many surgeons, hospital attaches, servants, &c., as could

be spared from hospital service, and to cross the river at Campbell's bridge, take the road to Chesterfield Courthouse, go as far as practicable that night, and to await further orders.

For some months, we had been able to keep open within the corporate limits only two hospitals, the Fair Grounds hospital, and the Confederate hospital on Washington street, at the corner of Jones road; the latter the best organized and equipped military hospital I ever saw, which I had fitted up, without regard to expense, two years before, in a large tobacco factory, that could have been no better adapted for the purpose, if it had been built for a hospital.

The other hospitals in the city, one, the North Carolina hospital, at the present site of Cameron's factory; one on Washington street, the Virginia hospital, in Watson & McGill's factory; one on Washington and Jefferson streets, the South Carolina, now the factory of J. H. Maclin, and one on Bollingbrook and Second streets; the Ladies' hospital we had been compelled to abandon the first month of the siege on account of the shelling, which made them unpleasant and unsafe for the sick and wounded. The Confederate and Fair Grounds hospitals, therefore, were crowded with wounded, and especially during the hard fighting which preceded the evacuation of the city. Therefore, I found, on inspection, I could take but few surgeons or attaches with me, and when I mustered my little force at sunset, in front of the Confederate hospital, found I had four surgeons, as many attaches (white), one ambulance and driver, one wagon, one buggy, and four colored servants, one of whom, a sprightly and smart young lad of sixteen, his mother, who was one of my slaves, brought up just before I left, and with many imprecations and adjurations, told him to follow "master to the end of the earth," and "never to come back unless master came too."

As I stood at the gate of the hospital and watched my little cortege move off—loth, indeed, to turn my back on home and city, for I felt that I should never see either again as I saw them then, if I ever saw them at all—the wounded were being hurried in from ambulance and upon stretcher, their moans mingling with the cries of women, the shrieking and bursting of shell, and the hoarse orders of men in authority, two scenes caught my eye, which are as idelibly fixed there now as on that holy Sabbath eve, which the great God had seemingly given up to the devils in pandemonium.

A stretcher was borne in the gateway by four soldiers, just from the near front, one of them crying "my poor captain; the best man that ever lived." A large, finely-made officer he was, his right arm



shot away at the shoulder-joint, and the quivering, bleeding flesh soiled with dust, stained with powder and filled with shreds of the gray sleeve that had been hurriedly cut off. Something moved me as the bearers halted, to uncover the face, over which some rude but kindly hand had thrown a piece of dirty blanket. Great God! There lay before me a friend of my earliest boyhood! Years had passed by since we parted—I had known him as the gentlest, most lovable of men, living in a quiet country home, amidst a simple-hearted, peace-loving people, an Arcadia, in which war was not even a dream. But he did not know me. His honest, brave life was fast ebbing away, and the mist was gathering over his eyes, which could only be swept off in the sunlight of that country where the nations shall learn war no more.

As I turned away, heart-sick, from this scene, a poor woman caught me by the hands: "Doctor, will you not order somebody to help me to carry my poor husband home. I can take care of him and nurse him better than any one else—there he is." And there, lying only a few feet away in the hospital yard, where with many others he had been hurriedly brought in and put down anywhere that space could be found, was a private belonging to the second-class militia, an humble citizen not subject to regular military service, who had been summoned to the defence of the city, when our lines grew so thin. He had fallen not very far away from the little cottage, where, in days of peace, he had lived with his wife and little ones—and now there he lay, a fourth part of his skull carried away with a fragment of shell, exposing his brain, leaving him with some little automatic life, but, of course, without consciousness, whilst his poor wife was striving to get from him some sign of recognition and begging that he might be carried home. I could only stop to tell her that my right to order was at an end, and that if a thousand men were at my beck none could help her now. I could see no more, and mounting my horse I slowly followed my little party, crossed the river and on the heights at Ettricks took one last look at Petersburg—as it was. Here I overtook my cortege, and mustering them found one absentee. This was a yellow, bob-tailed, bob-eared, rough-haired, Scotch-terrier, about twelve years old, who had seen no little service, and who showed it. He was irritable, selfish, self-asserting, frail as to virtue, his name disagreeably associated with any number of scandals, but full of faith in his master, and irrevocably attached to his master's fortunes, or misfortunes. I had given my chief of ambulance orders that whoever should be left behind,

Jack must go, and that proper transportation should be furnished him. He had always had too high an appreciation of himself to walk, and had ridden more thousand miles, had fallen out of more vehicles, and been run over oftener, than any other dog in the world—I assert this without fear of contradiction.

He had but few friends, and but little capacity to make friends. Some incompatibility of temper, I suspect, had occurred betwixt him and the chief of ambulance, on the subject of riding, before the start from Petersburg, hence Jack was left behind. I said to the chief: "Return at once to the city and bring me my dog, or fall into the hands of the enemy with him." The man looked at me for a minute as if he would question such an order, but four years of discipline and obedience had not lost its force on the first night of the retreat, and he turned off and retraced his steps to Petersburg. I never expected to see him again, but late at night and after we had gone into camp, he returned on horseback (he had borrowed a horse—soldiers rarely found any difficulty in borrowing a horse), and leading Jack by a chain of white handkerchiefs. I did not enquire where he got the horse, but having some curiosity to know where he got the handkerchiefs, I ventured to ask him. "Well," he said, "Sir, they are breaking up everything in town and looting the stores, and I found these handkerchiefs at the head of Old street."

We found, on taking up our march, that some broken sections of artillery had been ordered to take the same road to Chesterfield Courthouse that we were following, and that our retreat was somewhat obstructed by their irregular and tardy movements. The teams were bad, the roads worse, the drivers profane, neither helping themselves nor calling upon Hercules to help when a wheel fell into a hole, and when we had gotten over Brander's bridge, about four miles from the city, one or two caissons were stuck so badly in the mud that the officer in charge of the party, or somebody else, concluded that it would be safer for the caisson to be left there, and it was so ordered, or at least it so occurred. It was now about 9 or 10 o'clock at night, and our little party went into their first camp or bivouac.

We were very tired after the stirring and fatiguing incidents of the day, and the most of us were soon asleep. I do not know how long we had slept, when we were awakened by what seemed quite a heavy firing, both of artillery and musketry, a few miles to our right, exciting our fears of pursuit and capture. It seemed so near, and the danger so imminent, that we thought best to break camp and to con-

tinue our march. One tremendous explosion caused such panic in our little party, that Jack, who had slept on my blanket at my side, became demoralized and sought individual safety in individual flight. As he disappeared in the darkness, I never expected to see him again, and never did until after my return some two months later to Petersburg, when he was the first one of my acquaintances to meet and greet me. His subsequent history, though not without interest of detail, would lead me away from my subject, and henceforth he will appear in this narrative no more. He was a poor soldier, always left the line when the firing began, impelled by thirst or some other consideration of a personal character; but his services in civil life entitled him, in my belief, to the right of civil sepulture, and you will find his grave in the section marked "Claiborne," in the old Blandford Cemetery, and his epitaph in the 3rd chapter of Ecclesiastes, 20th and 21st verses.

All of our party moved off in order except Jack, and the next morning, about 11 o'clock, we arrived at Chesterfield Courthouse, and found Mahone's division drawn up in line, at right angles with our road. It received us with a cheer and opened ranks to let us through. With these bronzed veterans behind us, and between us and pursuit, we dismissed all fear, and passing a few hundred rods further, we lay down to rest, and to await further orders.

After waiting several hours, my orders came: "Take the right-hand road to Goode's bridge, rendezvous at Amelia Courthouse. There rations and transportation by rail will await you." We recommenced our march, but did not reach Goode's bridge that night, bivouaced somewhere on the side of the road, and next day made the bridge. Just before we reached that point, however, we came to a beautiful residence on the side of the road, one of the old-time Virginia mansions, the seat and embodiment of hospitable invitation and luxurious entertainment, and under some patriarchal trees on the well-kept lawn were seated General Mahone and staff, evidently awaiting refreshments. He recognized me and called to me to halt and tie my horse, and come in and get something to eat. My habit of obedience was too firmly fixed, after four years of service, to permit me to refuse, and I dismounted and joined this party. We discussed the situation with as much freedom as a major-general could afford with a subaltern, but there was no sort of restraint when the buttermilk and ash-cake and fried chicken were brought out under the trees, and we enjoyed the hospitable repast as only soldiers could do, who had "had nowhere to sleep, and nothing to eat in four

days." Had I known then, though, that which I discovered later on, that Mahone's division was not between me and the enemy, I do not know that I should have dined with so much sang-froid, or tarried with my hospitable general so long. It seems that sometime during the night Mahone's division had passed my little party, and put us again, without my knowledge or consent, in its rear or between it and the enemy, reversing the position which had afforded us such satisfactory sense of security the day before. Mahone, however, knew where his troops were and where the enemy was, and as soon as we had finished our dinner, he said: "It is time we were off."

I rode with him leisurely for an hour or so, perhaps, before we came up with our men, talking more of the past, in which we had many pleasant things in common, than in the future in which neither of us saw much of promise, when he reined up his horse, and looking quietly and gravely at me, said: "Doctor, what command are you attached to and what are you going to do?" I told him that I was without any especial attachment, that I had received orders to proceed to Amelia Courthouse via Goode's bridge, and to conduct a few surgeons and hospital attaches, and a wounded officer or two who came out of Petersburg with me, to that point, where I would receive rations and transportation to some other point, I knew not where. He said to me: "Take my advice, send your detachment along under one of your surgeons and stay with me. If any troops get out of this trouble, Mahone's division will get out—it will get through."

I looked back over the country which we had traversed, and there was a cloud of dust which could not have been made by our troops (for all of them had passed on), and some long blue lines could be seen in the far distance, and I asked the general what that meant. "Yankees," he said, "I suppose." "We will have to stop here."

The sun was about sinking down behind the high hills and dark pines that skirted them, and things looked very peaceful but for those blue lines which I felt boded no good. And I had great confidence in Mahone and his resources, and his men, scarred and bronzed in battle and campaign for four long years of war—I believed in him and I believed in them—but my little company had gone on, we could reach Amelia Courthouse that night or the next morning, there was no enemy in front that I knew of, and I thought I had better follow them. So I said: "General, you have a very good surgeon on your staff, haven't you?" "Yes," he said, "there is Wood."

"Well, then, as you have no need of my service, I believe I will go on, though I appreciate your kind attention and will not forget you." He replied: "Go on then, but you will be sorry that you did not remain with Mahone's division."

The denouement, as we shall see later in my story, proved the wisdom of his words.

We went into camp that night about a mile from the courthouse, were undisturbed during the night, and rising early next morning I rode to the courthouse alone, to view the prospect and to receive my orders. There I found, or rather just before reaching there, a bivouac of officers high in command, one or two generals amongst them, at breakfast around a fire, and I recognized Maj. Thos. Branch, who introduced me to several officers whose names I do not remember, and who asked me to breakfast. I politely declined this civility and made known to the major the object of my visit. He could not tell me where General Lee was or where or how I could get further instructions, but I was informed that the train, which, it was expected would be there with rations for the army, had gone on to Richmond through some blunder of somebody, and that it would probably supply the Yankee commissary instead of ours. Worse than that, the railroad for a short distance beyond the courthouse was torn up and probably in the hands of the enemy, and that a fight was imminent and necessary if the army proposed to follow the left, the road parallel to the one on which my little cortege was resting on the right. Indeed, some desultory firing just then began on the left, and there was a general move, the officers going forward and Major B—— and I turning back to the road on which I had spent the night. I found the road filled with a long line of quartermaster wagons, ambulances, stragglers, &c., and saw that they had been ordered to follow the same road, where there would probably be less interruption from the enemy. I got my wagon, ambulance, buggy, &c., into line after some scrouging and swearing, and we took up our march, we scarcely knew whither.

Only those who have followed a large army can know how slowly and with how many halts, a wagon-train can move. A broken axle or a balking horse can detain the whole line, as there is rarely afforded an opportunity for one wagon to turn out and pass another, indeed, the attempt is met with such a storm of obloquy and opprobrious language that one's nerves become demoralized, if nothing worse.

Being well mounted on a fine black mare, which I got from an

impressing officer who had taken her from a gentleman's farm near the Courthouse the day before and which was too high strung for artillery service, I rode leisurely up and down the long lines of wagons, meeting an acquaintance now and then, and exchanging views in reference to the situation. I soon became convinced that unless our pursuers were the most listless and unenterprising of men, our wagon, ambulance and baggage train would soon come to grief, and I determined to make my personal arrangements accordingly. Riding back some half mile along the line, I came to my party, and to the usual halt. Calling up Romulus, the colored boy who had been my house-servant and pet, the one whose mother had bade him "follow master to the end of the earth," I said: "Boy, no Yankee shall ever claim that he gave you your freedom. I will set you free right here." And getting down from my horse, I wrote his free-papers, gave him a knife as a memento of his master, such money as I could spare, and told him to stay with me as long as he found it agreeable and safe, but that when things became too hot to skeddaddle in any direction which should prove the safest. He pocketed my bequests, but evidently thought the whole thing a good joke, and went back to his place in my buggy beside a young man named Venable, and J. V. Tucker, Esq., who was one of the attaches of the Confederate hospital that made up our little gang. In less than an hour Romulus and Venable and Tucker were all captured and in the hands of the enemy. But, I forestall my story.

Stopping just then on the road to talk to some friends who occupied that portion of the line, the wagons, &c., moved off, my party with them, and knowing that I could overtake them any time in five minutes, I loitered in good company half an hour, perhaps, and then rode on. I had gone not more than a mile when I came to an open place on the side of the road, where some one had camped the night before, and seeing some excellent forage left unused, I dismounted, took the bit out of my horse's mouth, and thought I would give her a square meal, as I did not know when or where she would get the next. She had hardly begun to eat when I heard some one cry, "The Yankees are coming," and saw a general rush, pell-mell, of teamsters and stragglers back to the rear. I remembered when I traded for my black mare the day before with Sergeant Harrison, the impressing officer, he told me that she was hard to bridle. I thought of this and looked down the road, where I saw coming up from a cross-road a few hundred yards away, a company of Yankee cavalry, apparently about fifty, and as they got into our

road forming line parallel with it, and pouring their shot into the poor mules and horses of the team. I thought now, if this mare is a fool, I am a goner. But she took the bit very kindly, and in a minute I was on her back. I looked down and saw I had dropped one of a fine pair of military gloves that somebody had given me, and as a glove in those days bore value not at all commensurate with its present worth in money, I started to get down and rescue it. But never did cavalry arrive so rapidly and in such seeming numbers before. I only had time to dash out into the woods and make my retreat through them, parallel with the road, as fast as the impediments of riding through the woods permitted. This, however, was not very fast, and gave me opportunity of remarking again that they were only shooting the horses and mules, and being few in number, had no other idea than obstructing the road and disabling us by destroying the animals.

There were a number of our men rushing back through the woods on line of the road, many of them armed with muskets, and I called their attention to the fact that the Yankees were few in number and only shooting the teams, and begged them to halt and make a stand and save the train. One old soldier looked up at me for a minute, in a sort of a dazed way, and said: "If you are fool enough to believe that, you stop, I am going on." I thought of the stars on my collar and of the little brief authority of command that they had given me for four years, and thought of endeavoring to enforce my words, but the stream of stragglers rushed by, increasing in numbers and making a panic that was irresistible. In a few minutes we all came out together in the road, a little out of range of the fire, and here a Colonel C——, of the cavalry, stopped in the road, and I with him, thinking that he would be able to exercise some authority and to stay the rout. But they paid no more attention to him than they did to me. Just then my attention was attracted by a captain and quartermaster, who was making the most urgent efforts and appeals to the men to halt and shoot. "Shoot," he said, "one time, and you will drive them away." One man, who seemed inclined to halt and make fight, replied, "I have no gun." "There are plenty of guns and ammunition here in my wagon," said the captain. Seeing me about this time, he said: "Major, you have been to the front, you know how few Yankees there are attacking us, speak to the men," and then, jumping upon a log or stump or something, he continued his harangue: "Stand men! Stand! Right here! Five determined men can stop this whole rout. Stop! For

your country's sake! For General Lee's sake! For God's sake! For my sake!" In the meantime I was so attracted by his earnestness, if not moved by his eloquence, that I did not as accurately note the situation as I should otherwise have done, and I was rather startled into a consciousness of the real condition of things by two or three of the enemy riding up in most disagreeable proximity, and the pop—pop—pop (not at the horses and mules this time) from their carbines, which purported to shoot only sixteen times without being reloaded, but seemed to me then, to shoot nearer sixteen hundred times. My quartermaster, I think, made fight—somebody fired a gun. He soon went down, however, and I heard afterwards with a broken arm, though I never saw him again.

My mare, not relishing the situation, and having been for the first time, I suspect, under fire, whirled with me, and I discovered that, besides the quartermaster, I held the field alone. She discovered the same thing, and several things it seemed, which lent wings to her feet. Without at all consulting my wishes, but in full unison with my desires, she left incontinently, I lying down on her neck, and not knowing at what moment I should receive an inglorious wound in the most objective portion of my person. The fugitives who preceded me must have made good time also, for it seemed nearly a quarter of a mile before I overtook anybody. Then I ran into another quartermaster whom I recognized by his expletives as an old friend from North Carolina, and into a gentlemen with three stars on his collar, whom I recognized as the president of a court-martial that I had attended some few months before. These, with one or two other officers, seemed to be bringing up the rear of the fugitives. Somebody called out "fall in company Q," but it was received as a piece of pleasantry not appropriate to the occasion. My quartermaster friend suggested that he and I take across the fields in a certain direction which he thought would bring us under the ægis of some of Lee's fighting men. We had only gone a few hundred yards, however, when we came upon Major Hill, a brother of General A. P. Hill, and one or two other officers, who seemed to be trying to find what we were looking for. And just as we had saluted each other a full regiment of infantry came out of a piece of woods a few hundred yards to our left, and with a yell and a double-quick made for our position.

With the peculiar reflection of the light in the little valley they were crossing, they seemed dressed in *blue*, and we took them for the enemy and awaited our fate with resignation. On coming up,



however, it turned out to be the — North Carolina, under Colonel Yarborough, which had been sent to the rescue of the baggage trains. We went with them back, but the affair was over when we reached the place where our quartermaster had been cut down. Captain J——, whom some of you knew as a resident of Petersburg after the war, said that *he had whipped* them back by getting a few wagoners to stand and fire a dozen shots or so. The position, at which the Yankees were repulsed, was one at which a dozen determined men with muskets could have repelled an hundred horsemen. The road was only about twenty or thirty feet broad, and on either side was a thicket, one of black jack and the other of second growth pine, that no cavalry could penetrate. We found a few dead Yankees, one just in front of the position which my eloquent quartermaster friend occupied, and I cheered myself with the belief that he had fallen under the fire of the quartermaster. There were others lying on the ground unhurt, one dead drunk—too drunk to be killed or captured. I do not know what disposition was made of him.

The little party of the enemy who had made the havoc had retired by the same cross-road by which they came. They were picked men of Sheridan's cavalry, who, under guides that knew the country well, hung on our flanks, and in small parties would every day strike some portion of the most unprotected part of our trains, and having burned and destroyed as much property as they could, would retreat as soon as fighting troops appeared. The bait which had tempted them to this specific attack was said to have been six new Brooke guns which had been brought out of Richmond when our forces left, and to which were attached some very fine teams which had been impressed for that purpose. These were carried off, about an hundred ambulances were burned and a number of wagons, and a number of horses and mules were shot, and the road so obstructed that it was several hours before we could recommence our march. There were no killed amongst our men, and only our brave quartermaster wounded. I was told he had an arm broken.

The casualties amongst my little party I must now recite:

Venable died at Point Lookout; Tucker is now (March, 1890), with Dr. George Starke, and Romulus somewhere in New York.

Tucker, Romulus and Venable, as I said, were taken from my buggy and made prisoners. The subsequent history of Romulus is not without interest, but I cannot introduce it in this place. Doctors Hume Field, R. Lewis and J. P. Smith, the former two known to

some of you present, escaped into the woods and returned just as I came up.

A young officer, a Captain Riddick, who was in my commissary wagon, and who had been wounded some months before, and who, had been in the Confederate hospital, was also captured and carried off. His sister, a splendid young girl of about eighteen or twenty years of age, I omitted to say, accompanied him from Petersburg, where she had been nursing him, and was with him in the wagon. She refused to leave the wagon when he was taken, and as they could not burn it with her in it, it was saved and all of our commissary stores by her courage and firmness. There was also a fat chaplain along, the Rev. —. Miss R—— said that he escaped by making the best time she had ever seen through the woods. We did not see him again.

The young lady we put into the wagon of a North Carolina quartermaster which had just come up, and in which there were already two other ladies, one, a Miss D——, of New Orleans, whose father was quite a learned man, and who had held some important office under the Government in Richmond, and the other, a Mrs. S——, whose maiden address impressed itself on my mind, because my brother had been a great admirer of hers, Miss F—— C——, of Florida. The subsequent fortunes of these brave women who had determined to follow the Confederacy, I will rehearse presently.

There was a young surgeon from North Carolina who took to that wagon mightily for the few days that they remained in our company, and things seemed very lively, considering the circumstances.

My chief of ambulance escaped, though I saw him no more, I believe; also my orderly, who was a Moravian that had been impressed or conscripted in the army, but who refused to fight on account of religious scruples, and had been sent to the medical department and was ordered to me. He had been with me for many months, was faithful, honest and fearless, and the greatest forager I ever saw. It was owing to his being off on an expedition of this sort that he got away. He did better than escape—he captured a very fine saddle and bridle from a dead horse and one of the finest young thorough-breds, about four years old, I ever saw, which I think the Yankees had stolen and been unable to manage. Burkhardt (that was my man's name) caught him, mounted and rode him to Appomattox Courthouse, though I saw him get some hard falls.

That disposes of all our party except two colored men, one named

Howard, now a servant in the employ of Mr. J. H. Slater, on Liberty street, and another named John Davis, who had belonged to Mr. Clinton Jones of this city. These men escaped and followed us to the last, faithful then. As I am told, they have been honest, law-abiding and good citizens since.

Only one animal was left, and that was my mule, or rather a mule belonging to the Confederate Government, which I had hitched to the buggy, when we left Petersburg, as a reserve force. He had escaped the bullets of the enemy, and was left like "the last rose of the summer, his lovely companions all fallen and gone," and standing in the midst of the general destruction, with air and general appearance so forlorn and lugubrious, that it was impossible not to smile when looking at him. There was also a sad and seedy looking darkey standing near, and contemplating the picture with dazed and troubled mien. I called him to me, and hastily writing a note in doggerel from the pommel of my saddle, I gave it to Sambo, with a dollar, and directed him to take the mule and buggy to a handsome residence on quite an eminence above the road, and deliver both to the gentleman who lived there. I had no idea who this gentleman was, nor can I remember the doggerel lines now, except the first two, which ran somewhat in this way:

"This to the gentleman who lives on the hill,  
When I return may he live there still."

Nor did I ever dream of hearing from mule or man again. But I did. The gentleman was an honored member of my own profession, Dr. J——, who returned me both mule and buggy in good order in the month of May or June after the surrender. I made my most grateful acknowledgements for his kindness as well as every possible apology for my silly note, which must have seemed to him very absurd and very unfitting an occasion of so much disaster. But my blood was younger then than now, and all soldiers, poor fellows, are apt to make merriment of misery. There was many a merry joke made amidst the fiercest fighting, and many a brilliant sally was spoken by lips sealed the next minute in death.

But my mule—I feel that I cannot dismiss him so summarily—I am sure that the interest of my comrades is enlisted in his story. I had not gotten back home from durance vile, but a short time, when I had a note brought me by private hands (we had the luxury of few mails just then—it was the latter part of May, 1865), saying that if I would send for my mule and buggy I could get them. But whom

should I send? Whom could I trust with my mule? Were my own agent honest, the whole country was full of stragglers and Yankees, who had the most peculiar and narrow idea in reference to the sanctity of personal property, and especially if that property had its form in the investment of horse or mule flesh.

However, I soon met a comrade, just back from prison, P— S—, impecunious and seedy, and I said to him, "Could you go to Amelia county and bring me a mule and buggy? You would have to walk,

of course, but you could ride in a buggy back." He replied, "Would the job be worth five dollars?" I said that I thought so. "Have you got the money to pay in advance?" "Yes." "Then it is a bargain." He was light of baggage, and as soon as he replenished his commissariat he was off.

In four days he returned, and driving up to an office which I had improvised on Bank street, he called out, "Here's your mule," and there he was, greatly improved and fattened, but his personal identity was unquestionable. Whose personal property he was, was a question not so easily settled. He was an asset of a broken concern, the Confederate Government, which had gone into the hands of a receiver, and many representatives of that receiver, in the shape of Yankee quartermasters, &c., lined the streets. I really had some conscientious scruples on the subject myself for which some of my old comrades jeered me, and I thought I would inquire amongst "my friends the enemy," stating a supposed case.

I did so, selecting as an umpire an officer whom I did not know, but who seemed a friendly sort of a fellow. He paid me a doubtful compliment in replying, "If you have got a mule of that sort, and don't sell him at once and put the money in your pocket, you are a bigger fool than I take you to be." I acted on his suggestion promptly; sold my mule for seventy-five dollars (no man asked for a bill of sale or guaranty in those days), my buggy for seventy-five additional, and bought a horse, saddle and bridle, and carried the horse in the back lot to my office.

Before very long several lewd fellows in blue, of the baser sort, came in and said I had stolen a horse. On taking them to see him, however, he did not quite come up to their idea of plunder, and the spokesman said, "That is not the horse." There was an excellent saddle blanket, though, with the fixtures, and he maintained that it was his, and that I did steal *that*, but I talked him out of that idea, an accusation of *stealing* was not matter for *fighting* under the pe-

culiar circumstances of that day, but I was left in undisturbed possession of my property.

But to return to the retreat. My ambulance was burned with all of my clothes, indeed, they were no great shakes, except a very fine new cloak of Confederate cloth, elaborately finished, the gift of a friend and made somewhere abroad. Its estimated value in the currency of the day was fifteen hundred dollars. It was too fine to wear, except by a major-general, but I regretted its loss exceedingly. A greater loss was my diary, that dated back to the days of the Charleston convention of 1860, which was the real inauguration of the Revolution, in which the South staked its all for constitutional liberty. This I regretted more than cloak. Our lives were spared, however, and some commissary stores were left, and our little party trudged along with the wagon train, until the day following, when we took the vote amongst ourselves, whether we would continue with it, constantly menaced as it was by marauding parties of the enemy's cavalry, which seemed always to be hovering on our right, and against which we had little or no protection, or whether we would follow the fighting men, at a respectful and professional distance, in the rear. We had not found out then that the rear was simply the left of the line, whilst the front was the right, and that there was just as much and just as hard fighting in the rear as in the front. We had only changed our route a few hours when we were told that the enemy had scooped down on the wagon train again, so we thought we were lucky. But shortly after, we came upon some of Mahone's men, not apparently retreating, but seeming lounging around. I remember seeing Mr. A. A. A—— and Mr. W. J. B—— sitting down on a pile of rails with their shoes off, and not very far from the same place, I saw General Mahone lying down in the corner of a fence near the road, with one or two orderlies. I did not recognize any of the staff. I thought he was trying to get a nap, perhaps, and I did not salute or disturb him, but went leisurely on a short way towards the front, when we saw General Longstreet and several of his staff, apparently lounging around, and still suspecting nothing, we went on, nobody halting us, until, a few minutes after, we came into an elevated and open plain, where a thin line of men were strung out diagonally across our road for some distance on either side, and a little stir of some sort going on. Presently an ambulance drove up from a sort of cross country road, and went rapidly forward through the line, and I heard a lady cry out from within it, "Don't take me right into the battle; don't take me right into the

battle." I rode forward to see if I could be of any assistance, when an infantry officer caught the mules, and taking the lines turned them around and drove rapidly down in the direction from which they came, and soon placed the party under the shelter of a hill.

We followed and found some surgeons had selected the same place for the reception of the wounded, and were rigging up some sort of a table, the sanguinary usage of which we only too well divined. Of course, we cast in our lot with them, and proposed to render any assistance in our power. But we also found seeking the same sheltered position, and in a wagon (how it got there I cannot tell), our lady friends, Miss R—— and Miss G——, from whom we had parted the day before. The battle was now opened, and in a few minutes the first victim came in, a North Carolina soldier, on a horse, though not a trooper. We had only time to take him down and to see that he was badly wounded through the knee, and that his leg would probably have to be amputated, when increased noise in front indicated increased activity of some sort, and immediately a courier came dashing up and delivered an order from General Lee or Longstreet for the surgeons to fall back at once, and to leave the wounded, the ladies, ambulances, wagons and everything, and showed us a rough road through the woods at right angles to our position by which we were to retreat. And so left our poor wounded soldier on the ground, and the ambulance, wagon and ladies with hurried and rather informal adieu. We heard that they fell into the enemy's hands shortly after we left, and that they received very courteous attention, and were sent back to Petersburg under safeguard. The fight was the one at or near Rice's station. Some of you comrades have, doubtless, more accurate information in reference to it than I.

Our road soon carried us back to the main road on the right, along which the wagons, as many as were left, were dragging their slow length. We marched all night, or rather crept along with them, until at some creek or double creek of some sort, a panic occurred, and there was crowding and confusion worse confounded. How many ever came out, I do not know. Being light of baggage ourselves, we got ahead of them, kept the Farmville road, and went into that town about daylight the next morning, Thursday, with any number of soldiers, but none, I think, in regular organization.

There were two incidents of that night which indelibly impressed themselves on my memory. It was during that night that I saw General Lee for the last time, until after the war was over, when I

dined with him one day at General Mahone's at the house on Sycamore street, now owned and occupied by Mr. S. W. V—. He was riding slowly along the line of inextricably tangled wagons, as if going to the rear, no one with him, as far as I can remember, and I was near enough to look into his face. He rode erect, as if incapable of fatigue, and with the same dignified mien that I had so often noted on the streets of Petersburg. From his manner, no man would have discovered that, which he so well knew, viz: that his army was melting away, that his resources were exhausted, and that in a few days he would be compelled to deliver up to the enemy, which he had so often defeated, the remnants of those ragged jackets, who had followed him for four long years, and who had never failed him except "in their own annihilation."

Another incident was this. Sometime during the night, on some high hills, in the county of Cumberland or Prince Edward, I know not which, it was very cold, and Dr. Lewis, one of our party, found a captain and quartermaster, whom he introduced to me as Captain O—, of North Carolina, who had some whiskey, and who invited me to take a swig from his canteen. It was the first drink I had taken in many months, and I suspect the whiskey was as good as any, but it had the most peculiar effect upon me. I had congratulated myself up to that night, that I had not suffered from fatigue, from hunger, from want of sleep, from fear; and yet in ten minutes after I took that swallow of whiskey, I was hungry, tired, scared, and so sleepy that I had to get off my horse and walk to keep awake.

Well, we got into Farmville, as I said, about daylight, and my man Burkhardt said that, if we would halt there awhile, he would go into somebody's kitchen and bake some biscuit from a little flour that he had foraged. We turned off on a by-street, and I lay down on the sidewalk, first fastening my reins around my body, to assure my awaking in case of any one's attempting to steal my horse, a precaution which I learned the night before, an officer informing me that some one had stolen his horse from his side whilst he was asleep. I slept for several hours, and when I awoke, the whole town was full of soldiers, and the army, infantry and artillery, was crossing the county bridge as rapidly as possible over into Buckingham.

As we started to follow, my man, with his eye ever on the commissary, informed me that Major Scott was issuing rations at the railroad depot, and that we had better go by and see what we could get. It was true the Major was dealing out hurriedly, and I suspect, without requisition in duplicate, the little that was left, and, at my

request, delivered with his own hands a side of middling meat to my man, and we passed on.

As we reached the river, there was halted on this side, and out of the road so as not to interfere with the passage of the troops, the Yankee prisoners who had been captured on the route. I judged, from a rough estimate, that there were more than a thousand of them, and a sorry looking set they were. A good many of them carried large pieces of meat, sides of middling, such as that I had just drawn at the last issue of rations to the Army of Northern Virginia, but we had no time for conversation with them.

General Long crossed the river about that time, and knowing him very well, we crossed with him, and rode with him a short distance. In less time than an hour, I suppose, the army, prisoners and all, had passed over, and General Lee had given orders to burn the bridge behind us, which I think was done by Major Cook, one of his Inspectors, a gentleman who, after the war, became an Episcopal minister, and who had charge of a colored church in this place for many years.

On the hills beyond Farmville, there seemed to be a great deal of artillery halted, or parked, as I afterwards learned, and it was here (we know now, that which few knew then), that General Lee opened his first correspondence with Grant in reference to the surrender of the army; and it was a short distance further on that they seemed to be lightening the load of headquarter's wagons by destroying letters and papers from them. A young man named Morgan, from this city, who had belonged to the 12th Virginia, but who had been detailed as clerk in the medical department of General Lee's headquarters, seemed entrusted with this duty. Here, for the last time, I saw Dr. Guild, General Lee's medical director, and Mrs. Guild, who was trying to make her escape with the army into friendly lines, and General Lee's carriage and horses, which I never saw him use, though I was told that he did ride in the carriage once or twice during the retreat. It was upon a road that had been evidently just cut through some pines, and the progress was very slow and tedious. Dr. Guild said to me: "You had better remain with us," and I thought so too, but something occurred to separate my party from his, and then came the usual daily and nightly order, "forward," and I saw him no more.

We moved on without incident of especial concern to us, until Saturday afternoon. There were increased signs of demoralization and disintegration all along the roads. Soldiers, whom I knew had



been soldiers of steadiness and courage, were straggling and sleeping, unarmed and apparently unconcerned; I attributed it to fatigue and hunger and exhaustion. Officers of the line seemed to be doing the same thing, colonels, generals, even lieutenant-generals, and I saw a member of the staff of one of Lee's most distinguished Lieutenants throw himself on the ground, and swear an oath that he would never draw his sword from its scabbard again; and then I noted that there were more and more small arms thrown aside on the roads, muskets stuck up in the ground by their bayonets, yet, with hundreds, yes, perhaps, thousands of others, I had not entertained for a moment the idea of any surrender of Lee's army as a whole.

To me, as to every Southern, as to every soldier, as to every man and woman and child of the Confederacy, it had been the embodiment of courage and fortitude and heroism. The cause for which it contended was the cause of liberty and truth and right. God could never suffer those brave battalions to go down, even before might, whose standards had been upheld for so many years by the arms of our heroes; those battle-flags could never trail in dust, which, consecrated and kissed by Southern women, had been baptized in the blood of the truest and best of the earth. The prayers of a million of Christian men and women, proving their faith by their works of self-abnegation and self-surrender, could not fail to have a hearing above, where the destiny of nations was ordained and determined.

Oh! Comrades, many a heavy hearted man survived the surrender at Appomattox, and trudged his weary way home, believing, with Napoleon Bonaparte, that, after all, Heaven was on the side of the heaviest ordnance.

On Saturday afternoon, preceding the fatal morning of Sunday, the 9th of April, my little party was well in the front, keeping pace with some broken sections of artillery belonging to different commands, which, with exhausted ammunition and in crippled condition generally, had been ordered to make for Lynchburg. I came upon Colonel P——, General Lee's inspector-general, placing a few infantry troops in position upon a knoll commanding a considerable view of open country, on the left, and riding up to him I asked what command it was. It did not seem to comprise more than two hundred men in all. He replied slowly and sadly: "That is what is left of the 1st Virginia regiment, and that is the sole guard of the left flank of the Army of Northern Virginia." At a distance, away beyond musket range on the left, there was a body of Federal horse,

hovering around as ill-omened birds of prey, awaiting their opportunity.

Within range of my eye, there were a great number of muskets stuck in the ground by the bayonets, whose owners, heart-sick and fainting of hunger and fatigue, had thrown them away, and gone, none knew whither. God help the poor fellows and forgive them ! Four years of peril and fatigue and fighting had proved their mettle; but gaunt hunger had, at last, overcome their manhood, and they had scattered throughout the country, to any house or hut that promised a piece of bread. I saw men whose rations for days had been corn, stolen from the horses' feed, and parched and munched as they retreated and fought. I said to Colonel P——: "Does General Lee know how few of his soldiers are left, or to what extremities they are reduced?" "I do not believe that he does," was his reply. "Then whose business is it to tell him, if not his first Inspector's?" I said. "I cannot," he replied, "I cannot."

For the first time my faith and my fortitude failed me, and, choking with tears, I said to my little party: "I cannot see of what further use we can be here; let us push on ahead, may be we can get to Johnston's army, may be, beyond the Mississippi, some leader will raise the stars and bars, and liberty will find there a rallying point and a refuge !"

Comrades, my faith in the Confederate cause was strong, and when the sun went down, a few hours later, behind the hills of the Appomattox, I looked upon life as a bauble, and the only blessed ones those brave men who were sleeping in soldiers' graves without knowledge of defeat, without taste of the ignominy of walking under the victor's yoke.

As I rode along, classic readings, in the halcyon holidays of the happy past, haunted my memory, and I thought of Ulysses, after the siege of Troy, wandering the world, a wrecked waif, and of Homer's lines :—

"Happy, thrice happy, who in battle slain,  
Pressed in Atrides cause the Trojan plain.  
Oh ! had I died before that well fought wall,  
Had some distinguished day renowned my fall,  
Such as was that when showers of javelins sped,  
From conquering Troy around Achilles' head."

*Odyssey, Lib. 5, verse 306.*

And I thought of the grand epic, in the words of which I began this story, and of the laments of the unhappy Aeneas and his song,

“O terque quaterque beati,  
Quis ante ora patrum Trojae sub moenibus altis,  
Contigit oppetere !”

“Thrice happy those whose fate it was to fall,  
Exclaims the chief, before the Trojan wall,  
Oh ! 'Twas a glorious fate to die in fight,  
To die so bravely in their parents' sight.  
Oh, had I there, beneath Tydides' hand,  
That bravest hero of the Grecian band,  
Poured out this Soul, with martial glory fired,  
And in the plain triumphantly expired,  
When Hector fell by great Achilles' spear.”

*Verg. Aeneid, B'k 1st, verse 91.*

But pushing on, we reached Appomattox Courthouse just before sunset, and hearing there was a train of Confederate sick and wounded at the depot on the railroad, some two miles further on, we rode at once to that point. There I succeeded in getting on a few more of our sick and broken down men. I remember Mr. J. J. Cocke amongst them, who was but a boy at the time, though an artillerist. The train got off for Lynchburg safely, not half an hour too soon.

We rode back in the direction of the courthouse to the Lynchburg road, where we found some of the artillery going into bivouac, as it was about sunset. Some of our party were for going on to Lynchburg that night, or at least moving on and getting ahead of the artillery, but Dr. Field, Dr. Smith and I, with my faithful Burkhardt, concluded we would lie down and sleep at least for an hour or so. I unsaddled my horse, gave her some provender which Burkhardt had captured, and lay down with my head on my saddle, and was soon asleep and dreaming of better things than my surroundings. I had slept only a very short time, when Burkhardt shook me rudely by the shoulder and cried, “Doctor, the Yankees be upon thee.”

I arose quickly, but not so quickly as my companions, for Drs. Smith and Field were fast disappearing through the thick black jack forest, and Burkhardt, who had not unsaddled or tied his fine animal was fast flying up the road towards Lynchburg, whilst coming down the road, which we had just traversed from the depot, was a body of Yankee cavalry, in column, rushing, with yells and clanking of sabres and clouds of dust, right upon me. I had no time, of course, to mount my horse, or even to snatch a haversack and canteen from the pommel of my saddle, but catching up a large shawl, on which I

was lying, and which I now keep as a memorial, with a bullet hole through it, I made the best time I could, following my companions, and coming to a high fence in the woods, we climbed over that, and put it, as well as the black jack, between us and the enemy's horse. There was, immediately after, some pretty smart firing over our heads of carbines and of artillery, a rebel yell, and a hurried retreat of troopers. Then there was another charge and another irregular discharge of field pieces, and a general scattering, as far as we could tell. Darkness, however, had come on, and making a bed of leaves in the corner of our fence, we concluded that, ignorant as we were of the topography of the country, and the relative position of the contending forces, we had better remain still until daylight.

The next day, after we had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and had had an opportunity of shaking the hands of a few fellow prisoners, we got a good account of the skirmish of the night before. It seems that the Yankee cavalry, made bold and careless by almost constant and unresisted raid upon our wagon trains and stragglers, had charged down the road where they passed us, in column, and that some of our broken artillery, getting the wind of what was coming, had loaded up to the muzzle with what relics of ammunition, grape and cannister they had, and had opened fire on the column at short range.

An eye witness, Sergeant D——, of the Howitzers of Richmond, himself in charge of one of the guns, informed me that the havoc was fearful. The Yankees were repelled, but formed again, and seeing, I suppose, the fewness and insignificance of the force arrayed against them, came almost as audaciously and in column again, led by a bronzed old major, on a gray charger, who, with many others, met his death with a reckless courage, worthy of a better cause. The second charge, however, was successful; our men had no more ammunition, and were run down by the cavalry, some surrendering, and some escaping into the woods. The casualties on our side were few—I do not know that any were killed. Dr. N——, of Norfolk, who was then surgeon of one of the artillery companies engaged in the fracas, got a pistol bullet in his face, I remember.

But to return to our fortunes. Rising up in the morning, as soon as it was daylight, we began to cast about for our moorings. There was before us a large open field, and thinking that lay in the direction of Lee's lines we commenced to cross it, in hopes of rejoining our men. We were strengthened in our opinion by seeing, a few hundred yards to our right, a vidette sitting quietly on his horse, as

if looking out for news. We approached him, and, after getting within ten or fifteen paces, were halted, and brought in range of a very ugly looking navy revolver. Mentioning the fact that we were friends, and only three lost Confederate surgeons looking for Lee's lines, and asking very naively in what direction they were, he pointed to the direction which we supposed, and we started to go, when we received another "halt," accompanied this time with an ominous clicking of the weapon in his hand, and a request "to come forward." We did so, and found that our vidette wore a different uniform from our own, and that we had been taken in. He gave a curt order, "right about face—march—quick." We obeyed promptly, and strode forward in the opposite direction to Lee's lines, he on horseback, and selecting me as "next man," and keeping his pistol very disagreeably near my head. I ventured to remark that we were unarmed, and that I thought it not at all necessary that we should be kept quite so closely covered by his weapon, but he made no reply.

We went hurriedly on over the rough ground, his pistol bobbing up and down near the right side of my head, and I really apprehended some danger, and said, "Sergeant, you will shoot me presently." He replied very cheerfully that he did not care a d—n if he did. To which I said, "I do—I care very particularly. It would be very unpleasant and a very inglorious death." But he did not change his position, and I saw that I had to change my tactics, or that any little irregularity in the motion of his horse might send a bullet through my brain. So I reopened my conversation on a different scale, and said, "Sergeant, those are poor spurs you wear for so fine a trooper. I have in my overcoat pocket a beautiful pair of spurs, made out of copper taken from the old Merrimac your people sunk in the Gosport Navy Yard. If you will let me stop and get at them, I would like to make you a present of them." He smiled and said, "all right." I took them out and handed them up to him, and he put them in his pocket, and the pistol back in the holster. I had valued those spurs very highly. They were made, as I said, of copper taken from the old Merrimac; made in the quartermaster department in Norfolk, under care of Captain Samuel Stevens, A. Q. M., and I had removed them from my feet the night before to save them in case of my being captured, and now I had just used them to save my life. I had little idea of what would be their destination, when I used to prance with them on inspection days, when we played soldier, the first year of the war, at the entrenched camp below Norfolk.

Well, our sergeant carried us back to the picket lines, and delivered us to General Devens, who was afterwards attorney general of the United States under Grant. He received us courteously, and finding out who we were, called up his surgeon, and we were offered coffee and requested to make ourselves comfortable. The general then asked me, "Why doesn't General Lee surrender? How long is he going to keep up this foolishness? If he falls back to Lynchburg, or the mountains, does he not know that he cannot escape?" I replied that I was not in General Lee's confidence, nor had I attended a council of war, and that I really was unprepared to say what his intentions were. He then asked me "how many men of all arms General Lee had left, and how many prisoners he had with him, and what his position was, and what roads bore upon it," &c., &c., all questions which I could not answer, nor would have answered if I could. I did venture to say, however, for mischief, that he had more prisoners than men when I saw him last.

This was received good-humoredly, as was intended, except by a dapper little officer, who said, "General, he is lying, he does not want to know." I had not often been talked to in that way in my life, and to be thus insulted, a prisoner and my hands tied, I felt myself burn down into my boots. I suppose I showed it, for not only General Devens, but one or two of his staff, gave the fellow such a look that he fell back out of decent company, and I was saved the temptation of making myself a fool, which I should probably have done.

But in a few minutes the General turned us over to a courier, with orders to take us to the rear. We soon reached the advanced lines, and there we met General Sheridan, who had apparently been spending the night in a large frame building which looked something like a country church in bad repair. He was splendidly mounted and a number of his officers with him, his staff I suppose, all well dressed, and with caparisoned steeds, presenting a very different appearance from our poor, broken cavalry.

There was a large body of horse in an adjoining open piece of wood, and as Sheridan rode up, they were advanced in line. Some one remarked to us, "Now, boys, you are going to see something grand." A man near me said it was Sheridan who spoke. The infantry, of which there seemed to be a pretty good sprinkling around, jeered the troopers, as our men used to jeer them occasionally, and said, "Oh, you will be back pretty soon!" and "pretty soon" they were, pell-mell, and we were hurried back to the rear

rapidly with the fugitives, to prevent being recaptured. I was told that General Sheridan was not only repelled, but that he lost two guns in five minutes. This is also written elsewhere, but General Sheridan says nothing about it in his account of the "last affair at Appomattox."—Nor does he speak of having met me.

Before we had gone back a mile, we met the Yankee infantry advancing—and such numbers! They seemed to come out of the ground. We had to give them the road to let them pass, and I can well believe that which history records, that there were seventy-five or eighty thousand.

We were soon in the rear, indicated by the number of our prisoners, who were halted under guard in a large body, by the hospital arrangements, and by a curious looking cooking affair on wheels, which we were told belonged to the "Christian Commission." It was all of the "Christian Commission" that we ever saw. No doubt the cooking stove had its functions as the commission had its functions, but they were never developed under our observation.

We were marched up and merged into the body of prisoners, maybe a thousand of them, and soon met several of our acquaintances, who had been captured earlier in the fray than we, amongst them Captain Lassiter, of the N. & W. R. R., and Mr. Simpson, a son, I think, of our Mr. Simpson, whom I see before me. To him I soon became indebted.

During the afternoon the prisoners were marched across a little ravine into a body of wood, open and with but little undergrowth, the limits of a prisoners' camp were designated, the dead lines drawn, and we were told for the second time "to make ourselves comfortable." Details were permitted and ordered to bring in fence rails for fires or for constructing temporary shelter, and with the instinct and ingenuity of soldiers, many soon fixed themselves in tolerably comfortable quarters. There was also a barn of splendid tobacco near our camp, of which we were requested (by our enemies) to help ourselves.

Drs. Smith and Field and I and another gentleman, whose name I cannot recall, but who introduced himself to us as a medical man, and whom we afterwards suspected of having imposed upon us, had one fire and one improvised shelter. Friend Simpson occupied the allotted space in front of us with his mess; Captain G——, of Richmond, and his mess to the left; and to our right there were strangers. The first day, the Sabbath, closed without an issue of rations. We, my party I mean, had had a cup of coffee with General Devens in

the morning and nothing since. Having light stomachs and great fatigue, we slept well and did not awake until sunrise of the day following. The next morning nine, ten, eleven o'clock came, and no rations. Our friend Simpson came to us and divided some compressed vegetable cake with us, showed us how to make a sort of soup or medley with it, gave us a piece of corn-bread, and giving him grateful thanks, we made a light breakfast.

About sunset, a beef or two were driven up and shot on the outskirts of the camp, and skinned and flayed on the ground. So much of the quivering flesh was dispensed to each mess, one member of the mess going under guard to get it. We received ours, broiled a portion of it on sticks, without salt, ate it for supper, and put the other away for breakfast. Having no closets or other conveniences for stowing away supplies, we put our rations in our caps, and so slept with them. It was voted, after conference with our neighbors, as the only safe place we had. Poor Captain G—— had cap and rations both stolen in the night, and the last I saw of him he was marching to prison bare-headed.

The next morning a Yankee, who had been busy about our mess the day before and asking a good many questions and talking generally in a manner which led us to treat him as a nuisance, came up to me and said he had an invitation for me to take breakfast with Dr. Richardson, of New York State, and showed a permit for me to pass the lines, on my honor to return. How my friend ever knew who I was, or to what circumstance I was indebted for this mark of distinction, I could never find out. I found Dr. Richardson, with some half dozen officers—surgeons, quartermasters, &c., some few hundred yards from the prisoners' camp, about to sit down to a very comfortable breakfast of broiled pig, bread and coffee, spread on an extemporized table under the trees. They received me very kindly, and one of the officers remarked, "Help yourself, Doctor, your people furnished the menu" (with a smile as if to intimate that the provender before us was impressed); "we have no rations; your Fitz Lee burned all of our wagon trains Sunday, and I don't know when you will get anything more." We made a square meal, and having talked very pleasantly for a few minutes, both sides avoiding topics that might excite disagreeable discussion, I thanked my stranger friend and returned to camp.

It is needless to say that I was the lion, and the envy of all immediately about me. But I was invited out no more. We had a little fresh beef issued to us every day, nothing more. We did not know



that General Lee had surrendered until Wednesday, and then we could get no reliable account of anything. The fact is, our captors, or those with whom we could have any conversation, did not seem to take any sort of interest in affairs, and did not seem to know or care anything about what was going on. Soldiering was altogether mechanical with them. And those who were in charge of our camp did not even seem to take any especial interest in their business. Our soldiers, the prisoners I mean, broke the dead line constantly, and jeered and guyed the guards, until I confidently expected they would shoot into our camp, but they manifested neither pleasure nor displeasure, and I think any Confederate could have walked away that wished to—some, I suppose, did go. I am sure of it; but there was so little prospect of a man's getting home, without money, without food, or without friends, that few thought their chances would be improved by going away. Then, too, if Lee had surrendered, was not the war over?

However, the hopes of all who thought that way were soon dissipated. On Thursday morning, an order came for the officers amongst the prisoners to be mustered and registered. We were gotten out and put in line to march. I noticed the officer of the guard with a badge pinned on the lapel of his coat, which indicated that he was a Mason, or I thought so, and, drawing a bow at a venture, I took an opportunity, the first time he came near me, to give a signal of distress. He came to me and asked what he could do for me. I asked what he was going to do with me. He said that the officers were to be sent to Fort Lafayette. Then I replied, I would like to get away. He said: "I will do anything for you which is not in violation of my oath as a soldier." "What grounds have you for asking to be released?" I said: "I am a non-combatant." He remarked: "Are you not one of the surgeons who were captured with that artillery which did such fearful execution amongst our men on Saturday night last?" I said: "Yes, but I was not at a gun—I never pulled a lanyard in my life." He smiled and said: "You were in mighty bad company then, and will have to take your chances with them."

After a little time, he came back and said: "According to the terms of General Lee's surrender all men and officers captured within so many hours before the time of surrender, and within so many miles of Appomattox Courthouse, are entitled to their liberty and parole." "Well," I said, "if that be so, I and my three friends here and some eighty or more Alabamians of Gracie's brigade, with

their colonel, are entitled to their parole." And I called up the colonel, a gentleman named Saunders, I think, and put him in communication with the officer of the guard. The upshot of the affair was, that my guard produced pen and paper and made me state the case to General Meade, I think it was directed to him, at least, and forwarded by a mounted orderly, and in a few hours, we all standing in the meantime in line in the rain, there came an order for eighty-four of us to be sent back to Appomattox Courthouse, and to report to General Bartlett, a Federal officer of distinction, and a gentleman. He, after the war, settled in Richmond, and made many friends during the few years of his life in the South. I think he finally died of wounds received in action.

We were conducted under guard, through the dark and rain, several miles back in the direction of the Courthouse, and reached General Bartlett's command about 9 o'clock P. M.

He sent for Colonel Saunders and myself to be brought into his tent, and, after some kind talk, gave direction for us to be carried to the picket lines and released, instructing us to report to General F——, of Texas, who would parole us. According to the terms of the surrender, the Confederate generals were required to parole the men of their respective commands on paroles which had been printed by the Federal authorities, and which bore the impress of that fact.

We were accordingly taken to the picket lines, which seemed to be somewhere in or about the small village, in a kind of blacksmith shop, where we were halted. Our conductor gave the countersign, and the pickets passed us, our guards released us, and directed us, with a "good-bye, Johnnie," down the road in the direction of our lines, in the dark and in the rain, about 10 or 11 o'clock P. M., with about as much idea of where our lines were, or where General F—— was, as any other stranger, in a strange country in the dark, with nobody to enquire of, could be expected to have.

Whatever became of Colonel Saunders and his men, I know not—I never saw them again. Our little party struck out "down the road," but soon left it, to try and find shelter and somewhere to halt until daylight. We soon came to a small two-story house, with a light in a window, and going up knocked at the door, and asked to be permitted to enter and remain all night, if only in the hall. Some man came to the door, but refused to open it, and, saying that the house was already full of wounded, told us that we could not get in and to move on (a man who said to you "move on" just about that

time had usually some means of enforcing his views and it was best not to discuss them), which we did, and having cleared the yard lay down for rest. The water ran down my back in such a stream, however, that I protested against any such baptism by pouring, and with Dr. Feild moved on. Going some hundred yards or so, I suppose, in what direction we had no idea now, for we had lost our reckoning, and the darkness was worse than Cimmerian, it could be felt, we fell over a new mound of earth and another, which seemed to be new made graves, and in the end proved to be so, and gathering ourselves up for fresh adventures, came upon a small house, the door of which was open, we judged, by its being a little darker just in that place than any other, and I said to the Doctor, "here at least we can find shelter."

It was a weird looking concern, but I said, "let us go in." But Doctor Feild drew back and remarked, "that is a dangerous looking place." I said: "That from *you*, beats all. You are the gamest boy and man (for I had been his school-mate and seen him tried), that I ever saw, and now for you to talk about being afraid borders rather on the ludicrous; besides, what have you got to lose but your life? Come on!"

As we stepped into the door, there came to my nose that ineffable smell of gore, two or three days old, which but too many of us learned to recognize in our four years experience of war, and taking a match-box out of my pocket, I struck a light. Sure enough, we were in a field hospital. There was the bloody floor, the bloody clothes and rags that had been cut off from the poor fellows who had been operated on, and even a book of anatomy, from which some young surgeon had doubtless been refreshing himself during the process of mutilation, and straw upon which the wounded had lain and the table and broken chairs, &c. Well, we were at home, at least, and our right there, there was none to dispute, as we thought. There was a large open fire-place in the room, and with the straw and broken furniture we soon had a blazing fire, and lay down before it to warm and dry. We were soon asleep, of course, how long I do not know, but I was awakened by the biggest wasp nest falling down upon me I ever saw. I suppose the room had been uninhabited, and the wasps had built in the chimney. We were not long in getting up and out, but we returned to the combat, and managed to destroy our new enemies, and to take possession of our old quarters, where we slept soundly until morning. Leaving our house as soon as it was daylight, we made a breakfast on some hard tack, which

Dr. Feild had purchased of a Yankee soldier the night before, for a gold ring, and which, tied up in his old pocket handkerchief, had soaked to an extent by the rain which made them edible, if not improved in flavor. We went out now to try to find our way to General F——. We soon came upon Dr. Smith, who told us that after parting from us he had spent the night sitting up with his back to a tree. He was an old campaigner and had done that thing before. He had found out, somehow, the route to our destination, and we put out through mud and rain. Coming to the Appomattox, which was an insignificant branch when we crossed it on the fatal Saturday afternoon before, we found it quite a swollen and angry stream. But there was neither bridge nor ferry, and so with others, who I suppose also were looking for General F——, we went in and waded through without the formality of undressing. The water did not reach greatly above our knees, and we suffered no inconvenience from our morning bath.

On going about half a mile, I suppose, I came upon a group of Confederates breaking camp and about to commence the journey, no longer march now, home. As good fortune would have it, I knew them every one, and in company with every one, but one, I had commenced my military career four years before, lacking five days. There were General William Mahone, Captain Samuel Stevens, Captain Benjamin Harrison, Captain John Patterson, Major. J. A. Johnston, Major O. H. P. Corprew, Captain Stone and one or two orderlies, one especially, a young Kentuckian, who was a nephew of Captain Stone, had won the soubriquet of the "bravest of the brave." His name was Blakemore.

Another one I did not mention in my last address (he was before me), and one man whose merit can be measured by his modesty. He had been a soldier in the Mexican war, before he was old enough, but had seen that service, and come home, and now left with us all of the 4th Virginia battalion, on the 19th of April, 1861, to do battle again for his country, though under a different flag. He was a quiet, diffident, fighting private of the 4th battalion, afterward of the 12th Virginia, Mahone's brigade, until he got an ugly wound at Sharpsburg, in the breast, of course, when he was made a quartermaster-sergeant. His name—well, so much the worse for you if you do not know him.

As we approached the group, all of whom were mounted and ready to be off, General Mahone accosted me: "Well, where in the h—— have you been?" "The last place I was in was a mud hole,"

I replied. "You look like it," he said. And I expect that I did. Those of you who were left at Appomattox Courthouse long enough to encounter the rain that wept over our defeat, can bear testimony to the mud and to the exceeding slipperiness of the roads. On the night before, under a forced march to freedom, our Yankee escort had taken a mischievous pleasure in hurrying us up, and how often I had fallen down, and how often I was ordered to "get up, Johnnie," with a bayonet inconveniently near my person, I cannot recount.

But this was no time for fooling. I said: "Boys, you are not going to leave me here?" Mahone then said: "Did I not tell you not to leave Mahone's division? Now, you see what has come of it." "Yes, General, but where is your surgeon Wood?" "Oh, that fellow got shot." I knew that, because I had seen him grievously wounded, and he had asked me to take charge of his instruments, or watch, I forget which, but the Yankees had given him an ambulance and driver and two mules, and I suggested that he would have a better chance than I to secure their and his safety, which he did. He reached home safely, I afterwards heard, near Fincastle, Va., and lived there many years.

But for myself—I said: "May be so, I could not be much worse off than I am." "Are you paroled?" he asked. "If you are I will take you home with me." "No," I said, "I and many others, my two friends here amongst them, and sixty men of your old Alabama brigade, were released last night by my influence, and ordered to report to General F—— to be paroled." "Well," he said, "go down and see General F——, he is about a mile down the road, and tell him to parole you and send you back to me. He says you will have to have a blank parole," and turning around asked if anybody had one. Captain Patterson produced one from somewhere, and then I asked if I could not get another one for Drs. Field and Smith, but not another could be found anywhere. The General then got off his horse, made me mount her, and told me that he would provide some way for me to accompany him by the time I returned, and to hasten to General F——'s headquarters before he left.

When I reached General F——'s headquarters, there was no difficulty in finding him, as I think that his was the only tent I saw. Riding up, there was at the door of the tent Captain P——, a lawyer of Richmond, who, I think, was General F——'s ordinance officer, though I am not sure of that. We had been students together at

the University of Virginia, besides, I had met him in the army occasionally, and we were well acquainted. He bade me get down, and, giving my bridle to a soldier, took me in the tent and introduced me to General F——. My reception was decidedly the reverse of cordial, but I was not prepared for what followed. I told him that, with several surgeons and some sixty or eighty men of an Alabama brigade, I had been ordered to report to him to be paroled, and that the remainder of the party would report soon; that I was fortunate enough to have a blank parole made out by General Mahone, who had requested me to get his signature to it, as he wished to take me away with him, and had loaned me his horse to ride down to see him. He heard me through, and then, going to the door of the tent and pulling aside the blanket that hung over the entrance, he said, "Do you see those men shivering in the rain and scattered about in bivouac under those bushes? They are the remains of F——'s division. The Yankee printing press at the courthouse has broken down, and I cannot tell when I can get any blank paroles, but until every one of those poor men is paroled and sent away, not one of you will leave here." "That is hard upon me, at least, General," I said. "We have all suffered enough and lost enough to give us some common fellow feeling for each other, and I think we should be glad for anyone to get out of this trouble. I have a parole filled by General Mahone, and only wanting your signature to enable me to rejoin him and leave for home." "I shall not do it," he said. I replied, "As you please General," and turned to leave, knowing that the war was over, also his brief authority was over, except that with which the Yankees had crowned him by the terms of the surrender, and made up my mind to go with General Mahone anyway. He called me back, and said, "Let me see that parole." He took it, read it and picking up a pen from his table, wrote, "Charles F——, Major-General."

That parole is in my possession now. It was enough. Before he could make up his mind for further negotiations, I was off. But just as I mounted General Mahone's horse to go back, Captain P—— said to me, "Claiborne, have you another one of those blank paroles?" I replied, "P——, there was not another one to be found at General Mahone's camp when I left. Besides, if there were, I have two companions there who would claim them." With tears in his voice, he said, "That is the way of the world; you have gotten out of trouble, and now you are willing to leave an old schoolmate and comrade perishing of cold and hunger, the streams rising behind

him and no means of relief." Until that brave man spoke, I never realized what hunger and cold and hopelessness could bring one to. I said, "Don't talk so, P——. Come, get on your horse, let us go to General Mahone, and if there is a parole that can be gotten for love or money, you shall have one." We rode rapidly back to General Mahone's camp, and searched, but no parole could be found, and slowly and sadly and without salute the captain turned off and rode away.

General Mahone dismounted one of his couriers, put him with Corprew, his commissary, in a wagon which had been allowed him, and mounted me on a rough, rawboned charger, and we left Appomattox for, we scarcely knew where, but determined to get to the south of the returning armies and prisoners, who had not been released, and to make for Charlotte Courthouse as the first objective point.

Drs. Smith and Feild, after my experience at General F——'s, declined to report to him, and going back to the courthouse, got permission to go immediately to Petersburg, riding on the rail when the trains were running, and walking when the roads were torn up or obstructed. I cannot think that the paroles amounted to anything. We passed a number of Federal troops and no man ever asked to see a parole.

Soon after getting out of the lines at Appomattox Courthouse, Captain Stevens opened his heart and his saddle-bags, and gave me the first piece of bread I had eaten in four days. That was my day's rations. Riding all day, just before sunset, our cavalcade, cold, hungry and tired, came to a beautiful country house, in a noble grove of oaks and surrounded by every evidence of luxury and wealth. Flocks of sheep and lambs, turkeys, chickens, pigs roamed about, just the things to make a soldier's mouth water evincing that no ruthless war had visited that country. A full crib of corn stood right in our way to the house, and we thought what a haven for a tired, hungry Confederate soldier; no doubt we shall find a welcome here and all creature comfort for man and beast.

General Mahone called up Major Johnston and said, "Johnston, ride forward and ask the proprietor to allow us to remain all night. We shall want supper for our party, and corn for our horses, and would like to have two rooms in the mansion, with fires; but we are ready to pay, and in gold, for all we get. Besides, our presence may afford protection from stragglers." The Major rode off and soon rode back evidently disappointed and discomforted and re-

ported: "General, Mrs. E—— owns and lives at this place, and says we cannot stop here; that she does not want any soldiers about her house or place, and that we must move on." The General remarked in a laconic style: "The devil! Johnson, you have made a mess, I expect. Dr. Claiborne, I wish you would go to Mrs. E——, and tell her who we are, and engage what we wish." "All right, sir," I said, and I rode forward, full of my mission and confident of a graceful reception. I got off my horse at the yard gate, tied him to the rack, which at that day was a feature of the landscape never omitted from the picture of the planter's home, went in the yard, and was met by a dignified and most respectful looking darkey, past middle age, whom without introduction I recognized at once as the dining-room servant, butler, or gardner, or factotum generally, who illustrated and adorned every planter's home in those days, and who invariably met the visitor and showed him to the house. This colored gentleman, with the grace and dignity of manner which such servants of a gentleman's house in old Virginia caught from constant contact and association with gentlemen, a character which is now dying out, and which never can be reproduced, met me, and said: "My mistress, Mrs. E——, is a widow, sir, receives no gentlemen company, and asks that you will excuse her." I told him that my business was urgent, and that times were troublous, and probably it would be better for his mistress to see me. With an apology for not taking me into the front way, he led me around to the rear of the house; as I was about to mount the steps of a long portico in the rear, Mrs. E—— appeared at the top of the steps, and, making no acknowledgment of my salute, remarked: "Do not come up the steps, we will have no soldiers here." I apologized for my intrusion, said that we had no idea of forcing our way in, but that General Mahone and his staff, some seven in all, wished to remain all night, that we would like to have some supper and some forage for our horses, and that we would pay in gold for all that we got, besides protecting her premises. "No, no," she said, "she did not intend to have us stop there."

I was as tired as a man well could be, and really I did not feel like going any further, and I thought I would try the patriotic and sentimental. I said: "So you seriously propose, Madam, to deny the rights of hospitality, in an old Virginia home, to one of her most famous generals and his staff, men who, for four long years, have fought your battles, and placed themselves a living wall betwixt yourself and the Northern vandals who have come down upon



you to seize your property and to slay your people?" "I do," was her brief and unmistakable reply. "I don't know you nor General Mahone, nor ever heard of either of you before, and I want you to leave." Never heard of either of us before! What is fame?

I returned to the General, not only crest-fallen, but, I confess, no little irritated. Johnston was the only man who seemed to enjoy my discomfort. General Mahone remarked that it would serve her right to camp right there in her lawn, take what we wanted, and pay for nothing, but that it would be a bad example to set, especially in such lawless times, and that we must go on, which we did, to Charlotte Courthouse, four miles further, the longest four miles that I ever rode. On reaching there, our little party broke up into sections, General Mahone, Captain Patterson, Captain Stevens, I think, and myself, going to Mr. S——'s, who formerly lived at Westover, on James river, but who had sold his place during the war and moved up to Charlotte Courthouse, to be out of reach of the enemy.

Its location was such, that it was supposed that not even a Yankee could ever find it. Mr. S—— was not at home, but was out in the woods dodging capture, as Mrs. S—— told us, but she received us as only a patriotic Virginia woman could receive a soldier, gave us supper of hot rolls, broiled chicken and coffee! And such rolls, such chicken and such coffee! The savor of that supper has never died away from my senses.

Mrs. S——'s daughter and one or two young ladies received us in the parlor, and Capt. Patterson introduced me as Doctor Claiborne of Petersburg, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form." As I had not washed my face and hands, or combed my head, or made my toilet for ten days, and was muddy to my blinkers, I felt that I was being trifled with, but I made my best obeisance, took a proffered chair, and distinguished myself by going asleep immediately, in their presence. They were polite and considerate enough to ask us to our room at an early hour. There were two beds in the room, and General Mahone and I were bunked together. But now a very serious question arose, which I feared at one time, would give rise to some unpleasantness. I had not had an opportunity of taking off my long cavalry boots for fifteen days, and they, having in that time been often wet and dried on my feet, were literally moulded to them, and positively declined to come off. General Mahone, and then my other companions, refused to sleep with me, with boots on,

to say nothing of the impropriety of occupying one of Mrs. S——'s beds with such foot gear. A negro man was summoned, the situation explained to him, and he guaranteed relief. After dragging me around the room two or three times, encouraged by the cheers of my comrades, who enjoyed the fun more than I did, he succeeded in getting them off, and I slept with General Mahone for the first and last time in my life.

The next morning, Mrs. S—— sent us up a box of paper collars, the first I had ever seen, and with one of them on, my face and hands clean, head combed, and sum of the mud off of my clothes, I appeared the next morning in fair comparison with any of my comrades. After breakfast, bidding farewell to our kind hostess and daughters, and seeking the others of our party, who had found homes in different houses in the village, we renewed our journey. After riding some ten miles, we separated, General Mahone taking Blakemore, Corprew and myself with him to his home at Clarksville, and Patterson, Stevens, Ben Harrison, Johnston and Spotswood turning their horses' heads towards Petersburg.

We reached Clarksville that night, after a forced march, and after a hot supper, which Mrs. Mahone prepared for us after our arrival, I went to bed, more dead than alive. I had undergone not only all the fatigue of the retreat, but my Rosinante was the roughest riding animal I ever backed, and riding him rapidly two long days, had used me up. This was on Saturday night succeeding the surrender.

It seemed as if the events of a lifetime had been crowded into that short week. It was almost impossible to realize the changes I had seen in that time, and now the marvel of looking at General Mahone sitting down in peace, playing with his children, whom one week before I had left at the head of his ragged veterans in fierce and hopeless fight, was more than I could take in.

Sunday, I was too sick to get up, but, with the kindly ministrations of Mrs. Mahone, I was on my feet Monday morning, and after breakfast, Blakemore and I, the last of the "Paladins" of our little group who had left Appomattox together, renewed our journey. We travelled together about half a day, when he turned off to go to his aunt's, Mrs. J——, in Mecklenburg county, Virginia, and I took the road for Louisburg, N. C., where my wife and children had been refugeeing. I had no companion for the balance of that day, reached Ridgeway about night, and found hospitable quarters at an old friend and college mate's, Dr. J——.

The next morning, I met our Adjutant Turner sitting by the side of the railroad, recalling to my mind some lines of patience on a monument. I then made for Louisburg, about twenty-five miles, saw and overtook many of Lee's soldiers trugging their way on foot to different portions of the State, and saw several splendid teams belonging to the quartermaster department of the government, which had been out foraging, but whose drivers seemed to be at sea as to where to go or what to do. One man, who told me that he lived in one of the far Southern States, and who had been out with a fine team and wagon, of four mules, begged me to take them, saying that he was certainly going to leave them on the road that day or the next and make his way home afoot as well as he could.

Of course I had no more use for the team than he had, and no more right to it, and I declined. About midday, I came to a camp which some cavalry had occupied the night before. Amongst other odds and ends they had hurriedly left was a bolt of fine imported jeans, which I picked up and tied behind my saddle. From it was fabricated the only change of underclothing I had.

I reached Louisburg about 6 o'clock the evening of that day, rode up to the house, where, two years before, I sent my wife and children, and soon had my loved ones in my arms. Four years before, almost to the day, at my home in Petersburg, I had taken them in my arms, and, giving a last kiss and God bless you, I had gone out with my comrades and compatriots to the war, with brilliant uniforms and flying banner, with heart full of hope, if full of sorrow, with no fear of defeat, and no reckoning but that we should save to them, if not to ourselves, our fair Southern land, a heritage the best that Heaven ever gave; and now alone, ragged, unaccompanied by one single comrade, unheralded, without country, without home, without faith, and without bread, I was before them, even a stranger to my children. I leave the picture—let some other finish it. But the bitterest of all, was a selfish, crabbed old man, who had done nothing for the cause and continually prated at home his lugubrious prophecies, met me with the stinging welcome, "I told you so. How do you feel now?" I never could look at that man, or hear of him, or think of him again, with Christian forbearance, and it was a load taken from my life, when I knew that a few years after he had paid the penalty of nature, and that he and I did not live in the same world together.

And now, comrades, one word more. If those men whom we

left behind us at Seven Pines, at Cold Harbor, at Malvern Hill, at Second Manassas, at Crampton's Gap, at Sharpsburg, at Gettysburg, at Chancellorsville, at Spotsylvania Courthouse, at the Wilderness, at Hatcher's Run, in the gorged mouth of the Crater; if those men fell for nothing; if no God sits in the Heavens to judge their cause; if there be no reward for them, who seeing duty, did it, laying down life as a common thing in defence of kindred and home; then we have no future. Let us patch up a treaty with the horrid Past, let us eat of the grovelling swine's food fed to rebels, let us spit upon the dust of our dishonored dead, and let us teach our children to despise their fathers as a robber band. Is there one in all this audience who can believe and teach that creed? NO! NO! I see before me women who sent out their husbands that came back no more when the soldiers returned from the war. I see before me mothers, fathers, who sent out their sons to do battle for the right, yonder where the battle was raging so fiercely, and they came back no more. Think you there is any attain of treason on those honored names which you hand down as a heritage to them who are to come after you? Sits there a skulking figure of shame upon yonder green mound in the old church yard, where loving hands spread flowers year by year on the natal day of your soldiers' immortality? No, comrades, cherish and honor and keep and defend their memories! Away with the apologetic whine for the part we took in the war between the States, and the maudlin confession that we fought for what we thought was right! We fought for what we *knew* was right. The issue of battle never yet established a *principle*, it can only determine a *policy*. We contended for the principle of State Sovereignty, as written in the Constitution of our fathers, for the rights of the State and for the liberty of the citizen. Mr. Seward tinkled his little bell at Washington and notified the world that the laws were silent, and Mr. Greeley declared that the Constitution was a "league with hell and a covenant with the devil." Congress ordained that the safety of the nation demanded such construction, and the sword established the new Policy of Central Power. We yielded, not convinced, but conquered—and only after such contest, that the world looked and wondered how six millions of people could keep at bay for four long years, forty millions—with every government upon earth at their back. We accepted the terms of the new government, not the old, we gave our fealty and we shall keep it to the new, as we kept it to the old, and we notify all peoples and nations that the Stars and Stripes are ours now, and hands

off. The men who carried the Stars and Bars, showed their allegiance to their colors; they will show their allegiance now, when the Stars and Stripes are unfurled, and they will follow their banner where any man will dare to lead.

But let us hear no more of treason or of traitors! There are no rebel graves in yonder Silent City of Blandford, watched over by that Confederate sentinel, which the true and loving hands of our women have set up as a memorial of their undying love for the "LOST CAUSE."

---

### HARPER'S FERRY AND FIRST MANASSAS.

---

**Extracts from the Diary of Captain JAMES M. GARNETT, in charge of General Reserve Ordnance Train, Army of Northern Virginia, from January, 1863, to February, 1864; and Ordnance Officer of Rodes's (later Grimes's) Division, 2d Corps, A. N. Va., from February, 1864, to April 9, 1865.**

---

RESERVE ORDNANCE TRAIN, A. N. VA.,  
CAMP NEAR COBHAM STATION, V. C. R. R.,  
Wednesday, September 9th, 1863.

\* \* \* \* \*

Monday, April 15th, 1861, may be considered the commencement of this war for Virginia, for on that day appeared Lincoln's proclamation for 75,000 men to "crush the rebellion," which hurried up our old foggy Convention, and compelled their secession on Wednesday, April 17th. I was at that time at the University of Virginia, that session being my third, as I went there from the Episcopal High School of Virginia in '57, spent sessions '57-'8 and '58-'9 at the University, taught '59-'60 at Greenwood, Mr. Dinwiddie's boarding-school in this (Albemarle) county, and returned to the University the session of '60-'61.

This proclamation created quite a sensation at the University, raising the military enthusiasm to the highest pitch, and especially filling our two companies, the "Southern Guard," Captain E. S. Hutter, and the "Sons of Liberty," Captain J. Tosh, with an earnest desire to lend a hand in the defence of our State.

The taking of Harper's Ferry was the first object that presented itself to our minds, and when, on Wednesday, Captain Duke returned from Richmond with authority to take 300 men to Harper's Ferry, our two companies, with the "Albemarle Rifles," Captain Duke, and the "Monticello Guards," Captain Mallory, from Charlottesville, offered our services. We immediately got ready, and that night, when the train from Staunton, with the "West Augusta Guards," the "Mountain Guards," and Imboden's Battery, from Augusta county, came along, we joined them and went on to Harper's Ferry, taking up different volunteer companies all along the railroad, until, when we reached Strasburg about 12 o'clock Thursday, where we had to "take it afoot," our force was quite formidable, numbering some eight or ten companies, of seventy to eighty men each, and a battery of four pieces. We marched from Strasburg to Winchester, eighteen miles, between 1 o'clock and 8, pretty good marching, considering it was our first effort; wagons were along to carry the little baggage we had, and to relieve us, but most of the men marched the whole way. We stopped in Winchester only long enough to take supper, supping at different private houses, the citizens welcoming us with lavish hospitality, tho' some, not knowing that the movement was authorized by Governor Letcher—as it had not then been publicly made known that Virginia had seceded—thought it was a move of the self-constituted Secession Convention, which had met in Richmond on Tuesday, April 16th, and the fact of which meeting, I think, helped to hurry up our laggard Convention to do what it ought to have done two months before. I, and many others, supped that night with my friend, David Barton, Jr., who had volunteered from the University for this special service, not being a regular member of our company, the "Southern Guard." He has since gone to his God, where wars will never trouble him more, having been killed in the first battle of Fredericksburg, December 13th, '62.

About 9 o'clock we all started on the train for Harper's Ferry, only thirty-two miles distant, but such was the slowness of the train and the uncertainty of the commanding officers as to what force we should find at the Ferry, that we did not reach there until 4 o'clock the next morning, about six hours after Lieutenant Jones, of the United States Army, with his handful of men, had burnt the Armory buildings and retreated towards Carlisle, Pa. We learnt that some of the Clarke and Jefferson companies had gotten in the neighbor-

hood the evening before, in time to have taken the place and saved the buildings, arms, &c., but they also were ignorant of the force at the Ferry and delayed to attack.

It is quite amusing now to think of the way in which military affairs were conducted at Harper's Ferry when we first went there. General William H. Harman, Brigadier-General Virginia Militia, was in command until General Kenton Harper, Major-General Virginia Militia, arrived there; these two officers were afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel respectively of the 5th Virginia regiment. On Friday, the day we reached the Ferry, the Baltimore outbreak took place, and when we received the news we were greatly elated, but unfortunately it was merely a puff of wind, which soon died out. Then was the time, if ever, for the Marylanders to have armed and organized, and Maryland would not now be trodden down by Lincoln's serfs, with no prospect of ever obtaining her independence.

\* \* \* \* \*

We continually had alarms at the Ferry. On Saturday morning our company was turned out *to attack the train*, which was said to be coming down loaded with Federal troops, and about 11 o'clock that night we were roused to go up on the Loudoun heights and support Imboden's Battery, which the enemy couldn't have gotten at in any conceivable way except by approaching through Loudoun on Virginia soil, and the other University company, the "Sons of Liberty," were sent across the bridge and down the railroad, just opposite this battery and ourselves, and just where we were directed to fire if the enemy came, and *if* our smooth-bore muskets could carry that far, which was more than doubtful.

The next morning (Sunday), we scrambled down the mountain and returned to our barracks, very much wearied, after first reporting ourselves at the "General's Headquarters," where an amusing little scene took place between the Acting Inspector-General, who found fault with the way in which one of the men ordered arms, and one of our lieutenants, who informed him that the company had had a drill-master. The next day we learnt that the Governor had ordered the "Charlottesville Battalion," as our four companies under Captain George Carr (formerly of the U. S. Army) were called, to return home, and that evening we left for Winchester, where we remained all night, and went to Strasburg the next morning in wagons provided for our accommodation. I think we were rather glad on

the whole that we were leaving the Ferry, though our military ardor was not quite cooled down by our "short, but arduous" campaign. We saw a little service, at all events, having been ordered out twice, in the morning and at night (and the night march was pretty severe for us), and having stood guard several times; my post was at the old burnt Armory buildings. We also saw some fun in searching the houses of Harper's Ferry for secreted arms, a great many of which we found.

On the whole we were very much pleased with our expedition, and considered war fine fun in those days; how we have changed our opinions since!

On our return by Manassas Junction on Wednesday, April 24th (my birthday, by the way, and the day on which I attained my majority), I received permission from our Captain to go on to Alexandria, in order to pay a visit to the Episcopal High School, where my relations, Mr. McGuire's family, resided. I created quite a sensation, with my blue flannel shirt, red collar and cuffs, black pants, white cross-belts, musket and accoutrements, and from the fact that I had been to Harper's Ferry. After remaining there two or three days, the last time I have had an opportunity of seeing the dear old place, on Saturday I returned to the University.

Sunday, September 20th, [1863].

I have neglected this narrative for nearly a fortnight, but as to-day is Sunday and I have nothing to do, there being no service near, I will endeavor to continue it now.

Soon after reaching the University, our company requested the Governor, through our Captain, Ned Hutter, to accept our services, but he and General Lee, then commanding the Virginia forces, refused, saying that it was "too much good material to put in one company." We were required to give up our Minié muskets, which we had gotten at Harper's Ferry; so, after continuing our drills a few times more, our company disbanded, and the different members scattered themselves throughout the State and the South, entering the service in different capacities. Some received appointments in the Virginia Provisional Army, which appointments were vacated by general order about September 1st following. I applied for one of these, but before receiving it the Virginia forces were turned over to the Confederacy, and no more appointments were made; I con-



sider it fortunate now that I didn't get it. I determined to remain at the University till the end of the session, but in May, just before the election of Thursday, May 24th, I went home to Hanover county, desiring to vote in my own county for the Ordinance of Secession, which was at that time ratified almost unanimously by the people of the State.

The Yankees about that time raised their "hue and cry" about Union feeling in the South, and especially in Virginia, but the unanimity with which the Ordinance of Secession was ratified well shows—what we knew all along—that there was no Union feeling in the State, except in some of the Western counties, which have now still further earned our contempt by forming the Yankee "bogus" State of "West Virginia." The Yankees have found out by this time that the farce of Union feeling in the South is *played out*, and have left off making a fuss about it.

After voting for secession (and for the taxation amendment too, tho' it was against the interest of Eastern Virginia), I returned to the University, but very little studying of text-books did I do during the remainder of the session. My attention was chiefly occupied in studying Mahan's "Field Fortification" and other works on engineering, especially the articles of the encyclopædias in the University library, as I had some idea at that time of applying for an appointment in the Confederate Engineer Corps, but I gave that out before the close of the session, and on Tuesday, July 2d (the session ended on the 4th), I left the University with the intention of joining Captain (now Brigadier-General) W. N. Pendleton's battery, the "Rockbridge Artillery," which some of my friends and college-mates had already joined. After remaining at home long enough to get ready, and declining to apply for an appointment in the Marine Corps, which I believe I could have gotten at that time, I left Hanover Junction with my friend Channing Page, now Captain of a battery, July 13th, for Winchester, both of us intending to join Pendleton's battery, which we found encamped near that place.

I remained at Mrs. Barton's a few days, and on Wednesday, July 17th, enlisted in Pendleton's battery, in which I then had several friends, amongst others, Dave Barton,<sup>†</sup> Holmes Boyd,<sup>‡</sup> Bob McKim,<sup>§</sup> Liv. Massie,<sup>¶</sup> Clem. Fishburne,<sup>¶</sup> and Channing Page,<sup>†</sup> with all of whom I had been at college the previous session, and Joe Packard,<sup>‡</sup> an old school-mate at the Episcopal High School.

I was not destined to remain quiet long after entering the service,

for about midday of the day following we started on our march to Manassas to take part in the great battle which was expected to come off. Our destination was revealed to us when we had gotten a few miles from Winchester, and the announcement was received with loud cheering. After crossing the Opequan I attempted to go forward to Millwood, but was stopped by Colonel Preston, commanding the advance regiment (4th Virginia), although I had permission from my immediate commander, Captain Pendleton. How angry I was at this infringement of what I considered my rights after obtaining my Captain's permission! but being helpless of myself, I appealed to my friend Sandy Pendleton,<sup>9</sup> Aid to General Jackson, our Brigadier, to obtain the General's permission for me, in which he succeeded, and I went forward, sending a message on the way to my cousins, who were staying at Mr. John E. Page's in the neighborhood, to meet me at Millwood. They reached there soon after I did, and I remained until our battery came through, tho' my walk—and my passion too—had given me a severe headache, and I was forced to ride in the ammunition-wagon attached to our battery, in which I crossed the Shenandoah, fortunately being thus prevented from wading, which nearly all of the men had to do. After crossing the river I rode on to Paris on the horse of Bowyer Brockenbrough,<sup>10</sup> First Lieutenant of our battery, and a former college-mate of mine, and we slept on a porch [in Paris], sheltered from the rain which fell. Overleeping ourselves we found that the battery had the start of us about two hours. Bowyer went on ahead, and I followed on foot until a little boy with some ladies offered me part of his horse, and in this way I reached Piedmont station, where the infantry were taking the cars. Our battery went on a mile beyond and waited there nearly all that day (Friday) for the rest of the artillery to come up, when we started about 7 o'clock P. M., and travelled until 4 A. M., rested two hours at The Plains, and reached Manassas about half-past two P. M., Saturday, July 20th.

General Johnston's force was thought to be about 18,000 men, with five batteries, tho' I doubt whether the infantry force was quite so large. Most of this force reached Manassas in time for the battle, General Kirby Smith's brigade coming up while the action was going on. We slept quietly that night, tho' our only rations were some provisions that had been sent to one of my friends, which fortunately lasted us for supper and breakfast. The next morning Joe Packard and I went to Bull Run to bathe; while there an old darkey passed, remarking that, if we knew as much as he did, we wouldn't be

there; we didn't think much of it at the time, but his remark occurred to us afterwards.

On returning to camp we found that one of our guns was ordered to the front. I obtained permission to be assigned to this gun, and as I had the horse of a surgeon, which I had ridden down from Piedmont station, I galloped on with it, but after going a mile or two we were ordered back without having our anticipations of a fight realized. We found the whole battery hitched up and ready to go forward. The cannonading had commenced on the extreme left about 6 A. M., and was then going on. Presently we were astonished by a shot striking within twenty steps of some of us who were lying down, and ricocheting over our heads; it was fired at a party on a hill beyond us, but fell short. What an excitement this, to many of us, *first* shot, created. We were soon ordered to a more secure position on the roadside, the wagons being sent back towards Manassas, and with them I sent the horse that I had been riding, which was stolen at Manassas. The owner afterwards came to me about the horse and I gave him what information I had, but am ignorant whether he ever got his horse. Our position at this time was not far from Mitchell's Ford on Bull Run, which was about the centre of our line, where there was very little fighting during the day.

We had not been long in our position near the road before General Johnston came along, riding at full speed towards the field, and spoke to Captain Pendleton, and we were immediately ordered forward at a trot, cannoneers on the caissons. We went at this speed for about three miles, till we came to the Lewis House within reach of the enemy's shells, where we were halted for a while. Here I first saw men wounded, some severely and covered with blood, others slightly, limping to the rear. We were then but poorly supplied with ambulances, and our surgeons but poorly acquainted with their duties, so I suppose the men suffered extremely. Besides the wounded coming to the rear, some, as usual, saying we were "cut all to pieces," here were officers rallying stragglers, staff-officers and couriers riding to and fro, reserve troops and artillery awaiting orders, and other incidents to the immediate rear of a line of battle. We did not wait long, but were soon ordered to the front. We went up through a low pine thicket, the shells hissing and screaming all around us, so that it was a miracle that some of us were not knocked off the caissons.

On reaching the top of the hill, we turned to the right and took position amongst the other artillery wherever each piece could find

room enough for itself, so that our battery was scattered along the line. We were immediately in front of a piece of woods in the edge of which the brigade to which we belonged, and which that day gained for itself the soubriquet "*Stonewall*," was lying, and which unfortunately received most of the shells aimed at us. On taking position we immediately unlimbered and commenced firing, and kept it up for about two hours and a half, from 12 to 2:30 P. M. How well I remember that day! Liv. Massie,<sup>11</sup> No. 1, sponging and ramming, Dave Moore,<sup>12</sup> No. 4, inserting the friction primer and pulling the lanyard, Lyt. Macon,<sup>13</sup> No. 5, not performing the duties of No. 5, as I was acting in that capacity that day, but receiving the shot from me and giving them to No. 2, assisting also to roll up the gun after each recoil, and talking all the time, Bill Brown,<sup>14</sup> Corporal, coolly and deliberately aiming the piece, and making almost every shot tell, and Joe Packard,<sup>15</sup> No. 7, receiving the shot from No. 6 at the limber, advancing a short distance, and giving them to me as I went to and fro between the piece and the limber. Our little 6-pounder, which we thought more of than we would now of a 30-pounder Parrott, did good work that day. Our captain occasionally passed us, going from one piece to another to see that we were doing our duty, and shrugging his shoulders as a shell would come rather close for comfort. I saw him once or twice near our piece, conversing with him a short while, and I thought he was occupied most of the time in going up and down the line. During the action a limber chest was blown up, belonging to a piece of Standard's battery, on our immediate left. The wheel-horses fell as if they had been struck by lightning, and it quite astonished us for a while, tho' it didn't interfere with our work. The musketry fire on our left gradually grew hotter and hotter, and presently what was our surprise to receive orders for all the artillery to leave the field! We went off as rapidly as possible, feeling very doubtful as to which party would gain the day, and thinking that the withdrawal of the artillery looked badly for us—but we didn't know.

CAMP NEAR GORDONSVILLE [VA.],

Tuesday, December 22, 1863.

I have put off writing here for some time, owing to movements of the army and absence from camp, but I will endeavor to continue now and keep up this record more regularly.

After the artillery was withdrawn to the Lewis House, the infantry became very heavily engaged, and the roll of musketry continued for more than an hour, when the enemy, much to our gratification, commenced to retreat, and the retreat became an utter rout. We had unlimbered our pieces and taken position near the Lewis House, and on the retreat of the enemy we fired a few shots at them, but the distance was almost too great for our short-range pieces, our battery then consisting only of one regulation six-pounder, two small Virginia Military Institute six-pounders, and one twelve-pounder howitzer. About this time, our President, Jefferson Davis, who had that day come up from Richmond, came on the field, and many of the battery shook hands with him, but I did not seek that honor, though standing quite near him.

I cannot describe our joy when we discovered that the enemy were actually retreating and our men were in pursuit, but our joy was not unmingled with sorrow, for we soon heard of the death of many dear friends. Soon after the retreat commenced, I heard of the death of a most intimate friend, H. Tucker Conrad, of Martinsburg, belonging to company D, 2d Virginia regiment. He was my school-mate at the Episcopal High School for two years, and my college-mate at the University of Virginia for two more, and a very dear friend. At the breaking out of the war he was a student of Divinity at the Episcopal Theological Seminary, near Alexandria, and after returning home he enlisted in the "Berkeley Border Guards," the company from Martinsburg, belonging to the 2d Virginia regiment. He came out of Martinsburg to enlist in his country's service while Patterson's army was around the place, and not long after he died, as he would have wished to die, fighting for his country's independence. His brother, Holmes A. Conrad, of the same company, was also killed that day, and almost at the same time with Tucker. I was not so well acquainted with Holmes, but Tucker I knew long and intimately, and can testify to his character and worth; a most devoted friend, a most faithful man, and a most pious Christian, he endeared himself to all who knew him, and his loss was most deeply felt.

Often have I thought of the pleasant times we have had together at school and at college. I trust that we may meet again in the world to come.

After the retreat several of our battery were sent on the field to

collect and bring off captured guns and harness. This was my first view of a battle-field; men dead and wounded, scattered all around, horses dead and mangled, and others alive and wounded, arms and accoutrements strewed everywhere, and guns and caissons, some in good condition, others knocked to pieces—met our view on all sides; such scenes were new then, but they have become quite familiar since. We brought off several guns, with much harness and many blankets and overcoats, to the Lewis House, where we were camped for the night, I taking it on a caisson cover. I was awaked about daylight the next morning by the rain, but crept between the two folds of the caisson cover and slept a while longer. On awaking I saw passing several pieces of artillery, and among them a thirty-pounder Parrott piece, all of which had been captured on the retreat.

HEADQUARTERS RODES'S DIVISION,  
CAMP NEAR ORANGE C. H. [VA.],

March 10th, 1864.

Notwithstanding my determination to continue this record regularly, I have neglected it for some time, but will continue now, writing off and on as I find leisure, for, having been lately transferred from the Reserve Ordnance Train to Major-General Rodes's Division, I expect to be more occupied than I have heretofore been.

We spent Monday following the first battle of Manassas near the Lewis House, it raining incessantly the whole day, and none of us being able to procure any rations but hard crackers, and those only what had been captured. Fortunately one of my messmates, Joe Packard, had a jug of honey, and we lived off of honey and hard tack that day. That night, after imagining that I had found a comfortable place in a barn-loft to spend the night, I was summoned to go "on guard" for the first time in my military experience in the battery, and as Captain Pendleton wouldn't hear of letting us off guard duty that night, I had to turn out notwithstanding the rain.

We had two posts, and Bev. Jones<sup>16</sup> was my companion in the relief. How it did rain! but we took it the best way we could, and, after the first relief was over, endeavored to find something to eat, but were not very successful. I frequently recall this first night "on guard," barring my Harper's Ferry experience, and must confess that it was almost as disagreeable as any other night I ever spent in that occupation. The next day we had some rations issued to us,

and then moved back and camped near the house where General Jackson had his headquarters on the road to Manassas Station. We camped in the open field near a muddy stream, exposed to the heat of the sun and the attacks of innumerable insects, with the muddiest water to drink, and when it rained our camp was a perfect slush. Our stay at this camp produced such a vivid impression on us that we ever afterwards referred to it as "Camp Mudhole." While at this camp, about August 3d, I obtained permission from Captain Pendleton to go up to Clarke county for three days to visit my cousins at Mr. Page's, which furlough I spent there very pleasantly, and on returning found that the battery had moved down about one mile below Centreville on the turnpike to Fairfax Courthouse, and was camped there with the brigade ("Stonewall") to which it was attached.

This camp was named by General Jackson "Camp Harman." It was very pleasantly situated about one-fourth of a mile off the road, on the edge of a piece of woods, and convenient to two excellent springs. We enjoyed our stay there very much, tho' the daily routine of camp life became very monotonous. We drilled both morning and evening, and part of the time before breakfast also, but that was soon dispensed with. We had three posts of guard duty, one at the guns and two at the horses, and each one's turn came once in every five or six days. While here we exchanged some pieces of our battery and obtained two additional pieces, so that it was now constituted two (2) ten-pounder Parrott rifled guns, three (3) six-pounder smooth-bore guns, and one (1) twelve-pounder Howitzer; the six-pounder we retained was the one at which I served at the first battle of Manassas, which was then the third piece, but now the sixth, at which I was No. 2; this was the only piece used at the battle of Hainesville (or Falling Waters), the first skirmish that occurred in the Valley of Virginia, and this was the first piece fired in the Valley after the war commenced; it was also used in the war with Mexico and should have been preserved, but it has now, alas! been melted up to make twelve-pounder Napoleons, and so "gone the way of all flesh."

Some more of my University friends joined the battery at this camp, among whom were Randolph Fairfax (a noble boy, afterwards killed at the first battle of Fredericksburg, December 13th, '62), Lanty Blackford and Berkeley Minor." Our mess at that time consisted of about twenty-five or thirty, nearly all of the best fellows in

the company, and we employed two Irishmen to cook for us, but the number being entirely too large, some of us employed a servant and organized another mess, consisting of ten of us, and ever afterwards known as "Mess No. 10;" it consisted of David Barton,<sup>18</sup> Holmes Boyd,<sup>18</sup> Johnny Williams,<sup>19</sup> Lyt. Macon,<sup>18</sup> Lanty Blackford,<sup>20</sup> Randolph Fairfax,<sup>21</sup> Kinloch<sup>22</sup> and Philip<sup>23</sup> Nelson, Bev. Jones,<sup>18</sup> Ned Alexander,<sup>24</sup> and myself.<sup>25</sup> This was one more than the number, but Kinloch Nelson was sick for some time and we took Lanty Blackford in his place.

---

#### NOTES.

<sup>1</sup>Rev. William N. Pendleton, D. D., a West-Pointer, Rector of the Episcopal church in Lexington, Va.; soon appointed Colonel and Chief of Artillery of General Johnston's army, and later Brigadier-General and Chief of Artillery of General Lee's Army of Northern Virginia.

<sup>2</sup>David R. Barton, Jr., of Winchester, Va., later appointed Lieutenant in Cutshaw's Battery, and killed, as above stated, at Fredericksburg, December 13th, 1862.

<sup>3</sup>E. Holmes Boyd, of Winchester, Va., later, September, 1863, appointed Lieutenant and Ordnance Officer of Brigadier-General J. M. Jones's Brigade; now (1900) attorney-at-law in Winchester, Va.

<sup>4</sup>Robert B. McKim, of Baltimore, Md., killed in the battle of Winchester, May 25th, 1862.

<sup>5</sup>J. Livingston Massie, of Augusta county, Va., later Captain of Massie's Battery, and killed September 24th, 1864, on General Early's retreat, near the junction of the Valley turnpike and the Keezeltown road.

<sup>6</sup>Clement D. Fishburne, of Augusta county, Va., later appointed Lieutenant and Ordnance Officer of Cabell's Battalion of Artillery; now (1900) Cashier of the Bank of Albemarle, Charlottesville Va.; author of a "Sketch of the Rockbridge Artillery," in Vol. XXIII, of *Southern Historical Society Papers*.

<sup>7</sup>R. Channing M. Page, of Albemarle county, Va., later Captain of Page's Battery and Major of a Battalion of Artillery; physician in New York city; died a few years ago.

<sup>8</sup>Joseph Packard, Jr., of Fairfax county, Va., later Lieutenant and



assistant in charge of General Reserve Ordnance Train, A. N. Va.; now (1900) attorney-at-law and President of the School Board of Baltimore, Md.

\* Alexander S. Pendleton, of Lexington, Va., son of General W. N. Pendleton, Aid-de-Camp to General T. J. Jackson, and later Lieutenant-Colonel and Adjutant-General of 2d corps, A. N. Va.; killed near Fisher's Hill, September 22d, 1864, on General Early's retreat.

"J. Bowyer Brockenbrough, of Lexington, Va., later Captain of the Baltimore Light Artillery, promoted Major; still living (1900).

"See note 5.

"David E. Moore, Jr., of Lexington, Va., later Sergeant in the Rockbridge Artillery; now (1900) attorney-at-law in Lexington, Va.

"Lyttleton S. Macon, of Albemarle county, Va., later Sergeant in the Rockbridge Artillery; sheriff of Albemarle county, Va.; now (1900) farming in Albemarle county, Va.,

"William M. Brown, of Rockbridge county, Va., later Lieutenant of the Rockbridge Artillery; now deceased.

"See note 8.

"Beverley R. Jones, of Frederick county, Va., now (1900) farming in Frederick county, Va.,

"C. N. Berkeley Minor, of Hanover county, Va., later Lieutenant in the 1st Regiment of Engineers, and now (1900) Professor in the Virginia Female Institute at Staunton, Va.

"See notes 2, 3, 13 and 16.

"John J. Williams, of Winchester, Va., later Sergeant in Chew's Battery of horse artillery; attorney-at-law and Mayor of Winchester, Va.; Commander of the Grand Camp, C. V., of Virginia; died in Baltimore, Md., October, 1899.

\* Launcelot M. Blackford, of Lynchburg, Va., later Lieutenant and Adjutant of the 24th Virginia Regiment; now (1900), and for thirty years past, Principal of the Episcopal High School of Virginia.

"Randolph Fairfax, of Alexandria, Va., killed, as stated above, at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13th, 1862.

"Kinloch Nelson, of Clarke county, Va., later Lieutenant and Ordnance Officer of Kemper's Brigade, Pickett's Division; Professor in

the Episcopal Theological Seminary of Virginia; died a few years ago.

" Philip Nelson, of Clarke county, Va., later Lieutenant in the 2d Virginia Regiment of infantry, "Stonewall Brigade;" now (1900) Superintendent of Schools of Albemarle county, Va.

" Edgar S. Alexander, of Moorefield, Hardy county, Va. I have not been able to trace the career of Ned Alexander.

" James M. Garnett, of Hanover county, Va., later Second Lieutenant, C. S. A., and Chief of Ordnance of the Valley District; first Lieutenant, P. A. C. S., and Ordnance Officer of the "Stonewall Brigade," and Acting Ordnance Officer of Jackson's Division; Captain in charge of General Reserve Ordnance Train, A. N. Va., and lastly Ordnance Officer of Rodes's (later Grimes's) Division, 2d Corps, A. N. Va.; now (1900) teaching in Baltimore, Md.

---

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, May 27, 1900]

## CHARLOTTE CAVALRY.

### A Brief History of the Gallant Command.

#### ITS RECORD A SPLENDID ONE

#### From Its Organization to the End of the War. In the Charging Squadron. With Roll Added.

The following sketch of the Charlotte Cavalry has been offered for file in the Charlotte county court, together with the roll of the company:

The Charlotte Cavalry left Charlotte Courthouse, Virginia, May 16, 1861, having been called into service by the Governor of Virginia. It went by Farmville, Cumberland Courthouse and Richmond, to Ashland, Virginia, to a camp of instruction. On the 27th of May, 1861, it was mustered into service. This roll contains not only those mustered in there, but the others who were mustered in afterwards.

After drilling for some weeks, it was ordered to reinforce General Garnett in West Virginia, and with the Pittsylvania Cavalry, went to

Staunton on the railroad from Ashland, and then marched to Monterey and Cheat Mountain, arriving at Laurel Hill July 6, 1861. General Garnett was forced to retreat by General McClellan, who had taken Rich Mountain, on his flank. Our army retreated by Carrock's ford, and participated in that battle, where Garnett was killed. It went then to Moorefield, in July, 1861. At Franklin, West Virginia, the company spent the winter of 1861 and 1862. While at Franklin, a new Captain and Second and Third Lieutenants were elected, the First having resigned. It guarded the right flank of our army in that section, and was in several skirmishes. The services of the men and non-commissioned officers were arduous, indeed, owing to the severity of the cold in that mountainous country.

In 1862 it served in Major George Jackson's squadron, under General R. E. Lee, at Valley Mountain, in West Virginia. From this place the company went to Churchville, Augusta county, Va. In April, 1862, it was reorganized, and new officers elected. From Churchville, under the command of Major George Jackson, this and several other cavalry companies were sent to the Kanawha Valley, West Virginia, and operated there under General Loring.

In 1862 the Charlotte Cavalry and the Churchville and two Rock-bridge Companies of Cavalry made a raid over the mountains in the night to Nicholas Courthouse, West Virginia, and stormed a camp of Federals, capturing nearly every man and officer. As many prisoners under the Federal Lieutenant-Colonel Starr, were captured as we had men. The men and officers were brought through the mountain paths, and delivered to our army. This was one of the most difficult and daring marches and captures of the whole war. The enemy was surprised just at daybreak, and the entire post taken, though it was a fortified place.

Part of the winter of 1862-'63 was spent at Salem, Va., where the company was put into the 14th Virginia cavalry, and became company B of that regiment. James Cochran was colonel, John A. Gibson lieutenant-colonel, and B. F. Eakle major. This company and the Churchville cavalry constituted the charging squadron of the regiment, and Jenkins's brigade, with myself first, and Captain James A. Wilson, of the Churchville cavalry, second in command.

In 1863 the 14th, with several other regiments, 16th and 17th cavalry, with V. A. Witcher's battalion of cavalry, were put under General A. G. Jenkins. Jenkins's Brigade was in advance of Gen-

eral R. E. Lee's army in 1863, when it invaded Pennsylvania. Our brigade was in the battle of Martinsburg, Va., where we captured (with the aid of other troops), the town, artillery and prisoners. In June, 1863, this company and the Churchville cavalry charged through Chambersburg, Penn., about 9 o'clock at night, and drove away the home guard. From Chambersburg Jenkins's Brigade went to Carlisle, and then was ordered again in front of Lee's army on its way to Gettysburg. Some of our company were with General Jubal A. Early in the first day's fight at Gettysburg. We guarded prisoners 'til the evening of the third day, when we were sent to the rear of the Federal lines to join General Jeb. Stuart's command, who was fighting General Grigg's cavalry. We were put in line of battle on the extreme left of our infantry, near Rummel's barn. The cavalry fight of the evening of the third day at Gettysburg was a desperate battle. Major Eakle, the only field officer, was soon disabled, and had to retire, leaving the command of the regiment to myself. A very large per cent. of the men and officers engaged were killed or wounded.

I went, together with Generals Hampton, Munford, and others, to that battle-field, long after the war, and aided in locating the very lines which we then occupied.

Returning from Gettysburg, several of our company were killed and wounded at Williamsport, July 14, 1863, myself among the wounded. The hard service the company saw with Lee's army after its return from Pennsylvania, in 1863, until I recovered from the effects of my wound, I have no personal knowledge of. It participated in the great cavalry battle at Brandy station, where more cavalry were said to have been engaged than in any other battle.

We served under General John Echols, in the battle of Droop Mountain, not far from Lewisburg, West Virginia, and spent the winter of 1863-'64 in Monroe county, West Virginia.

In the spring of 1864, General Jenkins having been killed, our brigade was placed under General John M. McCausland. This company and the Churchville cavalry constituted McCausland's extreme rear-guard from Covington to Buchanan, while McCausland was in front of Hunter and Crook, delaying their advance on Lynchburg, Va. Every foot of ground was contested, and every possible hindrance imposed in the enemy's advance. We made charge after charge, and had many skirmishes. At Buchanan, so closely was

the rear guard pursued that some of it could not cross the bridge over James river before we set it afire, and had to swim the river. Hunter and Crook were thus delayed by McCausland until General Early could be sent to save Lynchburg. As a reward for the gallant conduct of this squadron in that march a month's furlough was given it, and Lynchburg presented McCausland a horse, sword and pair of silver spurs for saving the city. Over and over, again did the men and officers display in this long journey of seventy-five or one hundred miles the greatest endurance and unflinching bravery. To have been thus kept so long without relief at the post of danger, and where the most important service was to be rendered, was the best evidence of how our services were appreciated. When we returned from this furlough to the army we again advanced down the Valley of Virginia in 1864 in front of General Jubal A. Early, in his raid on Washington city.

Our regiment and some of our company, were in the battle of Monocacy, where General Lew Wallace was routed. The cavalry was very highly commended by General Early for the very gallant manner in which the enemy's flank was turned by it.

On our return from Washington, McCausland with his brigade, and General Bradley Johnson's cavalry brigade, were sent to Chambersburg to retaliate for the burning Hunter and others had done in Virginia and the South. Our squadron did not actively participate in the burning of Chambersburg, but was guarding one of the approaches when it was burnt, and constituted McCausland's rear guard when he left there. McCausland captured Old Town, Md., and after making feints at Cumberland, came to Moorefield. Here the enemy surprised General Johnson, whose brigade was next to the enemy, and came in among his men at daybreak. While commanding the regiment, I ordered our squadron to charge the enemy. It did so in splendid style, and stopped the enemy at that point.

Right at the ford across the South Branch of the Potomac, was the hardest of the fights, one where this squadron lost most in killed and wounded.

It lost heavily in killed, wounded and captured, and myself among the captured. I was taken to Camp Chase, O., and there remained 'til the spring of 1865. I cannot, therefore, give even a slight personal account of the hard fights the company was in until my return to the army. They were many, though, and its services were highly commended by all when I returned.

In March, 1865, I came back to our regiment, then transferred to Beale's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. It was near Five Forks. I was put in command of our regiment by Colonel Cochran (the only field officer present), who was too unwell to command. From Five Forks to Appomattox we were hard pressed, with little food and rest. All the way we were attacked on every side. Our ranks were thinned out by sickness, fatigue, hunger, wounds, death, broken down horses, until we had not over a hundred men and officers in our regiment on the morning of the 9th of April, 1865. Notwithstanding all this, and the general impression that our cause was lost, General W. H. F. Lee ordered our regiment on the 9th of April, 1865, to charge and take a battery then in our front. This it did, with other cavalry, capturing it and a number of prisoners. The regiment lost in killed and wounded in a few minutes a very large per cent. Its color-bearer was killed in the charge while planting his flag on the enemy's artillery. This is said to be the last charge ever made by, and this the last man killed in battle in the Army of Northern Virginia.

It gives me the greatest pleasure to testify to the gallantry of the men and officers of our old company in many hard-fought battles. Even when hope was gone, and all looked dark, they were willing to do their duty as soldiers, and led in one of the most desperate charges ever made, with such spirit as to overcome every obstacle.

Our regiment was recalled from that part of the field by General W. H. F. Lee soon after the charge, and told that General Lee had surrendered; that we might make our way out, or surrender. Those of us who were left made our way out, but many surrendered with General Lee. Those of the Charlotte Cavalry who were not paroled then, received honorable paroles with the rest of Lee's army in a few days after the surrender.

This short and imperfect sketch I hope will enable those who were in our command to place us in the general histories of brigades, divisions, and corps. I could have embraced no more in so small a space. The dates and localities of the killed and wounded tell the battles our company was in. From Valley Mountain to Appomattox Courthouse it followed our great commander, and, when all hope was gone, when reduced to but a handful by killed, captured, wounded, fatigue and hunger in the retreat, they still fought with that same gallantry that distinguished them in other fields. Such

courage was born of the conviction that we were fighting for the right, and I ask to be excused for adding a few words to urge our descendants to read the history of those times for themselves, and to study the form of our government as it existed then.

While we submitted to the result of war, there is nothing before or since to show that we were wrong. The very States which waged war against the South have been since most tenacious to maintain State rights, for which we fought, and the first to resist interference on the part of the Federal Government. I hope it will ever be so, and the children of Northern and Southern soldiers alike, will live and die to maintain State rights, or home government. If they do not, the liberty of this country will be gone. No free government can ever exist on any other basis. Though the South did not achieve her independence, the principle of State rights is her only hope. Though millions of dollars of private property were taken from her without law, and for which she has never received a dollar, still, the very principle of State rights, which recognized that property, but which was disregarded by Mr. Lincoln and his party, is the same that we, of the South and those of the North must alike rely on, alone, to give us home government and liberty. I hope then, that none of our descendants will ever think that we were fighting in the wrong. Let them study the United States Constitution, writings before and pending its adoption, the decisions of the Supreme Court, and the great expounders of that Constitution, and they will see that we were right.

The members of our company and their descendants have gone north and south, east and west, in this country, and some have followed the western sun half around the globe ! But I hope they will never go where they will not be able to maintain that we fought in the right. There is no fear that they will ever go where our valor is not recognized, for those who were our enemies now proclaim it from the housetops; and it is now spoken of around the world. But, is there not danger that some of them will not study these questions, and too easily conclude we were wrong, because we were not victorious? Let none think, either, that because, in the providence of God, we were not allowed to establish our independence, therefore, we were wrong in trying to maintain our cause. If that were so, all failures to defend one's acknowledged rights would prove he had none. Let us impress upon our descendants their duty to carefully and impartially study those questions. From their study they must

learn the facts for themselves. All of us who were actors will soon be gone. More than half have already crossed the river. The rest have long since passed the meridian of life.

To name all the officers and men who acted with bravery in various battles would be impossible, and, therefore, none have been named.

If your honors please, I do not think the time will ever come when the people of this, or any other, country will fail to honor the memory of this gallant band.

E. E. BOULDIN,

Formerly Captain Charlotte Cavalry, Company B,  
14th Virginia, Confederate States Army.

---

[The following revised roll, has been recently furnished by Captain Bouldin.—ED.]

Roll of the Charlotte Cavalry. It served first in Major George Jackson's Squadron of Cavalry, C. S. A.; then it was made Company B in the 14th Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A., under General A. G. Jenkins, next under General John M. McCausland, and last under General Beale, in the Army of Northern Virginia:

Adams, Paul V., Second Sergeant.

Barksdale, Claiborne G.

Barksdale, Armistead, First Lieutenant.

Barksdale, E. Henry.

Bouldin, Powhatan.

Bouldin, Robert C.

Bouldin, Breckenridge C., Second Lieutenant and Adjutant 14th Virginia Cavalry. Killed at Brandy Station.

Bouldin, E. E., First Lieutenant, then Captain from April, 1862, until May, 1865. Wounded at Williamsport, July 14th, 1863.

Bouldin, Thomas T., Jr.

Bouldin, John E.

Beirne, Andrew, died in prison at Point Lookout. From Monroe county, West Virginia.

Baldwin, Samuel.

Bailey, Dr. L. P.

Booker, John, from Prince Edward county.

Bouldin, W. O.

Cardwell, Toby.

Chafin, Robert.



Carrington, Robert.

Caperton, Allen, wounded at Stevenson's depot. From Monroe county, West Virginia.

Chappell, Henry C., Sergeant, wounded at Gettysburg, on July 30, 1863.

Clarkson, R. A.

Chick, Henry, killed in the service, 1861, N. W. Va.

Cronin, Robert W.

Chappell, Wash B., wounded at Gettysburg in July, 1863.

Crews, James R., wounded in Rockbridge county in 1864.

Carrington, Edgar, killed in service.

Clarkson, W.

Dennis, Rice, from Halifax county, Va. Wounded in head at Winchester.

Dennis, Thomas H.

Daniel, Joel W., First Lieutenant until November, 1861.

Daniel, Thomas.

Daniel, John.

Dickerson, Henry P., Third Sergeant; wounded.

Dice, David. Wounded near Strasburg.

Dinwiddie, Joe.

Dunlap, Samuel A.

Dennis, Winslow R.

Dennis, John.

Dice, Henry, from Rockbridge county, Va. Wounded in 1864.

Elliott, Allen W.

Eggleston, George M.

Faris, George.

Fuqua, Dr. William M.

Friend, William G.

Friend, Robert M., wounded.

Friend, Isaac.

Flournoy, Nicholas E.

Ford, Luther R., Corporal.

Ford, Abner S., wounded at Lynchburg in 1863.

Ford, John R.

Ford, J. B.

Fossett, Peter.

Flournoy, Dr. David, Captain from November, 1861, to April, 1862.

Gaines, William R., First Lieutenant. Wounded at Moorefield, 1864.

Gaines, Robert L.

Gaines, R. H., Sergeant and Sergeant-Major 14th Virginia Cavalry.

Gaines, James.

Gaines, Samuel M., Lieutenant. Wounded, New Market, Virginia, February, 1862.

Gaines, Thomas.

Garden, James M.

Hopkins, Louis Christman, Rockbridge county, Va.

Hopkins, John James, Pendleton county, W. Va.

Hannah, George B., Lieutenant and aid to Generals Jenkins and McCausland.

Hannah, Andrew, killed at Williamsport, July 14, 1863.

Hannah, Samuel B.

Hamlett, John C., Sergeant and Third Lieutenant.

Hodge, William H.

Harvey, E. C.

Hutcherson, Robert F.

Henry, E. Winston.

Harvey, Mike.

Helms, ———.

Hundley, Charley, wounded in the head at Cedarville.

Johnson, John S., from Greenbrier county, W. Va.

Kent, Clarence Polk, from Wytheville, Va. Wounded in 1865.

Kent, Edwin Dallas, from Wytheville, Va. Wounded in 1865.

Lewis, Dr. Granville R.

Lewis, William B.

Lawson, George W.

Lacy, Dr. Horace P.

Morton, Clement R., Third Lieutenant.

Morton, Henry O., Corporal.

Moore, Thomas J., First Sergeant.

Morgan, L. Dennis, First Sergeant.

Marshall, Hunter H., Jr., killed at Amelia Courthouse, 1865.

Marshall, John.

Morris, Macon C., wounded at Appomattox Courthouse, April, 1865.

Marshall, John P., died from effects of cannon shot.

Marshall, Joel W., Lieutenant and Adjutant of 14th Virginia Cavalry.

Marshall, Ben W.

Marshall, Joel F.

Morton, David H.

McGhee, William.

McCargo, Samuel, killed at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

Moseley, J. B.

Morton, John J.

Welton, F.

Moses, Albert.

Morton, J. P.

Manns, Daniel.

Morton, John A.

Noel, Charles P., wounded in Valley of Virginia, 1864. From Pittsylvania county, Va.

Nichol, Charles, from Monroe county, W. Va.

Pettus, John.

Price, Samuel, wounded near Lexington, Va., in 1864.

Read, George W.

Read, Isaac.

Roberts, George H., Third Lieutenant until November, 1861.

Randol, Alex., from West Virginia.

Rice, Henry C.

Rice, David.

Roberts, John, died from wound received at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

Read, Thomas N.

Spencer, Charles.

Spencer, Thomas.

Spencer, James B.

Spragins, Norman B., wounded in Rockbridge county, Va., 1864.

Smith, John M., 4th Sergeant.

Sheperson, David, Third Lieutenant. Killed at Williamsport, Sheperson, Joel.

Smith, John G., Captain from April, 1861, to November, 1861.

Spencer, William S.

Swicher, Daniel, Rockbridge county.

Saunders, Robert.

Scott, Thomas A.

Spencer, Henry.  
Scott, J. H., died at Monterey, Va., in service, in 1861.  
Thornton, W. D.  
Thompkins, C. C., from Kanawha county, W. Va.  
Thompson, James C.  
Watkins, Charles W.  
Watkins, Henry, killed at Bunker Hill, 1864.  
Watkins, Frank B.  
Williams, W. B.  
Wood, Robert W.  
Walker, William A.  
Wood, Jas. E.  
Walker, Alexander S., from Augusta county. Wounded near  
Brownsburg, Rockbridge county, Va.  
Wilson, James H.  
Watkins, Henry N.  
Wills, William B.  
Watkins, W. B.  
Woods, William H., wounded at Williamsport, July, 1863.  
Watkins, Alfred.  
West, Addison, from Halifax county, Va.

---

## THE PIONEER OF SECESSION.

---

### The First Advocate of States Rights in the Continental Congress.

---

**THOMAS BURKE, of North Carolina, in 1777.**

---

At a meeting of the Pennsylvania Historical Society held in Philadelphia, on the evening of March 9, 1897, Dr. Herbert Friedenwald delivered an address, in which he gave an account of some newly-discovered information respecting transactions of the Continental Congress. The speaker explained that the material upon which his address was based had been secured from abstracts of debates and letters written by Benjamin Rush and Thomas Burke, of North Carolina. The notes of debates taken by the former had much to say about the relations that had existed between Congress and the individual States, as well as the methods of electing the officers of

the army. In discussing the latter subject, mention was made of the remarks of John Adams, when he said, in February, 1777:

"There are certain principles which follow us through life, and none more certainly than love of the first place. I am sorry to see that it prevails so little in this Assembly, which is disposed to idolize an image which their own hands have made. I speak here of the superstitious veneration which is sometimes paid to General Washington. Although I honor him for his good qualities, yet, in this House, I feel myself his superior. In private life, I shall always acknowledge that he is mine. It becomes us to attend early to the restraining of our army."

The information that Burke imparts, Dr. Friedenwald said, gives us a knowledge of the discussion over the articles of confederation, the first national Constitution, such as has never before been obtained. Burke took a most active part in framing those articles, and wrote repeated letters to Governor Caswell, of his State, detailing the course of events. They are all of one tone, and show a great jealousy of giving to Congress any powers that could possibly be retained by the States. Early in the history of the framing of the confederation he states that one of its clauses gave to Congress very uncertain jurisdiction. Fearing that, if it were not checked, and immediately, a union of great strength would be formed, he introduced a motion, providing that all those powers not expressly delegated to Congress should be retained by the States. This, at first, aroused much opposition, especially from the learned James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, and from Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia; but, in the end, after much debate, he finally won over every State, except Virginia and New Hampshire, to his views, and the article under consideration was adopted, and never changed.

Burke impressed upon Congress all through his career the necessity for guarding against any encroachment upon the power and dignity of the State, and was an earnest advocate of the instant dismissal of Captain Nicholson, of the Continental army, for having disrespectfully treated the Governor of Maryland.

At one time, when standing out for what he thought were the prerogatives of his State, and desiring that a question under discussion be postponed for a day, he threatened to secede unless his views were agreed to. It was a rule of Congress that any State might, before a vote was taken, have the question postponed for one day, and, after the matter was discussed at length, he informs us, "insisting that it was a most violent and arbitrary act of power to put

any question at all on this matter ; and the others, perceiving the determined resolution of the delegate of North Carolina to withdraw from Congress if any such question should be put, they waived their opposition," and he won his point.

The possibility of States combining in Congress in order to carry out repressive legislation against others, occasioned Burke much worry. He thought the most formidable combination would be that of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. "The first," wrote he, "has power sufficient to overawe and consequently to direct the three New England States. The second could equally influence Jersey and Delaware. Virginia would be formidable to her Southern neighbors and Maryland. New York could not resist a combination of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, and Maryland must fall a sacrifice to Pennsylvania and Virginia." To prevent the possibility of any such events he advocated the sending by the States to the National Congress of the ablest men that could be found within them, thus making election to Congress an incentive to patriotic endeavor. They were to go to the Congress, not for the purpose of looking out for and guarding national interests, but to see that no harm came to the States.

Dr. Friedenwald went on to show what an insight into the inner history of the transactions of the Continental Congress these letters and debates gave, elucidating many points that have hitherto been extremely obscure. Many sidelights were also thrown upon life in Philadelphia and New York during this time, the people of Pennsylvania having often been spoken of in disparaging terms, owing to the high prices that were demanded for all necessities. Living was extremely expensive, owing to the depreciation of the currency, and when a member of Congress proposed bringing his wife with him to York, he was warned not to do so, as there was not a respectable place in which to lay her head to be found in the town. Food was scarce, excepting beef, and as one of the North Carolina members had a delicate palate, he wrote home asking that he be sent some pickled oysters and dried fish.

In conclusion, the speaker referred in a general way to the value of this new material, emphasizing the fact that there are so few records of the debates of the Continental Congress extant. This made the accounts of the transactions of that body similar to the reports of the proceedings of Congress to-day, where no record is taken of the debates and conferences, but only the completed acts placed before the public.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WILLIAM FREDERICK NIEMEYER,

Sixty-first Virginia Infantry Regiment.

By COLONEL WILLIAM H. STEWART, Portsmouth, Va.

WILLIAM FREDERICK NIEMEYER was born in the county of Norfolk and State of Virginia, on the 12th day of May, 1840, and heroically met his death at the head of his regiment in the battle of Spotsylvania Court House, on the 12th day of May, 1864, his twenty-fourth birthday.

His great grandfather, Hans Heinrich Neimeyer, was born at Hoya, Germany, in 1734, and died in 1806.

His grandfather, John Christian Niemeyer, was born in 1776, at Verden, near Bremen, and came to America at the age of 18 years, and in 1813 he married Ann McLean, his second wife, the grandmother of the subject of this sketch, at Moyock, in Currituck county, North Carolina. His father, William Angus Neimeyer, died February 3d, 1900; was born April 28th, 1816, and married Sarah Howard Chandler (now living) on the 31st day of July, 1839. She is the daughter of John A. Chandler, who was one of the foremost citizens and most distinguished lawyers in Tidewater Virginia of his day.

Colonel Niemeyer was the eldest of twelve children, three sisters and nine brothers. His brother, John Chandler Niemeyer, First Lieutenant of Company "I," Ninth Virginia Infantry Regiment, was killed in the famous charge of Pickett's Virginians at Gettysburg on the 3d day of July, 1863.

William Frederick Niemeyer was a promising child with the noblest predilections. On the death of his grandfather Chandler, when not quite eight years old, he wrote the following tender and touching letter of condolence to his grandmother :

APRIL 16, 1848.

*My Dear Grandma :*

I am very sorry that grandpa died, but the Lord will take care of you ; do not weep, he is in the arms of the Lord Jesus Christ ; he has got a crown of glory upon his head ; he has an arm-chair, and he is singing and is shouting in glory. We must try to be good

and when we die we may meet him there ; he cannot come to us, but we can go to him if we are good.

Your loving grandson,

WILLIAM F. NIEMEYER.

He received the rudiments of his education in the schools of Portsmouth and at the Academy, in Norfolk; and upon the recommendation of Surgeon-General Lawson, United States Army, was appointed a cadet at large at West Point by President James Buchanan. His conditional appointment over the hand of Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War, was made on the 19th day of February, 1857, which directed that he should repair to West Point, in the State of New York, between the 1st and 20th of June, to be examined, and that under certain conditions in January next his warrant as a cadet, to be dated the 30th day of June, 1857, would be made. The conditions were fulfilled by creditable examinations and excellent deportment which secured the warrant as a cadet in the service of the United States, dated as promised over the hand of John B. Floyd, Secretary of War, January 22d, 1858. His course at the Academy was marked with creditable distinction; but the tocsin of war having sounded, and although within a month of graduation, he, with the heroic General James Dearing, the dashing General Thomas L. Rosser, and other noble spirits, left the Academy to give their services to their native States.

On May 1st, 1861, John Letcher, Governor of Virginia, commissioned W. F. Niemeyer Second Lieutenant in the Provisional Army of the State of Virginia, and on May 9th he was ordered by the Adjutant-General of Virginia to report to Major-General Walter Gwynn, commanding Virginia Forces at Norfolk; thereupon General Gwynn, on the 10th of May, ordered him to report to Colonel R. E. Colston, under whom he served as drill master at the entrenched camp, near Norfolk. On the 19th day of July, 1861, the President appointed him Second Lieutenant, Corps of Artillery, in the Army of the Confederate States over the hand of L. P. Walker, Secretary of War, C. S.; and his resignation as Second Lieutenant of Provisional Army of Virginia was accepted, to take effect on the 25th of July.

Samuel M. Wilson, a prominent citizen of Portsmouth, having been authorized by the Secretary of War to organize a battalion or regiment for the service of the Confederate States, called to his assistance the promising young lieutenant, whose military training was essential to Colonel Wilson's success.



"PORTSMOUTH, VA., May 5th, 1862.

*Major Wm. F. Niemeyer :*

Sir: I hereby certify that at election held for the office of Major of the Battalion or Regiment being raised by me for the service of the Confederate States, under authority of the War Department through letter of the Adjutant-General of the 6th of July, 1861, you have this day been duly elected Major of said Battalion or Regiment, and notice of your election has been sent to Major-General B. Huger, commanding Department of Norfolk, to whom you will report for duty.

I am very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

SAMUEL M. WILSON."

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT NORFOLK,

May 6th, 1862.

Report to General Blanchard for duty with Wilson's Battalion.

By order of General Huger.

S. S. ANDERSON,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

DEPARTMENT OF NORFOLK, HEADQUARTERS THIRD BRIGADE,

PORTSMOUTH, VA., May 6th, 1862.

SPECIAL ORDERS, No. 83.

I. Major Wm. F. Neimeyer, Wilson's Battalion, having reported for duty to Brigade Headquarters by order of Major-General Huger, is assigned to the command of the troops at Forrest Entrenchment.

By command of Brigadier-General Blanchard, Commanding Third Brigade.

W. L. RIDDICK,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

DEPARTMENT OF NORFOLK, HEADQUARTERS THIRD BRIGADE,

PORTSMOUTH, VA., May 7th, 1862.

SPECIAL ORDERS, No. 84.

II. Major Wm. F. Niemeyer, Wilson's Battalion, will proceed to Pig Point and superintend the election of company officers for Company "H," Ninth Virginia, Captain Neblett and Sussex Defenders, Wilson's Battalion, Captain Mason, to be held to-morrow, 8th instant, in accordance with provision of Conscript Act.

Major Niemeyer will furnish each officer then elected with a cer-

tificate of election, and duplicates must be sent to Adjutant and Inspector General's office, Richmond, through Brigade Headquarters.

By command Brigadier-General Blanchard, Commanding Third Brigade.

W. L. RIDDICK,  
Assistant Adjutant-General.

To Major W. F. Niemeyer, commanding Forrest Entrenchment.

Major Niemeyer, with his command, retreated from Forrest Entrenchment, near Hall's Corner, in Western Branch, Norfolk county, on the 10th of May, 1862, the day Norfolk and Portsmouth were evacuated, which he noted in his diary, "The saddest day of my life," and marched to Suffolk. On the 11th day of May he left for Petersburg via Weldon, where he arrived on the 13th, and assumed command of the city and the Department of Appomattox for a short while. On the 22d day of May, 1862, the officers of the line assembled at Jarrett's Hotel, in Petersburg, under supervision of Major George W. Grice, Assistant Quartermaster, and elected field officers of the Sixty-first Virginia Regiment Infantry, as follows:

Colonel Samuel M. Wilson.

Lieutenant-Colonel William F. Niemeyer.

Major William H. Stewart.

And their commissions were issued on the 15th of July, 1862, by George W. Randolph, Secretary of War, to date from the 22d day of May, 1862.

HEADQUARTERS, PETERSBURG, VA.,  
August 23d, 1862.

Pursuant to Special Order, Headquarters Petersburg, August 22d, the members of Board of Survey met this day at 12 M., and valued and mustered into Confederate service the following horses:

One roan mare, belonging to Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. F. Niemeyer, valued at \$175.

One bay horse, belonging to Major William H. Stewart, valued at \$225.

(Signed) Lieutenant CHARLES D. MYERS, A. D. C.  
JOHN A. BAKER, " " "  
Lieutenant J. A. SHINGLEIN, " " "

Detachments of the Sixty-first Virginia Regiment were sent from Petersburg to City Point, Port Walthall, and Point of Rocks, on the Appomattox river below the city of Petersburg.

On the 3d of September the Regiment was ordered to Richmond, and from thence to Brook Church, where it encamped until the 5th, when it was ordered to Rapidan Station to rebuild the railroad bridge. The Army of Northern Virginia was then in Maryland, and on its return to Virginia the Sixty-first Virginia Regiment was assigned to Mahone's Brigade by order of General Lee.

Lieutenant-Colonel Niemeyer was in active command of the Sixty-first Virginia Regiment from its organization until October, 1862, when its command devolved upon Colonel V. D. Groner, selected to succeed Colonel Wilson, who had resigned.

Colonel Niemeyer was engaged in the battles of Fredericksburg, Zoar Church, McCarty's Farm, Chancellorsville, Salem Church, Gettysburg, Hagerstown, Bristoe Station, Mine Run, Wilderness, Shady Grove, and Spotsylvania Court House. He was severely wounded in the ankle at Bristoe Station; and after having commanded his regiment in two brilliant and successful charges of the memorable 12th day of May, 1864, was killed by a sharpshooter in the shadow of that bloody day at Spotsylvania Court House. So fell a noble man, a brave soldier, a true citizen, who loved his country better than his life, and who was loved by his soldiers with brotherly devotion. His remains were sent to Richmond and buried in Hollywood Cemetery, where they now rest.

He married in Portsmouth on the 2d day of January, 1862, Sarah Campbell Smith, who has, since the death of her husband, devoted her life to aiding the widows and orphans of Confederate soldiers, and in perpetuating memories of the lost cause, with ardor and devotion, unflagging and fearless, as a true and faithful daughter of the Confederacy.

Stonewall Camp, Confederate Volunteers, Portsmouth, Va., has on more than one occasion tendered to her unanimous vote of thanks in appreciation and gratitude for her invaluable services in its behalf, and she shall have the thanks and esteem of every individual member as long as life lasts.

Colonel Niemeyer left one child—John Frederick Niemeyer.

## HISTORY OF "THE CONFEDERATE FLAG."

---

[The following has been kindly furnished by the widow of Major Rogers, through the Rev. Arthur B. Kinsolving, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y. The gallant designer of the final Confederate flag was a son of General Asa Rogers, a graduate of the University of Virginia, and a lawyer in lucrative practice. He died soon after the conclusion of the war at Middleburg, Va., in the 38th year of his age.—ED.]

The lowered banner of "the Stars and Bars" is furled forever. No longer the symbol of a struggling people, nor as one day we hoped to look upon as the flag of a nation, "The Confederate States of America," free and independent. But our flag has a history, and the time has come when, to preserve that history from oblivion, some record should be made of it.

The author of the new design adopted by the Confederate Congress was Major Arthur Lee Rogers, Confederate States Artillery, who, while disabled from active service in the field, devoted some of his leisure hours to improve the national emblem.

After much attention to the subject and the laws of heraldry, Major Rogers, in January, 1865, submitted his design to Congress, and on the 13th of that month Mr. Semmes, of Louisiana, submitted the following bill in the Senate: A bill to establish "The Flag of the Confederate States." The Congress of the Confederate States of America do enact that the flag of the Confederate States shall be as follows: The width two-thirds of its length, with the union (now used as the battle flag) to be in width three-fifths of the width of the flag, and so proportioned as to leave the length of the field on the side of the union twice the width of the field below; is to have the ground red and a blue saltin thereon, bordered with white and emblazoned mullets or five-pointed stars, corresponding in numbers of that of the Confederate States, the field to be white, except the outer half from the union, to be a red bar extending the width of the flag.

Before offering the bill, Mr. Semmes addressed a letter to General Lee, commanding "The Army of Northern Virginia," and requested his views of the proposed alteration. General Lee replied that he thought it "very pretty" and that it certainly added distinctness to the flag; but, with his usual modesty, said he mistrusted his own

judgment in such matters, and that the naval committee were the proper gentlemen to be consulted.

The bill was accordingly referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs; and after various plans had been submitted, and the opinions of the leading officers of the navy obtained, said committee unanimously recommended its adoption. Among the distinguished Confederate officers who approved the design of Major Rogers and recommended his proposed alteration in the national symbol of "The Confederate States" were: General Joseph E. Johnston, General S. Cooper, Lieutenant-General Ewell, Lieutenant-General Longstreet, Major-General Fitzhugh Lee, Rosser and Lomax, of the Cavalry; Brigadier-General Pendleton, of the Artillery; Major-General Heth, Major-General Smith, Governor of Virginia; General F. H. Smith, of Lexington, Va.; Captain N. W. Baker, acting chief of Signal Bureau; Captain Wilborne, of the Signal Corps; Brigadier-General Wharton, Colonel J. S. Mosby, and many other distinguished officers of the army.

---

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, July 1, 1900.]

## ✓ **HOW THE SEVEN DAYS' BATTLE AROUND RICHMOND BEGAN.**

---

The dash and romance of war is supposed to surround the cavalry branch of the service, but at times the red artillery comes in for its share, as was the case in the opening of the Seven Days' fight around the capital of the Confederacy.

Everyone knows that for a week General Lee, in command of that grand old organization, the "Army of Northern Virginia," attacked, defeated and drove the "Army of the Potomac," under General McClellan, from one battlefield to another, finally penning him up on the banks of the James River, under shelter of the Federal gunboats, but very few at this late day can recall the incidents preceding the opening of the first day's fight at Mechanicsville, and how General Lee manœvered to uncover the heavy works built by McClellan across the road leading from Richmond to and beyond the Chickahominy river.

For weeks after the battle of Seven Pines General McClellan had been gradually extending his lines to the north of Richmond, until

he had heavily fortified his position all the way from the White House, on the Pamunky river, to where the old Central Railroad, now the Chesapeake and Ohio, crosses the Chickahominy river, his forces being estimated at from 90,000 to 120,000 men, fully equipped with all the best arms, ammunition, commissary and quartermaster stores.

A glance at the map will show that this position, fortified as it was, menaced the Capital City, and that, unless some means could be devised to protect it, there was little to prevent the capture of our beautiful city. That little was General Lee and his three divisions under Longstreet, Hill and Jackson. The latter, it is true, a week before the Seven Days' fight began, was in the Valley of Virginia, giving one commander of the three divisions of the Federal army opposed to him a whipping one day, another the day after, and keeping all of them guessing where he was or whose turn it was next to be attacked and routed. While they were guessing Old Jack and his foot cavalry slipped off, and before General Banks (Jackson's quartermaster and commissary general) and his subordinates knew his whereabouts he was on General Lee's left flank, as we will see later on. There is no doubt about the fact of McClellan's ability. He was a fine general, and had under him a fine body of well equipped troops, but he was no match for General Lee, either in strategy or hard fighting.

During these weeks General Lee had been lying quietly between the Chickahominy and Richmond, gathering together such forces as he could induce Mr. Davis to give him, and while the small arms and artillery were not effective, nor the ammunition as good as that of McClellan, still there was no hesitancy on the part of General Lee in attacking McClellan and his army.

Our battery (Marmaduke Johnson's) had for some weeks been camped in the field between Colonel John B. Young's house, afterwards purchased by Mr. Ginter, and Emmanuel Church. On the Brook Road, near the Yellow Tavern, was the Hanover troops acting as pickets; between us and Richmond, Branch's Brigade of North Carolinians.

On the 24th of June, 1862, in the afternoon, orders were issued for us to move out the Brook Turnpike, and in a very short while, with the cavalry in front, our battery in the centre and Branch's Brigade in the rear, we were swinging down the road towards the northwest. As we passed the gate of Mr. Stewart's beautiful place, several of the ladies of the family were gathered to watch the troops

go by. I stopped and requested that they would send word to my father that our battery had been ordered off, we knew not where. This message was very kindly and courteously delivered, and I am satisfied that it was due to the fervent prayers of that righteous man that my life was preserved through the three or four special incidents which I shall relate as I go on.

Just before dark we crossed the Chickahominy—at that point a very small creek—at a place called “Half Sink,” then belonging to Hon. John Minor Botts. Here we found the first Federal pickets, but before any shots could be exchanged, they made off in great haste, and we went into camp for the night.

By daylight next morning we were again on the march. From time to time we found the Federal cavalry disposed to contest our advance, and from where we crossed the Chickahominy to Atlee's Station, on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, we had an almost continual skirmish. Just before reaching the railroad the enemy made a very determined stand, and we lost two or three men, but captured the guidon flag of the Federal cavalry. The last stand by the Yankees was on the field in front of the large white house on the right-hand side of the Chesapeake and Ohio road going from Richmond. Our guns were run up and one round from a section of the battery routed the cavalry, and we saw no more of them. The occupants of the house above referred to could not sufficiently express their delight at again being in the midst of Confederate soldiers. There was nothing about the house too good for us, and while the quality of the rations given us was not what we would have expected in olden times, it was furnished with such a hearty good will and with so many expressions of joy that it was as nectar of the gods to us.

It is probable that the road forked somewhere near this point, as we saw no more of the Yankees, and finally reached Mechanicsville. The advance of Branch's Brigade, our battery and the cavalry had uncovered the Meadowbridge road, whereupon General A. P. Hill crossed over and attacked the enemy just beyond Mechanicsville. A short distance before we reached the extreme left of our line the road was cut out from the hill, leaving a protected point where the surgeons had established a field hospital. To the right and forward of this point McIntosh's battery was doing good work, opposed to a battery of ten-pound Parrotts on the other side of the creek.

Captain Johnson ordered the writer forward to report to General Branch, to state that the battery was up, and ask where he desired

it to be put into action. Here occurred one of the first of the Providential protections that had been before alluded to. Five times I rode the little mare to the top of the hill in order to get over to where General Branch had established his field headquarters, but failed each time to force her against the shells bursting along the whole line to the right of McIntosh's battery. I then tied her under the hill and proceeded on foot. After some little difficulty I reached General Branch and reported. Just as I was about to receive his instructions a courier on horseback rode up, and at the same time a shell burst immediately over our heads, killing the courier and wounding several other men. Had I been on horseback I would probably have met the same fate as the courier.

Our battery was put into action, and the firing continued until late in the night, probably until 10 o'clock. The only guide we had to the location of the Yankee battery was the flash of their guns, but after the time mentioned the firing gradually grew less and we turned in to strengthen our position by throwing up earth-works in front of the guns.

As soon as it was light the next morning we resumed the duel, and for probably two hours a hot artillery fight was kept up; finally, however, the Federals withdrew. Again I had evidence of the interference of Providence. McIntosh's Battery had taken the reverse of an earth-work thrown up by General McClellan, but as it was on the south bank of the creek it had not been used until McIntosh found it an excellent place for his guns. Our battery crowded in close to McIntosh's, and as much room as possible was made for the protection of our men. Just before the firing ceased on the morning of the second of the seven days a sergeant of McIntosh's Battery and the writer were standing side by side watching the effect of the firing of our guns. Through the smoke and a very short distance off I noticed a peculiar looking object coming towards us, and in the twinkling of an eye I recognized it as a 3-inch rifle or 10-pound Parrot shell that had lost its balance and was turning end for end, coming quickly towards us. There was hardly time to say "drop," but I dropped as close to the ground as possible; my comrade endeavored to do the same thing, but just as his back bent the shot struck him between the shoulders and tore out about twelve inches of backbone. This, as I said, seemed another direct interposition of Providence. "Two shall be standing in the field—the one shall be taken and the other left."

Shortly afterwards we were ordered to cease firing, limber up and



take the road to Mechanicsville. At this point, probably, my story should end, as the title of the article would indicate, but there are two or three incidents that happened during the afternoon of the second day that came under my eye, and probably no man now living recollects these special episodes, and I will endeavor to relate the occurrences of the second day as briefly as possible.

Leaving Mechanicsville to take the road to Gaines' Mill, which road is at right angles with the main road and for a short distance runs on a level and then descends very sharply to the level of the creek, at the same time turning abruptly to the right. About a hundred yards in front there was a bridge, the road there turning to the left to reach Ellerson's Mill. Here on the evening previous there had occurred one of the most sickening slaughters imaginable. The Yankees had breast-works and batteries with infantry supports on the hill to the left of Ellerson's Mill. The creek had been dammed until the entire meadow had been overflowed and no body of infantry could ever have crossed this open space as long as the Yankees chose to keep them from doing so. A Colonel Williams, commanding an Alabama Regiment, I think, did, however, make an attempt to cross this overflowed meadow, and as a consequence his entire command was cut to pieces. In a space of less than 100 yards there lay two hundred and sixty dead Confederates, and no one knows how many had been wounded and carried off. The impression made upon the troops passing at that point was not calculated to increase their courage, as it was supposed that in the very near future we would again run up against McClellan and might have some further trouble with him. A short distance beyond Walnut Grove Church, I think, there was a large field. On the far side of this field there was a large body of woods, and as we marched along the road we saw the glint from shining muskets and easily recognized a large body of troops gathered on the edge of the woods. Our guns were immediately unlimbered, skirmishers were thrown forward, and the troops on the other side followed suit. Before any firing, however, begun, the men recognized each other and we found that we had struck the head of Jackson's column on its memorable march from the Valley to help General Lee in his hour of dire need. Great were the shouts and congratulations from one to the other as we met, but we were under rapid marching orders and had to leave Jackson's men, hoping to see them later.

At last our battery reached Gaines' Mill, and pulling up to the

top of the hill, found several batteries waiting for orders, among them Pegram's, Crenshaw's, the Dixie Battery and others.

The fighting in the woods to the right of the road and about 150 feet therefrom, was terrific. Fitz John Porter, as true and gallant a soldier as ever fought, was holding the right of McClellan's line with some of the best troops in the army, among them Sykes' Brigade of regulars. Just after we halted, General R. E. Lee and staff rode up and stopped, evidently regarding this point as the most critical along the whole line. Several efforts were made to get General Lee to retire, as now and then one of our men or horses would be shot. He refused, however, to leave and it was well he did not, for about that time a South Carolina brigade commenced coming out of the woods perfectly panic-stricken. General Lee ordered our guns unlimbered, then turning to the men around him, among whom I recall Major Lindsay Walker and Captain Hampden Chamberlayne, his adjutant, remarked: "Gentlemen, we must rally those men." Immediately galloping forward himself, he called on the South Carolinians to stop and for the sake of their State go back to their work. The panic stopped and the men gallantly rallied, and led by General Maxey Gregg and the equally gallant A. C. Haskell, the line was reversed and the thunder of musketry grew as loud as ever. At this time there was no cheering—every man was fighting with his mouth closed and standing his ground with all the courage he could command—and never anywhere do I recall a heavier fire than on the left of our line, General A. P. Hill, that magnificent fighter of the Light Infantry Division, showing himself the man he always was. Just about that time a very distinguished and well known lawyer of Richmond, one of the most dignified men in Virginia, a man of fine appearance and elegant manners, whose dignity would not on any occasion cause him to proceed out of a slow walk, rode up to our battery on a little pony. Captain Johnson, knowing him well, called him by name and asked what he was doing at that place at that time; his reply was: "I have always wanted to see a great battle, it has been the ambition of my life, and now that I have an opportunity, I intend to witness it." Captain Johnson begged him to return, but could not induce him to alter his mind. Finding that the old gentleman was determined to see the battle, he advised him to take his position on the hill about a quarter of a mile in front of our battery and on the left side of the road. Just in front of him there was an open space containing probably five or six hundred acres, beyond on the other side of the creek was posted General

Porter's artillery—some twenty-one guns. The old gentleman took his position, raised his green silk umbrella, and as it was an exceedingly hot day, pushed his tall silk hat from his forehead in a rather undignified manner. Just then Crenshaw's Battery was ordered forward to defend the left of our line against a flanking movement, and gallantly they went in at a full gallop, turning into the open space above mentioned and commencing to fire as soon as they could get their guns unlimbered. Of course the Yankees began to fire as soon as the guns appeared beyond the edge of the woods. Our attention was called to this firing, and before Crenshaw could begin to fire, our dignified friend had let down his umbrella, crammed his silk hat on the back of his head, and using the umbrella as a whip, was riding the pony down the hill towards the road at his utmost speed. Considering the man and the circumstances I do not remember ever to have seen a more ludicrous sight. He passed our battery at full gallop, with his heels and arms still flying; riding along the guns the men ridiculing him and calling him to come back, that the battle had just begun. Captain Johnson called to him and said: "You seem to have been easily satisfied, sir." In the distance we could hear his reply: "I think I have seen as much of a battle as I ever care to see again in my life."

Our battery was then moved forward to relieve Crenshaw's, and as we reached the edge of the woods we saw coming over the hill to our left and rear the leading brigade of Jackson's Division.

I have no recollection previous to this of having heard what afterwards became so famous and what has carried with it victory upon many a hard-fought field, then and now known as the "rebel yell," until these men of Jackson's, coming in on a double-quick, passed to the left of our battery down into the woods, brigade after brigade melting into the shadows of the dense thickets that lined this creek.

Our guns began firing immediately, and though the addition of this battery and the whole of Jackson's Division had been pushed against Fitz John Porter's front, so far as we could see, they did not give back one inch, but fought like true soldiers, and except for the increased noise of the musketry and cannon it would not have been known that additional troops were engaged. I have no idea how long we remained there, but long enough to empty our limber chests and caissons, and finally to be ordered out with a loss of fifteen men and nineteen horses. Here I again recall another of the Providential interferences. My horse had been shot almost as soon as we reached the field, and when the battery was ordered out I wanted to get away

from there as quickly as possible. As one of the caissons passed I seized the fifth wheel, mounted to the top of the caisson, and changed my mind about as quickly as I got up. The air above me seemed to be so full of shrieking shells and whistling minie balls that I thought the closer I could get to the ground the better. So I tumbled off the caisson and began running along the ground again. Just as I reached the ground two men of the battery climbed, as I had done, to the top of the caisson, and as they reached the seat a shell burst immediately over the caisson, killing two horses, the driver and these two men; whereas I, running immediately by the side of the caisson, was not injured in the least.

As we reached the road coming out we met Longstreet's Division, with Pickett's Brigade in front, George and Charley Pickett and Dorsey Cullen leading the advance with the men fresh from Richmond, coming up at a double quick. These leaders I had known from boyhood, and as I clasped the hands of these gallant men one at a time, tears of excitement forced themselves from my eyes, and I remarked: "Unless you break that line we are badly whipped." Wheeling to the right Longstreet pushed his division across the creek and up the hill, and it was only then that the Federal line broke and the yells of our men rang through the gathering darkness shouts of victory, the firing evidently showing that at last General Porter's gallant men had been forced from their position, and the battle of Cold Harbor and Gaines' Mill of the seven days' bloody battle around Richmond had been won.

In writing this article I have been led by a desire to state as a fact for future history that Branch's Brigade, Duke Johnson's Battery, and, I think, the Hanover Troop, were the instruments used by General Lee to bring on the great battle he proposed to fight in order to drive McClellan from the gates of Richmond.

In thinking over the stirring events of the day it seems to me that I would give all I have on earth to feel the good little mare under me, doing her best to keep up with Lieutenant Haskell, the blood flowing hot through my veins, the shouts of the men, the rattle of the guns, the dust, noise, thunder of cannon and rattle of musketry, that indeed was excitement, and now that I am old I long for the tingle of the nerves and the mingled feeling of fear and hope that will never come again. I often think that the man who gave up life in those days when the soldier's life was the only true living, can alone be called blessed.

J. B. M.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, July, 1860.]

## THE BARN-BURNERS.

### A Chapter of Sheridan's Raid up the Valley.

#### MUCH FIRE BUT LITTLE FIGHTING.

#### **Scouting in Rear of the Enemy—Close Calls and Hair-breadth Escapes Interestingly Related by a Participant.**

In September, 1864, Sheridan advanced up the Valley of Virginia as far as Harrisonburg. Here he lay perhaps two weeks or more, falling back on the morning of the sixth of October, burning everything before him—every barn, mill, or other structure containing food for man or beast, driving before him on all roads from mountain to mountain all the live stock that could be found, thus executing that famous order which was intended to make this section a waste, which a crow could not fly over without carrying his rations with him.

#### BEHIND THE LINES BEFORE THE BURNING.

While Sheridan occupied Harrisonburg, his wagon-trains and their escorts were constantly harrassed along the Valley pike by a small, impromptu troop led by the gallant Captain John Q. Winfield, of Broadway. This handful of men was composed of members of several cavalry commands, who happened to be on furlough or cut off by Sheridan's advance. Some of these were McNeill's men, a number of them were Linvill's Creek boys—the Pennybackers, Bowmans, Shoups, Sites, Showalter's, Houck's, of Harrisonburg; the Ackers, one of them being the stalwart Jake Acker, kindhearted and gentle and true, but when aroused, brave beyond prudence.

Rendezvousing always by appointment somewhere toward the Valley pike, they broke ranks every evening, and retired for the night about the mouth of Brock's Gap, out of the way of scouting parties of the enemy.

One day we hung on the flank of a wagon-train all the way from Mount Jackson up to Tenth Legion, but the train guard was strong and kept too well closed for assault. We usually had twenty-odd men. At another time we made a dash on a train and guard of ap-

parently two hundred men down the lane from the hill just west of Sparta—now Mauzy. The wagons, going northward, had just gone over the little eminence in the road at the place and were barely out of view as we struck the pike, most of the guard with them. We had miscalculated a little. Four men only were in Sparta. One was cut off by our movement and was now in our rear, the other three made haste to escape—were chased hotly to the brow of the little eminence, losing their hats in the close run, and as we drove yelling into full view of the train, seeing and hearing this confusion, the entire guard fell from their horses right and left and took to wagons and fences with their carbines to meet this sudden onset. Instantly we turn tail and back at full gallop to Lacy Spring, two miles distant. We were a mile away before, glancing backward, we could see any movement to find out where the Rebs had gone to. They then began to come back over the little eminence to Sparta. This prisoner rode with us to Brock's Gap. He evidently believed us bushwhackers. On the way he tremblingly asked if we were going to take his life. I told him we did not make war that way. He talked about his wife and children. We started him on foot through the mountains with the chance to escape. However, McNeill caught him over in Hardy and he was brought back after Sheridan's retreat and so got to Richmond after all. His horse was traded off to Dr. C. for ten gallons of apple brandy. A high, long, lean Rosinante of a horse he was—and a most unfortunate transaction it was, for while the brandy lasted the men refused to rendezvous for service.

#### DAY OF THE BURNING OF THE VALLEY.

Several days after these incidents—to-wit, on the morning of the 6th of October, the ever memorable day of the burning—our little troop rendezvoused at the wire suspension bridge on the Linvill's Creek road, just south of Broadway. For some unknown reason only about half the band appeared. We decided to ride up the Creek road. We could get no news from Harrisonburg. When we reached the Banner place, now owned by G. W. S., we noticed smoke on southward about Harrisonburg. Turning off to the right we rode to the highest point we could find in the crest of the hill range. The smoke increased. Tongues of flame some declared they saw. A long, white canvas-covered wagon-train was now seen moving along down northward on the Ridge road far across yonder eastward—it had passed Linvill and was moving towards Broadway.

What could this mean? Too many wagons for a foraging party. What was Sheridan doing? A retreating force never left the Valley pike—the great highway and a magnificent road—so no one thought of a retreat. We could not grasp it; it was too bad to think. Falling back along all roads and burning as he comes did not suggest itself to one of our little party, till at last, as we sat on our horses there on that lone peak, motionless and horror struck for our country, we saw the awful work come on towards us.

Slowly and relentlessly it ate its way. All the way here before us, from Edom northward to Broadway, and from ridge to mountain, lay as fair a land as ever met the eye of man. Awful tragedy! Barn after barn, at first in the distance as by some invisible hand, takes fire. Then horsemen become visible, threading the fields as the tide rolled nearer, far and wide. On the destroyer comes—spot after spot, belching vast clouds of smoke and flame like Tophet, out there in the valley beneath us. Some count barns ablaze. I could not count. Some point out the fire-fiends darting now here, now there; now riding furiously fast cross-fields to a neighboring barn about to escape by neglect. See! He disappears behind it! There! He dashes off again! Oh! we all know what we are expecting next. We are almost breathless. It is but a moment; a little curling smoke, rising upward as if coming from some harmless chimney top when fire is kindled for a meal—a moment more dense clouds, and now all the roofs ablaze!

Our eyes are riveted on the infernal scene! Our hearts—how they pound and hurt us. Oh! is there no help? \* \* \* Time wears on. Now the whole vale is red with fire mile on mile, and enveloped in smoke high over-head, twisting, writhing, dissolving. See! Yonder goes right at Broadway, John J. Bowman's mill, and Sam Cline's great stone barn! A sense of our powerlessness oppresses us. Stupidity lays hold on the mind, succeeding consternation.

Is the world being set on fire?

Look, men! A barn is being fired near us, at our very feet. Furies! "Quick! Let us fall on these burners and throw them in the burning barn," bursts from several throats at once. March! A start is actually made. Plunging down the hill we go. But confused cries and sounds reach our ears from another quarter. The tramp of cavalry. "We are hemmed in, men!" It dawns on us we shall be swept along in front of this awful storm. How shall we slip between, the enemy filling every road and visiting every farmstead and seeking stock over all the fields.

## ROSSER TO THE FRONT.

Swerving from our purpose, sweeping down from our wooded hilltop, straight over a road crossing our ridge, gobbling up a poor devil, who, unfortunately for him, happened to be crossing here; voices of men behind him; voices of men before him; on we fled up the companion peak, hustling our prisoner with us. This was near Trissel's church. Here a citizen, Tom Lambkin, recognized the prisoner as the man who just before had tried to burn his barn, but the women dissuaded him from it. We expect every moment to be discovered, as we are driven from pillow to post. We endeavored now to get to the mountain road. We are met by a volley and driven back. There is no way out—the enemy are on all roads. A long time we lay crouching in Limekiln Hollow, a narrow, deep ravine, often almost discovered by straggling horsemen driving cattle through the cedars on the steep hillside above us. At last, venturing southward, we rode, almost before we knew it, into Rosser's cavalry in full pursuit.

“Huzza for the Laurel Brigade!” we cried. “Huzza! Huzza!”

What did we do with our prisoner? We turned him over to Rosser's provost-marshal. A stolen horse he rode, leading his own, was afterwards restored to its owner, A. Showalter. Taking his carbine from him I handed it to Lieutenant Bradshaw, of McNeil's Rangers, who was with us that day without other weapon than his sword. The prisoner was killed next morning while trying to escape, I learned. He told me he was from Vermont, and had a wife and two children there.

Rosser's men were tired and the horses jaded from long marching. Lieutenant E. R. Neff and myself, separating from our little band (which never rendezvoused again), pushed our fresh horses on, passing the troops, passing our own Twelfth Cavalry, then halted in Horn's meadows, their horses biting the grass—passing everything in full trot to reach Coote's store, where firing was heard, and where we had friends for whom we felt concerned that day.

It was almost sunset. There lay then in the middle of the wide mountain road a mammoth stone, perhaps ten feet high and long and wide, a little south of Coote's store. The road divided, and a track ran on each side of this rough boulder, as the road descends here rapidly to the river a half mile distant. Trotting by this place we were called to halt by a small group of horsemen, and not notic-



ing them in our haste and their official stamp and bearing, we were called again in tones less mild, to "Halt."

Asked who we were, my comrade N. answered, "I am one of Rosser's men."

"Do you know me," then inquired a tall, square-shouldered officer, sitting as if to rest a little on the very top of this great stone and lowering for a moment the glass with which he was scanning the river road intently for the retreating foe.

"I do not," N. said. "Quite strange, sir, you are one of Rosser's men and do not know General Rosser," was the quick and sharp rejoinder.

It was explained that my comrade had left his company before General Rosser took command, and had been on detailed duty at Harrisonburg, and for myself, he remembered me.

Pointing out our destination just in front, N. added we had taken a barn-burner prisoner that day. It was an ill-considered speech, for our men were in no fine humor at Sheridan's wholesale wanton destruction of private property that day. On hearing this General Rosser became enraged and retorted, fiercely rising, "Sir, if you take a barn-burner prisoner, I'll take you."

Further explanation, however, turned aside his anger. We were surrounded and well-nigh prisoners ourselves when we crossed this man.

Then finding we knew all this country, he desired us to make a scout that night to the enemy's rear, and report to him at that same stone at sunrise next morning. Custer had turned down the river at Cootes' store, leaving the mountain road. Would he continue down the Valley on one of the middle roads next day, or was he making for the Valley pike, to join the main force at New Market?

#### INCIDENTS OF A NIGHT SCOUT IN CUSTER'S REAR.

All was quiet now ahead. Skirmishers had disappeared for the night. Riding on briskly toward our objective point now in view on the bank of the Shenandoah (it had been our home during the last two weeks), the servants were just emerging from the cellar along with the turkeys as we approached. Supper was just served, they told us, when the Yankee flood burst on them an hour before—officers entered and sat down to eat. But in the middle of the feast there was a cry outside, "The Rebs! The Rebs are coming." Up and

away, mounting in haste—and the Confederates next moment coming up, sat down and finished the meal.

With a lunch in our hands, proceeding wearily down the riverside a mile, when we reached the little hilltop at Brunk's garden, we observed two horsemen straight ahead of us across the hollow on the elevation in the field beyond, motionless, observing us. It proved to be their outpost.

"They look like our men," N. said. "Hold my rein, and we shall soon see." Dismounting, he took deliberate rest and aim at them against the garden fence. The men did not move for this. The distance was probably 175 yards. Then after some delay, he pulled trigger. The cap had only exploded with the usual sharp report. Still the men looked like statues.

"There is something more in this than we see," I said; "get on your horse." He appeared to feel so, too, and just as he sprung into his saddle, out into the road fifty yards away down in front of us, in the hollow from behind outbuildings or trees, sprang a dozen men, bringing up their pieces as they sprang, and fired point-blank at us.

A swish of balls tore past us as we put spurs to our horses. And looking over our shoulders as we disappeared from them behind the hill, we saw them "put their scrapers to it," to reach the top of the hill and give us another volley.

We lost no time. We hurried to put as much distance between us as we could before the second salute, which did come, and in a very brief space of time, we thought.

Well, we must cross the river at a higher ford. And so, crossing at Alger's about dark, we threaded our way past 'Squire Will's and on down northward, pursuing private ways.

On our way in the darkness at one place there shone out a bright light through an open hall door, the door being cut across the middle, the lower half of it closed. Hitching and tip-toeing up, half expecting a Yankee visitor inside, camp sounds being quite distinct to our right, we found only an elderly man, his wife, and grown daughter.

But the Yankees had been there. The good wife was still lamenting her losses. She sat there telling how they went through her bureau drawers, removing her pipe now and then and spitting viciously back upon her carpet, forgetting in her delirium, we suppose, the large blazing hearth just in front of her. I do not think she had a barn to lose; but this bureau was her grief. Every heart knows its own bitterness. For the time it eclipsed the awful calamity

abroad and left no room for thought of country. She insisted on our going in to see. We had not time. The poor old man was both sympathetic and indignant as he heard her recital. He could not say much—he had run out in the bushes at the approach of the soldiers. But he ventured at one very exasperating point in her tale of woe to quietly put in, looking significantly towards us: “If I had been here——.” He was not permitted to say what he would have done. “Yes,” broke in the old lady, “if you had been here your \* \* \* \* .” We leave this unfinished. But her very original and even startling speech stamped us, and her daughter also.

Our safest way now lay around the base of a great wooded hill. Opening a pair of bars we entered these pathless woods and picked our way along, groping in the darkness. It was an hour when we emerged at last, breathing free again as we came out on a little field with another house lighted up. It was a long hour of most painstaking progress, and tangle-bushes and brush and stumbling with led horses. Hitching once more, we removed our jingling spurs, and approached stealthily for directions to the road, when lo! we enter the very same house we had left an hour before! We noticed the divided door again as we approached, but so completely were we turned round it did not dawn on us until we actually saw their faces—they were still up. It was too bad—the night was going—we must have encircled that hill.

At another place we were detained by your narrator going to sleep on his post. We were approaching an important cross-road, where we would very likely run against a picket, just west of Custer's camp. It was in the woods. Holding my comrade's horse as I sat on my own, he went forward to investigate. I fell asleep after the day's experiences, being but a youth. He returning and feeling about in the thick darkness, “for an age,” he said, he could not find me nor the horses. Finally, in some interval of my slumbers, I did hear his whispered calls, and we set forward once more.

Further on, leaving our horses in the woods, we walked across fields to the homestead of a well-known citizen north of Timber-ville.

Do you see that pile of straw six feet high piled against the big barn doors? That is a tell-tale. Then here is a Yankee horse in the stall below. That means a guard in the house to protect private property. A few minutes later we are told by a fair inmate of that house, whom we contrived to awake without awakening that guard,

and who delivered in whispers to us all her guard had disclosed of the things we sought to know.

We were now close on Custer's men. One field lay between us; coarse voices, camp songs, laughter, blazing camp-fires, and now and then the ringing sounds of the axe cutting rails.

Custer had already taken the middle road. General Torbert and staff were still further down the road in a small house, asleep, without a single sentinel, all the staff horses picketed in the yard. Here was a temptation. But we did not have time now to carry their fine horses with us. The night was far spent. Already some streaks of light began to lace the eastern sky.

Our fair young friend, too, had begged us not to touch the guardsman's horse lest he should then burn her father's barn. Poor child! we said, "know that your barn is as good as burned right now—the preparation was all made by your noble guard before he went upstairs to pleasant sleep last night." Our words were verified next morning.

Thus ended a fearful day in the Valley of Virginia—a day neither of us and none of our little band can ever forget in all its scenes and incidents and sounds to the latest day of life. The plaintive lowing of kine, the bleating of sheep driven from their hillside, the rude shouts of foreign voices, and the tramp of cavalry, the blazing buildings everywhere, the blackened sites of once spacious barns, the smoke that all that day obscured the sun, and flying cinders of shingle and of straw; the countenances of women and little children, holding them by the hand, looking on!

\* \* \* \* \*

And then that night. From one fine point of observation on that ride, for miles glowing spots of still burning buildings visible—tongues of flame still licking about heavy beams and sills—flames sometimes of many colors from burning grain and forage. These, with the numerous camp-fires lying nearer, bright-spotting the black face of night, it seemed to us the firmament had descended—the stars had fallen. It looked just that way. Think of it, we said: Looking downward to see the stars! The sight was unique, wonderful, awe-inspiring. Until this day no such desolation had been witnessed since the war began. What were we coming to? What would all this end in?

We found General Rosser before sunrise at a mill near the appointed place. This done, your friend was ordered to return post-haste to Harrisonburg and fix up his office and the wires again.

That long black office table, the telegrapher's key still attached to it, is still in existence in Rockingham. It is alive with reminiscences of the Valley campaigns; of the Laurel Brigade and its brave dashing commander; of Fitzhugh Lee, and the lamented Ashby, and of Breckinridge, and a host of other splendid men; of Jubal A. Early, the imperturbable, who often desired of his young friend a little spirits and complained sometimes it had a "taste of rotten apples," in his high-pitched, drawling voice.

Custer's rear guard opened fire on our men that morning across the roof of the residence of Dr. M. from the lofty bluff beyond the river. The enemy soon drew off, however, as Rosser advanced in pursuit—and Major M., of Rosser's staff, dismounting a moment, begged the little maid whose home was here to play for us all before we parted on the first piano ever brought to Rockingham and sing this song, then sung so much because it was in everybody's heart:

"When this cruel war is over,  
Praying them to meet again."

N. M. BURKHOLDER.

June 27, 1900.

---

### GLOWING TRIBUTE TO GENERAL R. E. LEE.

An Unequalled Leader of an Incomparable Host.

---

WITH A TRIBUTE TO THE CHARACTER AND ABILITY OF GENERAL  
R. E. LEE

---

From Lord Wolseley, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army.

---

In celebration of General Lee's birthday, on January 19th, 1899, the tenth annual banquet of Pickett-Buchanan Camp, Confederate Veterans, held at Atlantic Hotel, in Norfolk, was an interesting occasion. Among the toasts responded to was that entitled "Lee and His Men; An Unequalled Leader of an Incomparable Host," to which Judge T. S. Garnett addressed himself. Judge Garnett's remarks were received with great enthusiasm, and he paid a lofty tribute to General Lee and the private Confederate soldier.

Judge Garnett said:

*My Brothers*,—It is generally believed that the cruel and unusual punishment known as "hazing," has been abolished from all respectable military schools and organizations.

I regret to feel that I am a victim to a process quite as heartless at the hands of your committee this evening, who have literally, at the eleventh hour, and at the last minute thereof, bound me hand and foot, bucked and gagged, placed upon me the well remembered barrel-shirt and paraded me before the Camp under the disguise of a speaker, duly labelled and set up in type as responding to a toast.

I never witnessed even the ordinary culprit undergoing his well merited punishment in winter-quarters, doing double duty or toting wood, without a feeling of sympathy, nor did I ever see a deserter shot to death in the presence of the brigade, without a pang of regret.

May I then beg of you a little tenderness of heart as I tell you that I had rather be shot as a deserter than afflict you with my crude, hasty and undigested thoughts upon the noble theme to which I have been summoned. Because, of all the subjects which can engage our minds this day, the greatest and best must be the "Life, Character and Memory of General Lee."

As to his life and character it would be scarcely less presumptuous for me to speak to you, his faithful followers and friends, than if I undertook to narrate your several family histories or tell you your own fathers' virtues. The prominent and ever-memorable facts of General Lee's life are stamped indelibly upon your minds, and his military glories are so fixed in the memories of every veteran, that when the last trumpet shall have been sounded, and the dead—the unforgotten dead who sank to death at his commanding, shall have all been quickened, in the twinkling of an eye, they will arise from beneath the shade of Jackson's beloved trees, on the far side of the cold river, and take their old places in the solid ranks where steel once glistened, ready to move at "early dawn" to meet the judgment then to be passed upon him who had so often ridden old "Traveler" through their midst.

I dare not, therefore, repeat the story of his fame to you who shared it in some part on every field of glory or in the tented camp, or on the long march or in the cheerless bivouac.

#### PRECIOUS AS EARTH CAN GIVE.

Rather let me speak of him as I remember him—a memory as precious as earth can give—and lest I pitch my key too high, let me go back to my boyhood's happy days, when at school near Arling-

ton, I used to see Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Lee ride over on his chesnut sorrel from Arlington to Seminary Hill, near Alexandria, alone, quietly dismount, tie his horse to the fence and enter the little chapel, taking his seat near by me, as Sunday after Sunday was his custom, whenever he happened to be at home on furlough. At that time he was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Cavalry, and a little later he became Colonel of the First, as the following letter shows:

"Arlington, Washington City P. O., April 20, 1861.

"Honorable Simon Cameron, Secretary of War:

"Sir,—I have the honor to tender the resignation of my commission as Colonel of the First Regiment of Cavalry.

"Very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"R. E. Lee,

"Colonel First Cavalry."

The very next morning, just at daybreak, as I was checking my trunk, coming South, at Alexandria, I brushed up against a military-looking man, with a dark moustache, but otherwise clean-shaven face, getting his trunk checked at the door of the same baggage car. This was Colonel Lee, and had I known at that moment that he had just come from the presence of General Scott, who had prevailed upon President Lincoln to tender to Colonel Lee the command of the Active Army of the United States and that he had declined it, I would have fallen at his feet and thanked God for his unparalleled devotion to duty.

How few of us ever think of this! How many of us know what would have happened if he had chosen the other course.

Imagine Lee at Sharpsburg with 87,000 men, and McClellan opposing him with 27,000.

Picture to yourself Lee at Chancellorsville with 120,000 men confronted by Hooker with 40,000.

Suppose, for one moment, that at the Wilderness and Spotsylvania Lee, with 125,000 had moved against Grant with 45,000 men—where would Grant's place in history be to-day?

The journey to Richmond was interrupted at Gordonsville, and there I saw Colonel Lee uncheck his trunk, as we had to do in those days, and have it transferred to the Richmond train. I can remember distinctly as I stood at his elbow, that I said to myself—here is a man who is destined to high command, and as I am going to follow

him, I will take a good look at him. I studied every feature of his face, and though his countenance was serious and clouded with sombre thought that day, I turned away as he left me with the thought that he was handsome beyond all the men I had ever seen.

Again I saw him when I enlisted in May, 1861, and once or twice in 1862, notably at his headquarters below Richmond, just after the raid of General Stuart around McClellan, on the Chickahominy. He had allowed his beard to grow and it had turned very gray.

I saw him no more until the 2d day of July, 1863, at Gettysburg, nor can I dwell on that view of him further than to speak of carrying dispatches from General Stuart there.

At Hagerstown I carried messages to General Lee and found him flying at his headquarters for the first time "The Milk White Banner of the Confederacy," with the battle-flag at its union, which formed the next to the last national flag of our country.

#### THE GREATEST OF MEN.

With occasional glimpses of him on the march as we entered upon the fall campaign of 1863, I was learning to look upon him as no longer a curiosity. I knew nothing of him personally up to that time.

But in the winter of 1864 I was sent to him frequently and as the aid-de-camp of General Stuart was admitted on occasion to the commanding general's tent. He would speak to me briefly, but with a cordial and gentle deep tone, and would ask after Stuart with good will and kindly interest.

I can recall the deep impression these interviews made upon me. No emperor on his throne, nor prince nor potentate on earth could inspire me with the sense of superiority which I felt General Lee possessed over all mankind. The atmosphere about him was that of the high mountains, rare and invigorating, and the mental vision was treated to a sense of the sublime.

I saw him often as we entered the Wilderness. I saw him rally the troops of Heth's Division that evening near Parker's store. I heard him say to some rushing out from "the firing line," as it is now called, "Steady, men, go back! We need all good men at the front now," and Colonel Venable remonstrated with him for being so close under fire, but "Mars Robert" wouldn't leave until the line was restored.

This was not the incident which occurred (next morning) at the



same spot, when the Texans yelled, "You go back, General Lee, to the rear," as they plunged into the masses of the enemy and hurled them back at the point of the bayonet.

But I saw him again that day, just a few minutes after Longstreet had been wounded, May 6th.

I had come across the Wilderness from Stuart. I dismounted and delivered a verbal message to General Lee.

He motioned me to follow him, and retiring on foot to an old dead tree, he sat down on the ground, and taking out his field map, ordered me to show him where Stuart was fighting. I pointed out the spot on the map, away off to our right flank, and said: "General Stuart has struck a heavy line of battle, held by infantry and artillery, and cannot break through them."

And here for the first time I experienced what I afterward learned was almost a habit with General Lee—to think aloud. He murmured to himself as if addressing me: "Well, Captain, what shall we do?" To which inquiry I am pleased to say I had sense enough to make no reply, and, indeed, to appear as if I had not heard it.

#### THE MAN WHO KNEW AND DID.

The same question escaped his lips as if in soliloquy when I came to him and told him that the battle of Five Forks had gone against General Pickett, and as I heard his deep bass voice asking, "Well, Captain, what shall we do?" I felt that nothing short of Almighty Wisdom could provide a way out of that calamity. But it meant nothing. He knew what to do, and he did all that man could do to rectify the blunders that some of his people were constantly committing.

Again I saw him the evening of the battle of Sailor's Creek. It was a few minutes before he learned of the great disaster that had befallen Custis Lee's Division and General Ewell's troops.

We (that is to say, General Roberts' Cavalry Brigade), had just crossed the creek and were watching the gallant fight of Walker's Stonewall Brigade, against the surging host of Yankees on the opposite bank. General Lee came up to our line, entirely alone, and dismounted near a cabin, holding "Traveler" by the bridle, and using his field glasses with the other hand. He was looking across the country at a large collection of white objects, which appeared like a flock of sheep, and as I stood beside him, he said: "Are those sheep or not?" "No, General, they are Yankee wagons."

He looked through his glasses, and then said slowly: "You are right; but what are they doing there?" It was an unexpected appearance, and indicated a closer pursuit than he had anticipated, and soon he rode away to the High Bridge, only to learn that his son had been captured, Custis Lee's Division annihilated and Ewell's troops eliminated from further action.

LEE AT APPOMATTOX.

I saw him last at Appomattox, but not after the surrender. It was just before he moved out against Sheridan and Ord's troops and his manner was in no wise different from what it had always been.

You, who witnessed his majestic bearing when all was over, can tell your children and all the generations to come, that "Human *fortitude* has equalled human calamity."

A few weeks after Appomattox, I was seated in his parlor on Franklin street, Richmond, talking with his daughter, when the General entered the room. Never can I forget his gentle manner as he extended his hand, and put me at my ease with a few cordial words of welcome, which he so well knew how to speak to a young and embarrassed visitor.

This was my last view of him. I saw him no more; he visited this city not long before he died, when in feeble health, and received the hospitality and homage of the people of Norfolk.

FAITH PERFECT IN LOVE.

Many weary years have passed since his death, October 12th, 1870, but the men who were with Lee have not forgotten. You who were with him cannot forget. Shall I praise you for that? Faith in him has become perfect in love. The works that you have wrought in his name, they shall testify of you to the end of time. The natural state of man is war, but how different seem the wars of this generation from our war.

The men of Lee, though few and feeble, and fading, like the last leaf, into the grave, can smile at the toy soldiers of the day, as they see the fighters, with the new-fangled cat-rifles, smokeless powder and dum-dum bullets, cut down ten officers and 270 men out of several thousand engaged and call it "the bloodiest battle in the history of the world."

The beautiful long-range, amphibious navy breech-loader, with a time lock attachment and a telephonic range finder, warranted equal

to pine-top whiskey or new-dip brandy to kill at ten miles, has proven about as effective as one of our little mountain Howitzers, which, on the back of a mule, at the Gauley River fight, would shoot to the foot of a steep hill and carry the mule with it. But, gentlemen, we are modest.

Of course, my brothers, you perceive that I am jesting. I would not detract one particle from the glory, if that is the right name for it, won by Roosevelt's Rough Riders at Santiago, or of Fred Funston's Volunteers, the F. F. V.'s at Malolos, but I still insist that we did more execution with our old-fashioned arms at short range and in shorter time, with smaller numbers, than the Mausers and the Krag-Jorgensens can ever do. The only thing in modern warfare worth mentioning is the adoption of the old Confederate slouch hat, which, as a means of grace, has served to keep off the weather and keep up the spirits of the United States Volunteers. But I am wandering from my toast.

#### HONOR TO THE HERO.

Here's to the men who "in tattered uniform, but with bright muskets," sustained their cause against the whole world.

Here's to our "Cæsar, without his ambition; our Frederick, without his tyranny; our Napoleon, without his selfishness; our Washington, without his reward!"

Other heroes, having won great fame, sullied it by some selfish folly or unworthy act. Marlborough was a great gift-taker—so was Grant. Sherman fought for plunder, and malicious, fiendish revenge—so did Hannibal.

Yea, even now it seems good unto the modern warriors, by land and sea, to tarnish their laurels by suits for prize-money, great gifts of lands and dwelling houses, silver, gold and precious stones, as if a part of their contract for service in battle was a payment down in hard cash or a furnished mansion in the fashionable quarter of some great city. So much victory for so much preferred stock.

I forbear to name the long list of those who have accepted such rewards of their valor, but I point you to some of our companions-in-arms who held their glory above rubies and their reputation over much fine gold.

Maury, the illustrious path-finder of the seas, preferred the quiet shades of classic Lexington to the dazzling palaces of the Czar of all the Russias. He chose poverty among his own people to vast riches among strangers.

President Davis declined gift after gift proffered in sincere sympathy for his misfortunes. Lands, houses, salaries from big corporations, all were tendered him and refused.

And when the other day the noble old homesteads, first of Wade Hampton and then of John B. Gordon, were committed to the devouring flames, and all the priceless relics of their glorious past were turned into ashes, their loving comrades, out of pure brotherly feeling, urged each of them to let the veterans of this Lost Cause restore their homes, they steadily, firmly and affectionately declined the generous offer.

And what of our great commander? Money in vast sums was offered him if he would fall down and worship at its shrine.

An immense salary was offered him if he would but let the three letters of his name be used by a huge corporation for the purposes of gain. Positions of honor and vast profit were his at a word. But he turned to the quiet chair of Washington College, and there, as its president, ended a life of purity, dignity and unsullied honor.

#### LIKE LEADER—LIKE MEN.

Like leader—like men !

Unselfish—always brave, cheerful under all adversities, the men we knew beside us in war are worthy of the tribute paid them by a Northern historian in an address before the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts. Brevet Brigadier-General Charles A. Whittier, United States Volunteers, spoke as follows :

“The Army of Northern Virginia will deservedly rank as the best army which has existed on this continent; suffering privations unknown to its opponents, it fought well from the early Peninsula days to the surrender of that small remnant at Appomattox. It seemed always ready, active, mobile; without doubt it was composed of the best men of the South rushing to what they considered the defence of their country against a bitter invader, and they took the places assigned them, officer and private, and fought until beaten by superiority of numbers. The North sent no such army to the field.”

When time with relentless hand and unerring blade shall have cut down the last of the Men of Lee, the revolving years shall continue to bring round this auspicious birthday. God grant that our children, to the latest generation, may gather fresh hope for Liberty from the contemplation of his virtues, his great deeds, and his illustrious character.

A copy of the foregoing having been sent by its accomplished author (now Grand Commander of the Department of Virginia United Confederate Veterans, with rank of Major-General) to Lord Wolseley, Commander-in-chief of the British Army, elicited the following response:

[Copy.]

(Seal of Commander-in-Chief.)

WAR OFFICE,  
LONDON, S. W., 10th April, 1900.

*Dear General Garnett:*

I am much obliged for the newspaper containing a report of your recent speech upon the character and great military ability of General Robert E. Lee.

I have always placed him high amongst the world's few great men and still fewer great leaders of nations. But you had the privilege of serving under him and had so many more opportunities of judging his worth as a strategist and as a tactician than any mere students of war can ever have, that what you say of him is specially valuable.

As a man, he will ever stand out in American history on the same level as Washington, the lofty minded national hero. As a great military genius he will be by future generations classed with the very few world-known leaders of armies who tower above humanity as leaders born of God to lead others.

The more one studies his private character as a Christian and as a patriot, the more lovable and estimable he stands out before us; the more we know of his history in public life, the more all men must admire his devotion to country and to duty. And when the scientific soldier, with map before him, analyzes his campaigns, he is struck with his highly cultivated military genius.

With many thanks, believe me to be,

Very faithfully yours,

(Signed)

WOLSELEY.

To General T. S. Garnett,  
Richmond, Virginia.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, September 16th, 1900.]

**VERY COMPLETE ROLL**  
**Of Company F, Tenth Virginia Regiment,**  
**OR THE MUHLENBURG RIFLES.**

**Organization of the Command. The History of Most of Its Members  
Traced. The Living and the Dead. Notes.**

WOODSTOCK, VA., *September 8, 1900.*

*To the Editor of the Dispatch:*

This Roll of Company F, Tenth Virginia, is handed you by request of the Adjutant of Shenandoah Camp, Confederate Veterans, of this place. You will note that it is unique for completeness. The Camp would like it published in your Confederate column at some time when you have the space.

HERBERT F. MILEY.

The military company known as the "Muhlenburg Rifles" was organized and equipped during the year 1859, at Woodstock, Va.; responded to the call "to arms" on the 17th day of April, 1861; reported for duty at Harper's Ferry, and was assigned to the 10th Regiment, Virginia Volunteer Infantry, commanded by Colonel S. B. Gibbons, who was killed at McDowell, May 8, 1862; Colonel E. T. H. Warren, killed at the Wilderness, May 5, 1864; Colonel D. H. Lee Martz, surviving and residing at Harrisonburg, Va.; Major Samuel T. Walker, killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863; Major Joshua Stover, killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863; Major Isaac G. Coffman, killed at the Wilderness, May 5, 1864.

Tom Pennybacker, Whit Gisling and B. F. Cootes were Adjutants and Rev. John P. Hyde, A. M., D. D., LL. D., was Chaplain.

The Regiment was assigned to the Brigade of General E. Kirby Smith (Fourth)—General Arnold Elzey succeeding to the command during the battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861, when General Smith was wounded.

April 17, 1862, at the urgent demand of the companies, the regiment was transferred from the Army of Northern Virginia to Gene-

ral T. J. Jackson's command in the Shenandoah Valley, and was assigned to General William B. Taliaferro's (Third) Brigade.

Elzey's Brigade was composed of the 10th and 13th Virginia, the 1st Maryland, and 3d Tennessee Regiments, and Taliaferro's of the 10th, 23d, and 37th Virginia, the 3d North Carolina, and 47th and 48th Alabama.

The company was designated as Company F, 10th Virginia Volunteer Infantry, and the following roster includes the original enlistments and recruits after entering the Army of the Confederate States of America.

Williams, Samuel C.—Captain. Incapacitated because of general debility, and died June 10, 1862.

Campbell, Josiah L.—First Lieutenant. Commissioned Captain August 22, 1861, and soon appointed Surgeon 33d Virginia Infantry; was Surgeon of 7th Virginia Infantry one year; then served as Surgeon of 10th Virginia Infantry until May, 1864, when he was assigned Surgeon of Imboden's Brigade.

Welsh, Mark—First Lieutenant. Promoted to Captain when Dr. Campbell was made Surgeon of 33d Regiment, and died February, 1862.

Fountain, Mehomiah—Second Lieutenant, subsequently Captain. Was injured by falling from a wagon at Centreville, Va., 1862. Surrendered at Gettysburg, July 31, 1863. Imprisoned at Johnston's Island twenty-three months, and died since the war.

Magruder, George W.—Second Lieutenant. Was commissioned Surgeon Confederate States Army, and died at Fort Worth, Texas; since the war.

McInturff, Levi—Orderly Sergeant, Mexican war veteran, and discharged because of disability.

Kibler, Jacob H.—Second Sergeant; elected Captain. Killed at Chancellorsville, May 2, 1863.

Magruder, Philip W.—Third Sergeant; elected Lieutenant. Wounded in spine and knee at Chancellorsville, May 2, 1863.

Bushong, Edward M.—Fourth Sergeant. Wounded at Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862. Transferred to cavalry.

Williams, Samuel C.—First Corporal. Transferred to Chew's Battery. Died at Broadway, Va., since the war.

Bird, Mark—Second Corporal. Wounded at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863; Wilderness, May 5, 1864, and Fort Steadman, March 24, 1865. Surrendered at Fort Steadman and in prison at Point Lookout, Md., three months.

Hamman, George C.—Third Corporal. Elected Lieutenant. Wounded at Manassas, August 30, 1862, and at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863. Surrendered at Woodstock, November, 1863, and imprisoned at Camp Chase four months, Fort Delaware eight months, and Point Lookout three months.

Kneisley, Lewis C.—Fourth Corporal. Wounded May 25, 1862, at Winchester; July 1, 1862, at Malvern Hill; August 30, 1862, at Manassas; May 18, 1864, at Spotsylvania. Captured at Woodstock on furlough, January 9, 1865, and held at Fort McHenry four months.

Albert, James H.—Surrendered at Spotsylvania, May 12, 1864. Prisoner at Old Capitol two weeks. Resides at Alvarado, Texas.

Albert, William H.—Wounded May 10th and surrendered May 12, 1864, at Spotsylvania. Prisoner thirteen months at Fort Delaware.

Allen, John M.—Lost sight of after battle of Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862.

Anderson, M. Luther—Wounded May 3, 1862, at Chancellorsville, and arm amputated. Died at Woodstock, July 8, 1867.

Allison, Perry J.—Wounded at Winchester, June 14, 1863. Surrendered May Fort Delaware thirteen months. Was transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry. Resides at Edinburg, Va.

Allison, John H.—Wounded at Cedar Run, August 9, 1862. Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry. Died in Illinois after the war.

Allison, M. W.—Surrendered at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863. In prison at Fort Delaware and Point Lookout twenty-one months. Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry. Was a practicing physician at Hagerstown, Md., where he died in 1898.

Boyer, William M.—Transferred.

Blair, William H.—Surrendered near Woodstock, October, 1863. In prison at Camp Chase and Fort Delaware twenty-two months. Died after the war.

Barr, William H.—Wounded at Spotsylvania, May 10, 1864. Resides near Saumsville, Va.

Blair, James—Dismissed from service and died.

Bauserman, John H.—Wounded at Mechanics' Gap, near Romney, June 20, 1861; permanently disabled, and discharged at Fairfax, 1861.



Bushong, Calvin P.—Transferred to 12th Virginia Cavalry, 1863. Died in Clarke county, Va., after the war.

Burke, Robert W.—Detailed for other service. Resides at Edinburg, Va.

Bowman, John W.—Resides at Owen's Mills, Md.

Bargelt, William H.—Transferred to Rosser's Cavalry, 1862. Died since the war.

Bowman, Joseph—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry, 1862.

Barton, Isaac O.—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry, 1862. Resides at Edinburg, Va.

Baker, Joseph—Teamster. Resides at Fisher's Hill, Va.

Baker, Abraham—Transferred from Imboden's Cavalry. Resides near Edinburg.

Boyer, William M.—Transferred?

Brannon, Jack—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry, 1862, and missing, Wilderness, 1864.

Bragonier, D. H.—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry, 1862. Resides in Winchester, Va.

Bragonier, Robert C.—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry. Lives at Luray, Va.

Clinedinst, James A.—Captured near Woodstock, October, 1863. Prisoner at Camp Chase and Fort Delaware twenty-two months. Resides at Moorefield, W. Va.

Clinedinst, John W.—Captured near Woodstock, Va., October, 1863. Prisoner at Camp Chase and Fort Delaware twenty-two months. Died since the war.

Clinedinst, John W.—Discharged at Booneville, Md., September 10, 1862. Re-instated First Lieutenant Company "B," 2d Regiment, Local Defence Troop, Richmond. Resides at New Market, Va.

Copp, Morgan—Died near Woodstock, February, 1862.

Copp, Joseph M.—Died near Woodstock, February, 1862.

Copp, Barnett—Surrendered at Spotsylvania, May 12, 1864. Prisoner at Fort Delaware, thirteen months. Lives near Saumsville, Va.

Conrad, Peter M.—Surrendered near Woodstock, Va., October, 1863. In prison at Camp Chase and Fort Delaware twenty-two months. Resides at Owen's Mills, Md.

Crisp, Harry—Died at Chicago subsequent to the war. Was a

brother of Lieutenant Charles F. Crisp, Company K, 10th Virginia Infantry, late Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Cook, Jacob—Discharged at Harper's Ferry, May, 1861. Resides at Jadwyn, Shenandoah county, Va.

Cooper, John E. L.—Surrendered at Fort Steadman, March 25, 1865, and discharged from Point Lookout prison June 24, 1865. Resides at Mt. Jackson, Va.

Campbell, William H. H.—Same remarks as last above, except that he resides at Owen's Mills, Md.

Clower, Samuel V. R.—One time Sergeant-Major of the Regiment. Died at Woodstock, Va., June 17, 1898.

Caton, Edward—Died in hospital during the war.

Combs, Pius—Discharged at Gordonsville, Va., August 1, 1862. Resides at New Market, Va.

Clowes, George—Resides at Grafton, W. Va.

Clinedinst, Augustine—Surrendered at Fisher's Hill and at Warrenton Junction. In prison at Fort McHenry one month and at Point Lookout seventeen months. Transferred to 7th Virginia Cavalry. Resides at Moorefield Junction, W. Va.

Dinges, John W.—Wounded at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863, and died May 6, 1863.

Dewer, Joshua—Transferred for Company A, 10th Virginia Infantry, and went to Company E, 11th Virginia Cavalry. Resides at Milwood, Clarke county, Va.

Downey, Angelo—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry. Removed to Springfield, O., after the close of the war.

Dellinger, Martin—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry.

Jacob, Elick—Transferred to 10th Virginia Band, 1862. Lives at Luray, Va.

Evans, Henry H.—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry, and to Confederate States Navy. Afterward to Company E, 28th Virginia Infantry. Resides at Edinburg.

Estey, Dilmon—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry, 1862. Resides in Clarke county, Va.

Fadeley, Michael M.—Transferred from 33d Virginia Infantry or 12th Cavalry. Surrendered at Spotsylvania, May 12, 1864, and died at Richmond, 1865.

Fravel, Henry C.—Transferred to Chew's Battery, 1863. Died at Luray, Va., November 28, 1894.

Fravel, John W.—Wounded at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863; right leg amputated below the knee. Died at Woodstock in 1900.

Ferrell, Oliver P.—Transferred to 7th Virginia Cavalry Band. Surrendered at Woodstock, January 9, 1865; prisoner of war at Fort McHenry four months. Died at Woodstock, 1868.

Fox, Joseph—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry, 1862. Resides at Oak Ridge, Rockingham county, Va.

Feller, John H.—Transferred to 11th Virginia Cavalry. Resides near Alonzaville, Shenandoah county, Va.

Grandstaff, Isaac H.—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry. Died at Wadesville, Jefferson county, W. Va., since the war.

Gill, George W.—Detailed as blacksmith.

Grove, Luther S.—Transferred from Company A, 10th Virginia Infantry. Wounded at Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862, and Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. Resides at Strasburg, Va.

Hutchinson, John S.—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry. Wounded at Winchester, May 25, 1862. Surrendered at Nye river, May 19, 1864. Prisoner at Point Lookout and Elmira ten months. Resides at Baltimore, Md., and is editor of the *Christian Advocate*, Methodist Episcopal.

Haas, William H.—Assigned to Confederate States Mail Service. Died March 27, 1888.

Haas, Isaac C.—Transferred to Chew's Battery. Resides in Washington, D. C.

Haas, Erasmus C.—Surrendered May 12, 1864, at Spotsylvania, and in prison at Fort Delaware twelve months.

Hockman, Philip J.—Killed at Manassas, August 30, 1862.

Hockman, Whiten F.—Killed at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.

Hoover, Harvey—Wounded at Winchester, May 25, 1862. Subsequently died in hospital.

Hoover, Silas.

Hoover, John H.—Transferred to Company K, 12th Virginia Cavalry. Resides at Woodstock.

Holtzman, Beverly S.—Transferred to cavalry, and lives in West Virginia.

Helfenstein, John—Re-enlisted from Company G, 10th Virginia Infantry, and killed at Winchester, May 25, 1862.

Hutchinson, J. Amos—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry. Resides near Edinburg, Va.

Hopewell, A. J.—Same.

Harris, Thomas H.—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry. Surrendered at Fort Steadman, March 25, 1865. Prisoner at Point Lookout three months. Resides at Troy, Mo.

Hollenback, Samuel—Teamster, from Romney.

Hoffman, Andrew J.—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry, and subsequently to 7th Virginia Cavalry. Died at Edinburg since the war.

Henson, Thomas J.—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry. Resides near Edinburg, Va.

Kneisley, Luther B.—Surrendered near Woodstock, October, 1863. Prisoner at Camp Chase and Fort Delaware twenty-two months. Died in Kansas City, Mo., March, 1890.

Kibler, James A.—Surrendered at Meem's Bottoms, near Mount Jackson, February, 1865. Prisoner at Fort McHenry and Fort Delaware four months. Severely wounded at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863. Resides at Cavalry, Shenandoah county, Va.

Kendrick, Edward—Killed at Cedar Run, August 9, 1862.

Lewis, John P.—From Rockingham county. Slightly wounded near Lebanon church, June 1, 1862—the Muhlenburg Rifles, supported by the 3d Brigade and a Battery of Artillery, checking Fremont's advance until Jackson's army and trains had safely passed Strasburg.

Lodor, John S.—Wounded at Cedar Run, August 9, 1862. Resides at Frostburg, Md.

Loveday, John.

Loveday, Charles.

Lutz, Thomas J.—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry. Surrendered at Spotsylvania, May 12, 1864, and in prison at Fort Delaware thirteen months. Resides at Topeka, Kan.

Lutz, James C.—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry, and enlisted in McNeill's Rangers, 1864. Captured near Hamburg, January, 1865. Prisoner at Fort McHenry four months. Resides near Forestville, Va.

Miller, Philip A.—Surrendered at Spotsylvania, May 12, 1864. In Fort Delaware prison thirteen months. Resides at Denton, Tex.

Miller, Robert S.—Wounded at Winchester, May 25, 1862, and died since the war.

Miley, George W.—Wounded at Spotsylvania, May 18, 1864, and surrendered at Nye river, May 19, 1864. Prisoner of war at Point Lookout and Elmira ten months. Is still on parole.

Miley, Joseph R.—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry, 1862, and subsequently elected Lieutenant-Colonel, 12th Virginia Cavalry. Died at Strasburg, Va., in 1900.

McInturff, Lewis—Absent without leave and history unknown.

Miller, Charles.

Miller, George M.—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry, 1862, and wounded at McDowell, May 9, 1862. Subsequently transferred to 7th Virginia Cavalry. Resides at Aurelia, Ia.

Marston, Joseph H.—Died at Edinburg since the war.

Newland, Jesse—Resides at Hamburg, Va.

Orndorff, Walter E. E.—Wounded May 25, 1862, at Winchester, and May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, and died from the latter at Staunton, Va., May, 1863.

Orndorff, Simon—Transferred from Company A, 10th Virginia Infantry. Resides in Paddy's Cove, Frederick county, Va.

Otto, George G.—Wounded at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863. Resides in Washington, D. C.

Otto, John C.—Wounded at Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862. Resides at Woodstock.

John Peer—Died near Woodstock since the war.

Pitman, Erasmus.

Plauger, Joseph F.—Wounded at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863, and right leg amputated below the knee. Lives near Detrick, Shenandoah county, Va.

Pitman, Philip—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry. Subsequently discharged because of age and infirmity, and elected to the Virginia Legislature.

Pennybacker, Frank S.—Transferred to 6th Virginia Cavalry. Resides at Mount Jackson, Va.

Pitman, Nathan—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry, and died near Edinburg since the war.

Palmer, John—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry. Died in Western State Hospital. Wounded at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.

Rodeffer, James H.—Wounded May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, in head and right knee. Mayor of Woodstock.

Rodeffer, David—Died at Denison, Tex., since the war.

Rudy, Daniel C.—Detailed as teamster. Lives near Wardensville, W. Va.

Riddelle, Archibald S.—Wounded at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. Resides at Strasburg, Va.

Rodeffer, Mark M.—Enlisted March, 1861, in Company A, 10th Mississippi Rifles. Engaged with Muhlenburg Rifles in battles from McDowell to Cedar Run, and then enlisted in Chew's Battery. Resides at Lovettsville, Loudoun county, Va.

Ream, David M.—Wounded at Manassas, August 28, 1862. Promoted to lieutenant and transferred to Imboden's Cavalry. Died at Culpeper since the war.

Rinker, Jacob Z.—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry. Resides in Loudoun county, Va.

Reynard, George—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry.

Saum, Daniel T.—Detailed as teamster and surrendered near Farmville, April 6, 1865. Discharged from Point Lookout prison June 18, 1865. Resides at Saumsville, Va.

Saum, Mahlon G.—Resides at Hagerstown, Md.

Sager, Joseph G.—Same as next below.

Sager, John T.—Surrendered May 12, 1864, at Spotsylvania, and in prison at Fort Delaware fourteen months. Lives near Alonzaville.

Sager, William Dallas—Wounded at Mine Run, November 27, 1863, and killed at Spotsylvania, May 12, 1864.

Spengler, Samuel M.—Resides in Baltimore, Md.

Samuels, Green B.—Wounded and captured at Winchester, September 19, 1864, and in Fort Delaware prison until June 15, 1865. Promoted to lieutenant 1862. Brigade Inspector, 3rd Brigade, Stonewall Division. Aid to General R. T. Colston, commanding Stonewall Division at Chancellorsville. At R. E. Lee Camp, Soldier's Home.

Spengler, Cyrus—Died since the war.

Spiker, Elias Carson—Died February, 1862.

Smoot, George W.—Died February, 1862

Sheetz, Isaac B.—Resides in Rockingham county.

Samuels, Samuel C.—Killed at Spotsylvania, May 5, 1864.

Shillingburg, Abr.—Wounded at Manassas, August 28, 1862. Surrendered at Spotsylvania, May 12, 1864. Confined in Fort Delaware prison until June 13, 1865. Lives near Mt. Olive, Va.

Stanton, Benjamin J.—Surrendered at Spotsylvania, May 12, 1864, and paroled at Fort Delaware, September, 29, 1864. Died since the war.

Sheetz, Elias—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry. Resides near Edinburg, Va.

Sonner, Joseph W.—Transferred from Company A, 10th Virginia Infantry. Resides at Strasburg, Va.

Teeter, Joseph—Died in hospital.

Welsh, Richard—Transferred to cavalry and killed at Winchester, May, 1864.

Wierman, William L.—Surrendered at Fort Steadman, March 25, 1865. At Point Lookout prison three months. Resides near Winchester, Va.

Williams, George H.—Transferred to cavalry and killed at Brandy Station, June 9, 1863.

Walters, John—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry. Surrendered at Spotsylvania, May 12, 1864, and wounded same day. In prison at Camp Chase and Fort Delaware thirteen months. Removed to Pittsburg, Pa., since the war.

Besides participating in the battles indicated by casualties enumerated in the above muster-roll, the command was present at the following times and places, not participating, however, in all the engagements named: Falling Waters, June 20, 1861; Munson's Hill, September 11, 1861; Drainesville, —, 1861; Anandale, December —, 1861; Pendleton, Franklin county, May 10, 1862; Front Royal, May 24, 1862; Port Republic, June 8 and 9, 1862; Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862; Peach Orchard, June 29, 1862, White Oak Swamp and Frazier's Farm, June 30, 1862; Chantilly, September 1, 1862; aided in the capture of Harper's Ferry, and on detached duty September 19, 1862, when the battle at Antietam was fought; Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862; Winchester, June 13-15, 1863; Rappahannock Bridge, November 2, 1863.

Survivors reside at and near Woodstock, except as otherwise indicated.

[From the Richmond, Va. *Times*, December 30, 1900.]

## THE CONFEDERATE STATES NAVY AND A BRIEF HISTORY OF WHAT BECAME OF IT. ✓

Interesting Data Carefully Compiled from the Memoranda  
of John L. Porter, the Distinguished Chief Con-  
structor of the Confederate States Navy.

By JOHN W. H. PORTER.

The following interesting and instructive article was prepared for the *Times* by Mr. John W. H. Porter, of Portsmouth, Va., from memoranda left by John L. Porter, Chief Constructor of the Confederate States Navy. The article contains much valuable historical information, and will doubtless be widely read. It gives a list of the vessels in commission in the Confederate States Navy; tells where and when most of them were built; what became of them, and gives brief data about their movements and service:

**ALABAMA**—Wooden steam cruiser, eighty-nine guns, built at Liverpool in 1862, sailed from that port July 29th, 1862, and was sunk in action with the United States ship *Kearsarge* off Cherbourg, June 19, 1864.

**ATLANTA**—Formerly the merchant steamer *Fingall*. Converted into an iron-clad at Savannah and mounted four guns. Got aground in Wassaw Sound June 17, 1863, and was captured by the Federals.

**ALBEMARLE**—Iron-clad, two guns. Built on the Roanoke river in 1864, sunk by a Federal torpedo boat the same year at Plymouth, N. C.

**APPOMATTOX**—Formerly the tug *Empire*. Bought at Norfolk in 1861 and mounted, two guns. Dismantled and abandoned in 1862.

**ARCHER**—Merchant schooner, captured by the Confederates off Long Island June 24, 1863, converted into a cruiser, abandoned off Portland June 27, and recaptured. Crew transferred to the *Caleb Cushing*.



**ARCTIC**—Iron-plated floating battery at Wilmington. Mounted three guns and burned by the Confederates at the evacuation of that city, 1865.

**ARKANSAS**—Iron-clad, ten guns. Launched at Memphis in 1862 and completed on the Yazoo river, July 15, 1862. Her machinery became disabled near Baton Rouge in August of that year, and she was set on fire and abandoned by order of her commander.

**BALTIC**—Iron-plated ram, three guns. Burned by the Confederates at the fall of Mobile, in 1865.

**BEAUFORT**—Iron hull tug-boat. Bought at New Berne in 1861, and armed with one gun. Burned by the Confederates at Richmond in 1865.

**BIENVILLE**—Side-wheel river steamer. Bought at New Orleans in 1861 and mounted with six guns. Burned by Confederates on Lake Pontchartrain in 1862.

**BLACK WARRIOR**—Merchant schooner, armed to assist in the defence of Elizabeth City, February 10, 1862. Burned and deserted by her crew during the fight.

**BOMBSHELL**—Formerly a Federal gun-boat. Sunk by Confederate batteries at Plymouth, April 18, 1864, raised by the Confederates and recaptured by the Federals in Albemarle Sound, May 5, 1864.

**CALEB CUSHING**—United States revenue cutter, two guns. Captured by the Confederate schooner *Archer* in Portland harbor, June 27, 1863, and set on fire and abandoned to prevent recapture.

**CALHOUN**—Small side-wheel river steamer. Bought at New Orleans, 1861, and burned by the Confederates after the fall of that city in 1862.

**CARONDELET**—Side-wheel river steamer. Bought at New Orleans in 1861 and mounted with six guns. Burned on Lake Pontchartrain in 1862 to prevent capture.

**COLUMBIA**—Iron-clad, six guns. Built at Charleston, 1864. Caught on a sunken wreck there and broken in two by the falling tide.

**CASWELL**—Wooden side-wheel tender. Burned by the Confederates at the fall of Wilmington, 1865.

**CHARLESTON**—Iron-clad, six guns. Built in 1863 at Charleston and destroyed by the Confederates at the evacuation of that city in 1865.

**CHATTAHOOCIE**—Wooden gun-boat, two guns. Burned by the Confederates on the Chattahoochie river at the close of the war.

**CHICORA**—Iron-clad. Built at Charleston and burned by the Confederates at the evacuation of that city in 1865.

**CHICAMAUGA**—Formerly the blockade-runner *Edith*. Bought at Wilmington in 1864, mounted with two guns and turned into a cruiser. She was burned by the Confederates at Wilmington in 1865.

**CLARENCE**—Merchant brig captured by the *Florida*, May 6, 1863, and armed with a 12-pounder boat-howitzer. She was burned by her commander June 12, 1863, and her crew transferred to the *Tacony*.

**COTTON**—Side-wheel river steamer. Bought at New Orleans in 1861 and made into a gun-boat, Burned by her crew in 1864 to prevent capture.

**CURLEW**—Side-wheel river steamer. Bought at Norfolk, 1861, mounted with two guns. Sunk in battle at Roanoke Island, February 7, 1862.

**DREWRY**—Wooden tender, one gun. Built at Richmond. Disabled in action with Federal batteries at Trent's Reach, January 24, 1865, and abandoned.

**DIANA**—Wooden gun-boat, five guns. Captured from the Federals, March 23, 1863, in Atchafalaya river and burned in Bayou Teche, April 12, 1863, to prevent recapture.

**EDWARDS**—Wooden tug, bought at Norfolk, 1861, and mounted with one gun. Her name was afterwards changed to the *Forrest*.

**ELLIS**—Iron hull tug-boat. Bought at Norfolk in 1861 and mounted with one gun. Captured by the Federals at the battle of Elizabeth City, 1862.

**EQUATOR**—Wooden tug-boat, one gun. Burned by Confederates at the fall of Wilmington in 1865.

**FANNY**—Iron hull propeller, two guns. Captured from the Fed-

erals October 1, 1861 and set on fire by Confederates at the battle of Elizabeth City, N. C., February 10, 1862.

**FIRE FLY**—Wooden side-wheel river steamer. Used for a while at Savannah as a tender and then permitted to go to wreck.

**FLORIDA**—Originally the merchant steamer *Oreto*. Bought in 1862 at Liverpool by the Confederates and mounted with five guns. She was boarded by the United States Ship *Wachusett* and captured in the harbor of Bahai, Brazil, October 7, 1864, while her captain and crew were ashore on liberty.

**FORREST**—Wooden tug-boat formerly the *Edwards*, bought at Norfolk in 1861 and mounted with two guns. She was disabled in battle at Roanoke Island, February 7, 1862, and was burned on the ways at Elizabeth City by the Confederates, February 10th.

**FREDERICKSBURG**—Iron-clad, four guns. Built at Richmond, 1863, and burned by the Confederates at the evacuation of that city, April, 1865.

**GAINES**—Side-wheel merchant steamer, mounted six guns. Sunk in battle of Mobile Bay, August 5, 1864.

**GERMANTOWN**—Sailing sloop of war, twenty-two guns. Seized by Confederates at Gosport Navy Yard, 1861, and burned at the evacuation of Norfolk.

**GEORGIA**—Iron-clad floating battery at Savannah. Destroyed by the Confederates at the fall of that city, in December, 1864.

**GEORGIA**—Cruiser, originally the merchant steamer *Japan*. Bought at Dumbarton in April, 1863, and mounted five guns. Sold at Liverpool by the Confederate Government in 1864.

**GEORGE PAGE**—Side-wheel river steamer, seized at Alexandria in 1861 and armed with two guns. Her name was afterwards changed to the *Richmond*. She was burned by the Confederates at Quantico in 1862.

**HARRIET LANE**—Captured from the Federals at Galveston, January 1, 1863. Mounted eight guns. Her name was changed to the *Lavina* and she was converted into a blockade runner. She was in Havana harbor at the close of the war.

**HAMPTON**—Wooden gun-boat, two guns. Built at Norfolk, 1862.

and burned by the Confederates at the evacuation of Richmond, April, 1865.

HUNTRESS—Side-wheel tug, bought at Charleston in 1861, and mounted two guns. She was later condemned and sold.

HUNTSVILLE—Iron-clad, four guns; built at Mobile. She was burned by the Confederates at the fall of that city in 1865.

INDIAN CHIEF—Receiving ship at Charleston. Burned at the evacuation of that city in 1865.

IVY—Side-wheel river steamer, bought at New Orleans in 1861, and mounted two guns. She was burned by the Confederates in Yazoo river in 1863 to prevent capture.

ISENDIGA—Wooden gun-boat, three guns. Burned by the Confederates at the fall of Savannah, December, 1864.

JACKSON—Tug-boat, bought at Norfolk, 1861, and mounted two guns. She was dismantled and sold in 1862.

KATE BRUCE—Wooden schooner, bought in 1861 to convert into a gun-boat, but before completion she was sunk as an obstruction in the Chattahoochie river.

LADY DAVIS—Iron tug, bought at Charleston, 1861, and mounted one gun. Her machinery was put in the Palmetto State and the vessel sold.

LAPWING—Merchant bark, captured by the *Florida*, March 20, 1863, armed with two boat-howitzers and name changed to *Oreto*. She was set on fire and burned by her crew June 20, 1863.

LIVINGSTON—Side-wheel river steamer, bought at New Orleans, 1861, and mounted six guns. Burned by Confederates in Yazoo river in 1863.

LOUISIANA—Iron-clad, built at New Orleans, 1862, and mounted ten guns. She was set on fire by order of her commander and burned after the fall of New Orleans in 1862.

McREA—Wooden propeller, bought at New Orleans, 1861, and mounted six guns. She was sunk by the Confederates after the fall of that city in 1862.

MACON—Wooden propeller, ten guns, built at Savannah, taken to Augusta after the fall of that city and held until the war ended.

**MANASSAS**—Iron-plated ram, built at New Orleans in 1861, mounted one gun; sunk by order of her commander at the battle of New Orleans, 1862.

**MANASSAS**—Schooner, formerly United States revenue-cutter; seized at New Berne, 1861, and name changed to *Manassas*. She was dismantled after a few months' service.

**MAUREPAS**—Side-wheel river steamer, bought at New Orleans, 1861, and mounted five guns; sunk by Confederates to obstruct White river in 1862.

**MISSOURI**—Center wheel iron-clad, eight guns; built at Shreveport, La., in 1864.

**MOBILE**—Wooden tug, two guns; burned by Confederates in Yazoo river.

**MORGAN**—Merchant steamer, bought at Mobile, 1861; mounted six guns. She was destroyed by Confederates at the fall of that city in 1865.

**MORNING LIGHT**—Steamer, twelve guns, captured from the Federals off Sabine Pass, January 21, 1863.

**MUSCOGEE**—Centre-wheel iron-clad, eight guns; built at Columbus, Ga., and burned at the close of the war.

**NANSEMOND**—Wooden gun-boat, two guns; built at Norfolk, 1862, and burned by the Confederates at Richmond, 1865.

**NASHVILLE**—Side-wheel merchant steamer, seized at Charleston in 1861, and mounted eight guns; ran aground in Ogeeche river in 1864, and was destroyed by shell from the blockading vessels.

**NEUSE**—Iron-clad, two guns; built on the Neuse river, 1864, and burned by the Confederates in 1865 on the approach of Sherman's army.

**NORTH CAROLINA**—Iron-clad, four guns; built at Wilmington, N. C., 1863; sprung aleak and sunk in Cape Fear river in September, 1864, at anchor.

**PALMETTO STATE**—Iron-clad, four guns; built at Charleston, and burned by the Confederates at the evacuation of that city, in 1865.

**PAMLICO**—Side-wheel river steamer; bought at New Orleans in

1861; burned by Confederates on Lake Pontchartrain, 1862, to avoid capture.

PATRICK HENRY—Side-wheel merchant steamer *Yorktown*; seized at Richmond, 1861; mounted ten guns; burned by Confederates at Richmond, 1865.

PLYMOUTH—Sailing sloop of war; seized by the Confederates at the Gosport navy-yard, 1861; burned at the evacuation of Norfolk, 1862.

POLK—Side-wheel river steamer, mounted seven guns; burned by Confederates in Yazoo river in 1863, to avoid capture.

PHŒNIX—Iron-clad floating battery, at Mobile. Burned by the Confederates at the fall of that city in 1865.

PONTCHARTRAIN—Side-wheel river steamer, mounted seven guns. Burned by Confederates in 1863 on the Arkansas river.

QUEEN OF THE WEST—Iron-protected ram. Captured from the Federals, February 14th, 1863, in Red river and sunk in battle in Atchafalaya river in April, 1863.

RALEIGH—Iron-clad, four guns; built at Wilmington in 1864 and wrecked on Wilmington bar, May 7, 1864.

RAPPAHANNOCK—Side-wheel river steamer, formerly the *Saint Nicholas*. Captured at Point Lookout, June 29, 1861, mounted one gun. Burned by the Confederates at Fredericksburg, April, 1862.

RAPPAHANNOCK—Cruiser, formerly the British gun-boat *Victoria*. Purchased at London in 1863 and taken to Calais, but on account of complications with the French Government she never put to sea, and was finally sold in 1864.

RESOLUTE—Wooden gun-boat, one gun. Destroyed by Federal field battery at the fall of Savannah in 1864.

RICHMOND—Iron-clad, four guns. Launched at Gosport Navy Yard in 1862 and burned by Confederates at the evacuation of Richmond, April, 1865.

ROANOKE—Iron tug, formerly the *Raleigh*. Bought in Norfolk in 1861 and mounted one gun. Burned at Richmond upon the evacuation of that city.

SAVANNAH—Iron-clad, four guns. Built at Savannah and burned by the Confederates at the evacuation of that city in December, 1864.

**SAMPSON**—Side-wheel river steamer, two guns. Taken by the Confederates to Augusta upon the evacuation of Savannah, December, 1864.

**SEA-BIRD**—Side-wheel river steamer. Bought at Norfolk in 1861 and armed with two guns. Sunk in battle at Elizabeth City, February 10th, 1852.

**SELMA**—Side-wheel merchant steamer. Mounted, four guns. Captured by the Federals at the battle of Mobile Bay, August 5th, 1864.

**ST. MARY**—Side-wheel river steamer, two guns. Burned on Yazoo river.

**STONO**—Gun-boat, seven guns, formerly the *Isaac Smith*. Captured from the Federals in Stono river, January 30th, 1863, and burned by the Confederates at the evacuation of Charleston in 1865.

**SPRAY**—Tug-boat, two guns. Sunk by the Confederates on St. Mary's river.

**SHENANDOAH**—Cruiser, formerly the merchant steamer *Sea King*, six guns. Delivered to English authorities at Liverpool after the close of the war, November 6th, 1865.

**STONEWALL**—Sea-going iron-clad ram, three guns, formerly the *Sphinx*. Purchased in Denmark in 1865 and name changed to *Stonewall*. She was acquired too late to be of service and was turned over to the Spanish authorities at Havana after the war ended.

**SUMTER**—Cruiser, formerly the merchant steamer *Habana*. Bought at New Orleans in 1861 and mounted with five guns. Her machinery gave out and she was sold at Charleston in 1862 by the Confederate authorities.

**TACONV**—Merchant bark, captured by the *Clarence* June 12, 1863. Burned June 24th and crew transferred to the *Archer*.

**TALLAHASSEE**—Cruiser, formerly the blockade runner *Atlanta*. Bought at Wilmington and mounted two guns. Name afterwards changed to *Olivetrec*. Reconverted into a blockade runner, the "*Chameleon*," and taken to England.

**TALMICO**—Side-wheel, two guns. Accidentally sunk at Savannah in 1863.

TEASER—Wooden tug, two guns, bought at Richmond in 1861, and captured by the Federals in James river in 1862.

TENNESSEE—Iron-clad, six guns. Built at Mobile and captured in battle of Mobile Bay, August 5, 1864.

THOMAS JEFFERSON—Side-wheel merchant steamer, formerly the *Jamestown*. Seized at Richmond in 1861 and mounted two guns. She was sunk by the Confederates, May, 1862, at Drewry's Bluff to obstruct James river.

TORPEDO—Wooden tug, two guns, burned by Confederates at Richmond.

TUSCALOOSA—Iron-clad, four guns. Burned by Confederates at the fall of Mobile in 1865.

TUSCALOOSA—Formerly the bark *Conrad*. Captured June 21, 1863, by the *Alabama* and armed with four boat-howitzers. She was seized by the English authorities at Simon's Bay, South Africa, December, 1863, upon the charge of violation of neutrality of the port. She was subsequently released, but the Confederates never again claimed her.

TUSCARORA—Side-wheel river steamer, two guns. Burned accidentally at New Orleans.

VIRGINIA—Iron-clad, formerly the United States ship *Merrimac*, ten guns. Seized by Confederates at Gosport Navy-yard, 1861, and converted into an iron-clad. Burned by her captain at the evacuation of Norfolk, in 1862.

VIRGINIA SECOND—Iron-clad, four guns. Built at Richmond in 1864, and burned by the Confederates at the evacuation of that city in April, 1865.

VELOCITY—Gun-boat, two guns. Captured from the Federals at Sabine Pass, January 21, 1863.

UNCLE BEN—Tug-boat, seized at Wilmington in 1861, mounted one gun. Her machinery was taken out and put in the *North Carolina*, and hull sold.

UNITED STATES—Old wooden frigate in ordinary at Gosport Navy-yard. Seized by Confederates in 1861, and used as a receiving ship. She was called sometimes the *Confederate States*.



**WATER WITCH**—Captured from the Federals in Ossabaw sound, June 3, 1864. Burned at the fall of Savannah, December, 1864.

**WEBB**—Wooden ram on the Mississippi and Red rivers. Burned by the Confederates after the close of the war.

**WINSLOW**—Side-wheel river steamer, formerly the *J. E. Coffee*. Bought at Norfolk in 1861 and mounted one gun. Wrecked on a sunken hulk outside of Hatteras, in 1861.

**YADKIN**—Wooden gun-boat. Built at Wilmington and burned by the Confederates at the fall of that city in 1865.

In addition to the foregoing, there were the following which were used temporarily as tenders and afterwards returned to their original owners, that did not carry permanent armament:

*Superior*, *Harmony* and *Kankakee* near Norfolk, and the *Schrapnel* at Richmond.

In the fall of 1861 the citizens of New Orleans fitted up a number of river boats as rams for local defense, and put them under command of Captain J. Edward Montgomery. They were bravely fought and were sunk in battle at Memphis and New Orleans. They were not attached to the Confederate States Navy. They were the *Warrior*, *Stonewall Jackson*, *Resolute*, *Defiance*, *Breckenridge*, *Van Horn*, *Price*, *Bragg*, *Lovell*, *Sumter*, *Beauregard*, *Jeff. Thompson*, *Little Rebel*, *Governor Moore*, *Quitman*, and possibly three or four others.

There were in the Confederate States Navy at Richmond three torpedo launches—the *Hornet*, *Scorpion* and *Wasp*. The *Wasp* was destroyed by the Federal batteries at Trent's Reach, in January, 1865, and the others were burned by the Confederates at the evacuation of Richmond, in April, 1865. There was also a torpedo launch at Charleston, with which Lieutenant Glassell attacked the *Ironsides*, and also the one with which Lieutenant Dixon, of the 21st Alabama Regiment, sunk the United States ship *Housatonic*.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, June 23, 1900.]

## HOW LIEUT. WALTER BOWIE OF MOSBY'S COMMAND MET HIS END.

---

In the *McClure Magazine* for December, 1898, an account of the death of Lieutenant Walter Bowie, of Mosby's Command, appears over the signature of "Roy Stannard Baker," in which he cleverly shows how Detective Trail secured the Lieutenant's shot-gun from his home in Prince George county, Maryland, and with it followed him and his two comrades while scouting in Maryland during the war between the States, and when a favorable opportunity presented itself he killed the Lieutenant by emptying both barrels of his gun, loaded with buck-shot, into his breast, and then overpowered his comrades with an empty gun! How strange to those who know differently.

I read this story with interest, because of the novel sense shown in it, yet with no little astonishment, on account of the vast amount of ingenuity displayed in its make-up. To be frank, Mr. Baker so disfigured the circumstances that attended Walter Bowie's death that those who were with him at the time of its occurrence fail to recognize them. Distorted history, especially war history, is so distasteful to me that if I be pardoned for the personal element that may appear in this paper, I shall endeavor to give an account of the raid on which Lieutenant Bowie was killed.

About the 25th of September, 1864, Lieutenant Walter Bowie, Company F, 43d Virginia Battalion (Mosby's Battalion), received intelligence that the "White House" at Annapolis, Md., was not guarded, and that with a small force the Governor could be captured and conveyed to Richmond, Va. This the Lieutenant reported to Colonel Mosby and asked for permission to capture His Excellency and hold him as a hostage for friends of his in southern Maryland, who had been lodged in the old Capitol prison at Washington, because of their southern proclivities. This request was made with so much earnestness that the Colonel espoused the cause of the young officer at once, and gave him a force of twenty-five men, with orders to proceed on the expedition.

All preliminary arrangements being completed, we were ordered to meet at Upperville, Va., at a given time. Every man answered

to his name at the time appointed. Lieutenant Bowie made a short address to his followers, acquainting them with the fact that on the expedition they were about to make dangers and trials awaited them. He was cheered to the echo by the men, who were armed cap-a-pie and as ready for the tilt as any knight of old. The line of march was now taken up for Mathias Point on the Potomac river, via Fredericksburg and King George Courthouse, Va., making the point of our destination the evening of the second day about dusk. Here we bivouacked on the premises of Mr. Marcus Tennant, a gentleman of culture and means, and as true to the South as the needle is to the pole. He was particularly kind to us, feeding and permitting us to sleep in his house. The next day was spent in lounging about the yard and along the shore of the river, watching the United States gun-boats passing to and fro doing scout duty. The Lieutenant in the meantime was actively engaged in looking after the ways and means of crossing the "Rubicon." The way was clearly seen, but the how to effect the going was the question. There were no available boats on the Virginia side, but near the Maryland shore a little schooner laid at anchor, which, judging from her dimensions at long range, Bowie thought would meet the requirements to a dot.

At this particular juncture, Long, the famous blockade-runner, as though he had previously been informed of our presence by "grapevine" telegraphy, cast anchor at our landing. The Lieutenant recognized in him a faithful and true friend, one who had rendered him valuable assistance on several previous occasions. Their meeting was most cordial, and after a short interview between them, Long was enlisted heart and hand in our cause, expressing a willingness to do all in his power to further our purpose. A short study of him revealed a genius in a miniature way—a man of nerve, sagacity and honesty of purpose. A little danger sweetened and gave color to the life of this adventurous spirit. From love for the Southern cause, and a desire to aid the Confederates, some of whom were constantly passing his way, Long made it his business to cultivate the acquaintance of the crew of all vessels that anchored in his bailiwick, and being questioned as to the character of the crew of our coveted boat, he replied favorably to a probable capitulation to a small force. At any rate the "commander" concluded to give her a trial. He selected John Randolph and myself to accompany him, and ordered the rest of the men to remain where they were until further orders. All aboard in Long's boat, with the latter and I at the oars, and the Lieutenant at the helm, we were about to weigh

anchor, when a lady from Georgia, professing to be in the secret service of the Confederate States, under orders from the War Department at Richmond to proceed to New York with important dispatches, made her appearance and requested to be allowed to cross the river under our escort. On being examined by Lieutenant Bowie for proof of her loyalty to the South and the truth of her statement concerning her mission, our little heroine pronounced the shibboleth so clearly that she was permitted to pass under the suspended ear of corn with us. Oars were now dipped and we were soon well out in the stream. The night was clear and cold, necessitating our keeping a close watch on the enemy's gunboats, which were much in evidence and on the alert; being watchful ourselves, however, we were enabled to make the run without being detected by the lynx-eyed Yankees, effecting a landing at the "Big Walnut," Charles county, Md., eight miles below Port Tobacco. After concealing his boat in the bushes, Long guided us to the house of a Southern sympathizer, who received us kindly and otherwise conducted to our comfort by giving us quarters for the night and a good hot breakfast in the morning. Here we parted with the heroine of our story, whom, I regret to say, I have not since heard from.

Having said good-bye to the lady and gentleman of the house, we took up a position in a quiet spot in the woods overlooking the river, where we could see without being seen by the enemy. It was an ideal morning and full of beauty. I shall never forget the impression it made upon me. A poet could draw a beautiful word-picture from what was presented to our eyes. The sun was just peeping through the boughs of the trees that fringed the shore, his pencils of light leaped over, flirted with and painted in gorgeous colors the waves wherever they touched. In contrast with what we left in Virginia, all was quiet along the Potomac; not a sound was to be heard save the swish of the waves against the pebbled beach. The bosom of the river was dotted with white-winged vessels going to and from the various marts of the country. About a cable's length from shore rode at anchor the sloop upon which we had an evil eye, her crew little dreaming of our designs upon her.

It was the Lieutenant's purpose to board this boat at a given hour that night, but shortly before the appointed time to carry his purpose into execution, he decided that he could conduct his expedition more successfully with a smaller force than the one he started with from Virginia; therefore he would not need a larger boat than Long's for his purpose. Five more men were needed to complete

our party. After a short conference with Randolph and myself as to the most suitable men for the specific work before us, George O'Bannon, Charles Vest, George Smith, Haney, an ex-Lieutenant in the regular army, and George Radcliffe were detailed from those left in Virginia. Straws were drawn to determine who should go after the detail. He who drew the longest straw should enjoy this prerogative. Before the straws were drawn, however, Randolph and I held a hurried council of war and determined that in the event of the longest straw falling to the "commander," I should take his place. As fate decreed it and we anticipated, the duty fell upon him. And he, as though there was an exquisite pleasure in store for him, set about to perform it. Long, by order, was bringing his boat from its place of concealment, and the Lieutenant was just in the act of boarding the little craft, when our attention was called to two gentlemen approaching us from the direction of Port Tobacco, driving a pair of splendid black horses. They proved to be friends of the Lieutenant from the latter place, whom he received most cordially. Quite a lengthy confidential chat followed, for they had much in common to interest each other; during which time Randolph and I looked the horses over.

They were indeed things of beauty, perfect at every point and shone like two blackheart cherries, altogether tempting to a horseman enough to make one break the commandments, indeed I fear I did commit a misdemeanor to the extent of feeling how I could adapt myself to the one on the near side. The other, John Randolph eyed most covetously. Seeing that John was sinking as deep in the mud as I was in the mire, I whispered: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's horse," but this gentle reminder of the scriptural injunction did not remove the mote from John's eye. Here the Lieutenant and his friends joined us, leading to an episode that might prove interesting. After the usual introductory remarks on such occasions a significant "black bottle" was brought from its place of hiding in the corner of the buggy and introduced to the armed presence, it made the diplomatic bow of a courtier, and with an air of suspicion asked why this armed force on the sacred ground of the grand old Commonwealth of Maryland. After being assured by the "commander" that our visit to Maryland was of a friendly character, most cordial relations were established between us at once. But all pleasures must have an ending—a military necessity confronted us, and Bowie was not one to sacrifice duty upon the altar of pleasure.

He now bade his friends good-bye and ordered Long to bring his

boat ashore that he might go aboard. Just as he was in the act of doing so, however, as previously agreed upon by Randolph and myself, I leaped into and pushed the boat off, saying: "Lieutenant, I will return at 11 o'clock to-night." Bowie smiled and said: "That fellow Wiltshire is the devil." I was then, for the first time in my life, commander of a gunboat, and I showed my authority by ordering Long to pull for the Tennant Landing. It was still light and I had not gone far from under the bushes along the shore when I discovered that it was too light for our safety. So we had to rest on our oars until darkness covered us, for the enemy's gunboats were actively scouring the river in search of blockade runners. We again pulled for our objective point, making the run in good order and without incident. On landing, much to our surprise and delight, we discovered a beautiful little cutter lying high and dry on the beach, as though she were put there for our special use. At any rate, I so construed the providence, and put her in commission, making with Long's quite a little flotilla. I found the boys waiting rather impatiently for our return; and when I informed them of the change made in the programme, those who were left out in the detail grew indignant. I gave them my regrets and the Lieutenant's order to the Sergeant in command, to return to the Colonel. My detail, on the other hand, were in high glee, and after taking leave of our comrades and the Tennants, we were soon aboard of our boats and off for the Maryland shore, reaching there, according to promise, at 11 o'clock. The Lieutenant and Randolph were snugly tucked in on a bed of shucks, sleeping the sleep of the "babes in the woods." I disliked so much to disturb them, but the military necessity still confronted us. A touch on the shoulder and a call in a low voice were sufficient to call the Lieutenant to his feet. "Ha, ho, boys, are you here so soon?" was his greeting. "Yes, we are here," was the reply. "Fall in; forward march," came next. Although sleepy and tired we marched to within two miles of Port Tobacco by morning, where we camped until the following night, when we again took up the line of march for Port Tobacco, arriving there between 8 and 9 o'clock. A good supper was served us at the Hotel Brawner by its proprietor, one of the gentlemen who called on us up the river. We had a jolly good time, telling war stories to our Maryland friends until the dead hour, when all good soldiers are supposed to have had taps and turned in for the night. The Lieutenant had gotten full particulars concerning the disposition of the garrison from a friend in the town.

In his usual quiet way, he informed us that we had a pleasant task before us. There were twenty of the 8th Illinois Cavalry quartered in the courthouse, and to capture them and their horses was necessary to the success of our expedition. This could be done, he added, by stratagem, or storming the castle. We could choose either plan. The former seemed to carry a charm about it, and it was adopted without a dissenting voice. Here the guerilla idea of war was carried out in its strictest sense. As quietly as possible we took up position in front of the courthouse, under a cedar tree. From this point we could see the guard around the horses walking his beat. Leaving the rest of the men, the Lieutenant and I walked directly to and captured him with perfect ease. The prisoner was put in charge of George Smith. The rest of us walked briskly to the courthouse door, where Charlie Vest was left with orders to allow no one to pass out. Randolph, Haney, O'Bannon and Radcliffe were ordered to remain with Vest until they heard the enemy stir, when they were to rush in with a flurry. "Wiltshire, follow me," was the next command. Elbow to elbow, Bowie and I walked to the centre of the floor, when the former lighted a match and held it over his eyes, revealing the presence of twenty as brave men as were in the United States army, sleeping peacefully. Not a man stirred up to this moment. By the aid of this and another match, we found our way to the judge's stand. Here the stillness of the moment was broken by a big German springing to his feet and ramming his pistol against the Lieutenant, exclaiming: "By dams, me shoots." As these words issued from his lips, I put my pistol against his ribs, saying, with a slight emphasis of profane adjectives: "Surrender, or I will bore you through." Finding such strong objections to his carrying his threat into execution, the Teuton fell back in bed, declaring, "by dams, me no shoots." At this juncture the "big four" rushed in, making more noise than the whole of Mosby's Battalion would have done. Surrender! Surrender!! Surrender!!! came from the Confederates.

Believing that no small party would attack them, the Federals surrendered without making the slightest resistance. They were made to saddle and bridle nine of their horses for our use and that of the Governor. While this was being done, the Lieutenant was arranging a parole with the Federal officer, that required the prisoners to remain in the courthouse until "sunrise the next morning." "Mount your horses, forward, trot, march," ordered our commanding officer. "We can make the 'Big Walnut' by daybreak."

This, of course, was a ruse. Instead of going by the "Big Walnut" we went in the direction of Upper Marlboro, travelling hard until sunrise, when we halted in the woods until the following night, when we took up the line of march for Colonel W. W. Bowie's, the Lieutenant's father, arriving there about 4 A. M., where we were joined by Brune Bowie, then home on furlough. After a short sleep, and refreshments, we were introduced to the Bowies, who received us in good old Prince George style, and gave us a very delightful day. At nightfall, having paid our respects to the ladies, and received the Colonel's benediction, we sauntered along the pathway leading to our horses, waiting for the Lieutenant and Brune, who had tarried a while in the hall to say good-bye and receive a mother's blessing, to join us. The bright eye that we had just left under the chandelier in the great hall of "Eglington" evidently had impressed the knights.

Looking back at the group in the hall, Randolph said: "How pleasant the day has been spent. I shall always recall our visit to the Bowies with pleasure." This seemed to touch dear old Charlie Vest's poetic center, for he thought a moment, and said: "Yes, their voice like the pleatings of a lute—enchancing—draw one to them in memory." O'Bannon was about to supplement what had been said with one of his graceful speeches, when the Lieutenant with Brune, in his intensely-practical way, broke in upon the muses, saying: "Come, boys, let us get to our horses and be off." Once in the saddle, we drew rein for Hardesty's Store, near Annapolis, where we camped in the woods for a few days, while the Lieutenant and Charlie Vest scouted the Governor's house. Finding His Excellency more closely guarded than had been reported, they returned to camp with a sad heart to tell us of the unfruitful termination of our raid, and that we would return to Virginia on the morrow. That evening, Brune, Bowie and I were dispatched to Young's Store for Richard Belt, who desired to enlist in our command. This increased our party to ten.

At the head of the little band, Lieutenant Bowie took up the line of march for Virginia, going around Washington, D. C., via Sandy Spring, Montgomery county, Md., quite a little hamlet of about fifty inhabitants. One store, owned by Mr. Alban Gilpin, supplied the good people of that vicinity with the necessities of life. Mr. Gilpin, from long experience in mercantile life, had become skilled in decorative art, as was shown by his tastefully-arranged windows. Furbelows, flounces and fine clothes were artistically displayed in them.



The picture was more than the eye of Mosby's men could withstand. Uninvited, we entered the store and opened negotiations with Mr. Gilpin for a few of his wares. He could not well refuse such a hungry-looking set, on the other hand, he instructed his courteous clerk, Mr. Alban G. Thomas, to let us have such articles as we needed. Here an episode took place between Mr. Thomas and myself that doubtless inconvenienced the former no little at the time, but since such pleasant interchange of courtesies has been established between us that I trust all memories of the rude acts of war have been obliterated: My boots were run down at the heels, making it very painful to me to walk. Thinking surely footwear was carried in stock, I requested Mr. Thomas to show me a pair of No. 8 boots. He replied, "Mine is the only pair of boots in the store, and they are No. 7½." I was in a dilemma. The military necessity still confronted us. I insisted upon making the exchange. The clerk, true to his training in the Quaker-school, looked at me quizzically and said: "I reckon I will have to let you have them." I lost no time in adapting my No. 8 feet to his No. 7½ boots. That it was a close fit goes without saying, and so long as I wore them, I was forcibly reminded of my Sandy Spring raid. Mr. Thomas has since told me that the boots I left him have served him many a good turn. Thanking Mr. Gilpin for his many kindnesses, we mounted our horses and took up a forced march for the Potomac; but alas, the night was too "far spent" for us to make the haven of rest and safety. Near Rockville, day broke upon us, compelling us to go to the woods for the day. Having picketed our horses and breakfasted, we were sitting around the camp, discussing the events of the past night, and the prospects of our being in old Virginia to-morrow, when our attention was called to the tramp of approaching horsemen and a voice saying, "They have gone in here." We at first thought that the Federal cavalry were on our trail, but subsequent events proved that young Thomas had gotten the citizens of Sandy Spring together and had come after his boots. His force was ample, about forty, and well armed with shot-guns, to give us a great deal of anxiety. Lieutenant Bowie said: "Boys, we will charge them on foot."

Forming a single line, we charged with a yell down the road. A hot-fight ensued. Why there were no casualties here has always been a source of wonderment to me. Several of the citizens, one of which was Mr. Thomas, had dismounted to fight as infantry, while the rest kept to their horses as a reserve force. On making the road,

the Lieutenant mounted the first citizen's horse he came to, and ordered Vest and myself to mount ourselves and follow him. This we did with dispatch, the rest of the men holding the ground we had gained. The horse I fell heir to proved to be Thomas'. He was as swift as the wind and nimble as a cat. Hence he was not long forging his way by the side of Vest, who had gotten a start of me, both gaining considerably on our leader, who had just turned a bend in the road, when two shots were fired, striking the Lieutenant in the face and head with buckshot and knocking him from his horse, mortally wounded. Henry Ent, a blacksmith in Sandy Spring, armed with a double-barrel gun, had concealed himself behind a cedar tree, close to the road, and as the Lieutenant passed, he fired the fatal shots, and then fled through the thick underbush and dense forest. Vest and I retraced our way to the rest of the men with the sad news of our great loss. The command now devolved upon Randolph, who, in his usual cool way, said: "Mount your horses boys, and follow me." As though by a funeral dirge, we marched slowly to the spot where the Lieutenant lay wounded. What a sad scene. Although we were in danger of being attacked by the combined forces of the soldiers and citizens, we secured from a farmer nearby a wagon and conveyed our wounded commander to the kind man's house, where all was done by his brother, who remained with him, and the ladies of the house, to make his last moments comfortable, until death closed the scene. Brune now retired to his horse and endeavored to overtake us, but was intercepted by a body of Federal cavalry, and taken to the "Old Capitol," at Washington, a prisoner, where he remained until the close of the war.

The rest of our party, now reduced to eight, our original number, made our way to Virginia, taking the peak of the "Sugar-Loaf Mountain" as our guide and inspiration, for this overlooked our place of safety—Virginia. The dreary and lonely ride was made in silence and without incident, reaching the mountains about noon, where we rested until dark, when a lady who had two sons in White's Battalion, invited us to supper, and informed us that the pickets on the river had been ordered to Virginia on a raid. This seemed proverbial. After partaking of the hospitality of our benefactress, we crossed the "Rubicon" in safety—the end of a most eventful raid.

John Randolph made a report to Colonel Mosby of our sad casualty, who was much distressed at the loss of such a promising young officer.

JAS. G. WILTSHIRE,

Baltimore, Md., May, 1900.

2d Lieut. Mosby's Battalion.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, June 19, 1900.]

## **EFFORTS MADE TO ESTABLISH A CENTRAL CONFEDERACY IN 1861.**

### **An Important Document.**

#### **VIRGINIA AMONG THE STATES.**

##### **Active Interest Taken by Maryland's Executive and Others to Form the Proposed New Government.**

A document has recently been published in an obscure portion of the "Records of the War Between the States" which shows that just prior to the outbreak of the conflict between the States negotiations were begun looking to the formation of a Central Confederacy, in addition to the Southern Confederacy, in event of the dissolution of the Union. The States included in these negotiations were Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Virginia, Missouri and Ohio.

To most historians the fact that such a Confederacy was in contemplation is a surprise, and for them awaits the task of tracing out the beginning, the progress and the termination of the negotiations.

The only document which has thus far come to light and in which any reference to the proposed Confederacy is made is the report of Mr. Ambrose R. Wright, dated at Savannah, Ga., March 13, 1861, and addressed to Hon. G. W. Crawford, President of the Georgia Convention, by which Mr. Wright had been authorized to visit Maryland and to induce this State, if possible, to join the Confederacy of the cotton-growing States of the South. Mr. Wright visited Maryland, and at Annapolis he had an interview with Governor Hicks, in which the latter referred to the proposed formation of the Central Confederacy.

Maryland's action at that time, whether it would throw her fortunes with the South or remain in the Union, depended to a great extent upon the action of Virginia, which had not at the time of Mr. Wright's visit to Maryland separated from the Union. The most reasonable explanation of the termination of the negotiations was the secession of Virginia a few weeks after Mr. Wright's visit. With the loss of Virginia to the projected Confederacy the whole scheme evidently fell through.

## MARYLAND'S POSITION.

In the meantime, as is well known, the friends of the Union in Maryland had rallied. Hon. Henry Winter Davis' strong hand was exerted, and Governor Hicks was, almost by force, compelled to take sides with the North. His course resulted in the stay of proceedings by which the Southern sympathizers had expected to swing Maryland into the column of seceding States.

These are, however, well known historical facts. The correspondence to which Governor Hicks makes reference would be interesting, if it could be found. The archives at Annapolis, Richmond, Trenton, Albany and Columbus should contain the letters in which are fully outlined plans for this new Confederacy. The language of the report of Mr. Wright gives rise to the belief that other States than those named were involved in the project, and, hence, an extension of the field of inquiry. It is very evident, however, that in the darkest and gloomiest days of the Union, when the cotton-growing States of the South had formed a powerful combination, there arose another sceptre, powerful in resources of men, arms, munitions and wealth, which, if directed against the Union, simultaneously with the blow from the South, would have crushed it, and, instead of one Union, "inseparable forever," the map of the United States would to-day show at least three, if not more, combinations of States.

Mr. Wright, in his report to Mr. Crawford, President of the Georgia convention, says:

"On the 25th of February (1861), I visited for the third time Annapolis, the seat of government (having failed, while there on a former visit on the 21st, to meet the Executive), and waited upon Governor Hicks, and after a personal interview and pretty free interchange of opinion with His Excellency, I handed to him the ordinance of secession with which I was entrusted, and also a written communication, in which I endeavored to justify and explain the action of the State of Georgia, and attempted to show that the material interests of Maryland would be greatly promoted and advanced by her co-operation with the seceding States. To this communication I have received no reply, although, upon a suggestion of Governor Hicks that he would favor me with a reply at his earliest convenience, I have waited for two days to receive such communication as he should be pleased to make to your body.

"In the absence of any written reply to my note of the 25th ultimo, I can only give your honorable body the result of the personal

interview I had with the Governor, and I regret to say that I found him not only opposed to the secession of Maryland from the Federal Union, but that if she should withdraw from the Union he advised and would urge her to confederate with the Middle States in the formation of a central confederacy. He almost informed me that he had already, in his official character, entered into correspondence with the governors of those States, including New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Virginia, Missouri and Ohio, with a view, in the event of an ultimate disruption of the Federal Union, to the establishment of such central confederacy.

“He thought our action hasty and ill-advised, and not justified by the action of which we complain, and that we were attempting to coerce Maryland to follow our example; but he had great confidence in the Peace Conference then in session in Washington, and had assurances that that body would agree upon a plan of adjustment that would be entirely acceptable to Maryland; that the proposition before the conference known as the Guthrie plan was a fair and proper basis of compromise and settlement. He also informed me, in the course of our interview, and in answer to a direct inquiry from me on that point, that in the event of the Federal government's attempting to coerce the seceding States he would interpose no objection to the marching or transporting of troops through his State, and their embarkation at Baltimore by the Federal government for that purpose; that, as chief-magistrate of the State, he had no power to prevent it, as it would not be an invasion of the State, and that he would not convene the Legislature under such circumstances, that they might take action in the premises.

“These opinions and views of the Governor I have reasons to believe are not entertained by a majority of the people of Maryland. Indeed, I have no doubt that the people there would spontaneously rise en masse and resist the invaders, though it crimsoned their soil with the best blood of the State. The people, then, in my humble judgment are true to the memories of the past. They are a gallant, patriotic and brave people, whose feelings and sympathies are warmly enlisted in our cause, and although some of them do entertain the opinion that we have, perhaps, acted precipitately, they acknowledge that our action is fully justified by the events of the past, and declare their determination to assist us, if need be, in sustaining our independence. It is greatly to be regretted that such a gallant people should be prevented by their own officials, however high they may be, from giving an authoritative expression of their conviction.

and of taking such action as, in their judgment, the affairs of the country demand. Without the consent of Governor Hicks neither the Legislature nor an authorized convention can be assembled, and I have no hesitancy in stating that he will never convene either. If Virginia shall withdraw from the Union the people of Maryland will, in the shortest possible period of time, assume the responsibility, assemble in spontaneous convention, and unite their destinies with the Confederate States of the South.

"In conclusion, I would respectfully add that this communication would have been made at an earlier day, but I waited, hoping to receive an answer from Governor Hicks before I laid before your body the result of my mission."

#### SYMPATHETIC RESOLUTIONS.

While Mr. Wright was in Baltimore, on his way to Annapolis, the celebrated convention was held here, over which Hon. Robert M. McLane presided, and which passed resolutions of sympathy with the South, reserving any suggestion for definite action until Virginia had acted. These resolutions, which have become historic, are as follows:

"*Whereas*, It is the opinion of this meeting that in the present alarming crisis in the history of our country it is desirable that the State of Maryland should be represented by judicious, intelligent and patriotic agents, fully authorized to confer and act with our sister States of the South, and particularly with the State of Virginia; and,

"*Whereas*, Such authority can be conferred solely by a convention of the people of the State; and,

"*Whereas*, In the opinion of the meeting, the Legislature not being in session, a full and fair expression of the popular will is most likely to be heard by a convention called by a recommendation of the Executive; and,

"*Whereas*, It is alleged that the Governor now has it in contemplation to recommend by proclamation such a movement in the event of a failure by the Peace Conference and Congress to effect any satisfactory solution of the vexed question now agitating the country; be it, therefore,

"*Resolved*, That we shall approve such proceedings on the part of the Governor and add the voice of this convention to urge the voters of this State to regard such proclamation. And, with a view

to allow time for the action of the Governor in the matter, the convention will adjourn until the 12th of March next, unless intermediately the State of Virginia should, by her sovereign convention, secede from the Union, in which event, and in case the Governor of the State shall not have then called a sovereign convention of the people of this State, this convention shall at once assemble at the call of the president, with a view of recommending to the people of this State the election of delegates to such a sovereign convention.

*"Resolved further,* as the sense of this convention, That the secession of the several slave-holding States from the Federal Union was induced by the aggression of the non-slave-holding States, in violation of the Constitution of the United States.

*"Resolved further,* That the moral and material interest and the geographical position of this State demand that it should act with Virginia in this crisis, co-operating with that State in all honorable efforts to maintain and defend the constitutional rights of its citizens in the Union, and failing in that, to associate with her in confederation with our sister States in the Union.

*"Resolved further,* That the honor of this State requires that it should not permit its soil to be made a highway for Federal troops sent to make war upon our sister States of the South, and it is the opinion of this convention that an attempt on the part of the Federal government to coerce the States which have seceded would necessarily result in civil war, and the destruction of the government itself."

## THE CORRESPONDENCE OF GEN. ROBT. E. LEE.

### Chancellorsville to Gettysburg—March to August, 1863.

The following abstracts from the War Records, published by the United States Government, exhibit most strikingly, not only the profound ability of General Robert E. Lee as a military chieftain, but also the moral grandeur of his character.

The general belief has been, that General Lee had the finest army on the Gettysburg campaign that he ever commanded, and that the army as well as the commander was full of confidence and strength. This correspondence shows that the army was debilitated from being insufficiently fed; the horses were weakened from the same cause, and

that at every point the commanding general was thwarted, not being permitted to assemble his own command for the great effort. Also that his veteran brigades, Cooke's, Jenkins' and Corse's, were kept inactive against his protest, and that his advice was continually unheeded. The crowning difficulty was the weakness in cavalry for offensive operations.

The opposition which he encountered and the wants and difficulties which beset him are painfully manifest.

The agony which wrung his noble being is truly pathetic. His patience, his ardent patriotism were sublime.

Few men have been so tried in the crucible of agonized spirit.

The facts as presented give a limning not to be attained in set phrase.

The gallant officer who made this compilation, Colonel William H. Palmer, formerly Chief of Staff of General A. P. Hill, has richly merited our gratitude.—EDITOR.

SERIES I, VOL. XXV, PART II—CORRESPONDENCE. SERIAL  
NUMBER 40.

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

- R. E. Lee, March 27th,* } His army not supplied with food.  
*1863, page 687, to James*  
*A. Seddon, Secretary*  
*of War.*
- R. E. Lee, March 29th,* } Scouts on duty ordered away by De-  
*1863, page 691, to Sed-* partment without his knowledge.  
*don.*
- R. E. Lee, April 1st,* } Tells him to have his artillery horses  
*1863, page 697, to Gen-* "grazed and browsed" in the absense  
*eral W. N. Pendleton.* of long forage.
- R. E. Lee, April 16,* } Unable to bring his army together for  
*1863, page 725, to* want of subsistence and forage.  
*President Davis.*
- R. E. Lee, April 17, 1863,* } Army failing in health, because of  
*page 730, to Seddon.* insufficient rations— $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. bacon, 18  
oz. flour, 10 lbs. rice, to each 100 men  
every third day. Will break down  
when called upon for exertion.



- R. E. Lee, April 20, 1863* } Gives points in the South (Florida and  
*page 737, to Davis.* } Georgia), where supplies can be had in  
abundance.
- R. E. Lee, April 20,* } Insufficiency of cavalry in his army,  
*1863, page 740, to Da-* } points out where cavalry regiments doing  
*vis.* } nothing can be ordered to him. Fears  
disaster from insufficiency of cavalry.
- R. E. Lee, May 2, 1863,* } If I had all of my command and could  
*page 765, to Davis.* } keep it supplied with provisions and for-  
age I would feel easy.
- R. E. Lee, May 7th,* } Calls attention to the insufficiency of  
*1863, page 782, to Da-* } his cavalry. His army 40,000, Hooker's  
*vis.* } 120,000 men. Losses at Chancellorsville  
heavy. Always so where the inequality  
of numbers is so great. Recommends  
that troops be brought from the South,  
where they have nothing to do, and will  
perish from disease and inaction. Bring  
Beauregard with them and put him in  
command here.
- R. E. Lee, May 20th,* } A. P. Hill, I think upon the whole, is  
*1863, page 810, to Da-* } the best soldier of his grade with me.  
*vis.*
- R. E. Lee, May 30, 1863* } Requests that the War Department  
*page 832, to Davis.* } take charge of D. H. Hill's department  
of the Cape Fear, and that he be relieved  
from its supervision. D. H. Hill does  
not co-operate with him or obey him, or  
return troops that belong to the Army of  
Northern Virginia. These delays he fears  
will leave him nothing to do but to re-  
treat. Fears that the time has *passed*  
when he can take the offensive with ad-  
vantage.
- R. E. Lee, May 30, 1863,* } Recommends that troops be brought  
*page 834, to Seddon.* } from South Carolina, Georgia, Florida,  
Cape Fear Department and James river.  
Asks to be relieved of the command of  
the Cape Fear Department.

- R. E. Lee, June 2, 1863, page 848, to Davis.* } Regrets to lose Jenkins' and Ransom's Brigades, good officers and veteran troops. Comments on D. H. Hill's actions.
- R. E. Lee, June 2, 1863, page 849, to Seddon.* } Further comments on D. H. Hill's retaining his troops and attempting to send inferior troops in their stead.
- R. E. Lee, June 3, 1863, page 851, to Seddon.* } About D. H. Hill and the best Brigades retained from the Army of Northern Virginia.

SERIES I, VOLUME XXVII, PART III, SERIAL NO. 40.

GETTYSBURG.

- R. E. Lee to General Sam Jones, page 858, June 3, 1863.* } Even with this reduction I am deficient in general transportation for commissary, quartermaster, &c., trains.
- R. E. Lee to General A. P. Hill, page 859, June 5, 1863.* } Third Army Corps in front of Fredericksburg; balance of the army moving north.
- R. E. Lee to Seddon, Secretary of War, June 8, 1863, page 868.* } Whiting and D. H. Hill. "He does not seem to have projected much and has accomplished less."

Nothing to be gained by remaining on the defensive. If the Department thinks it better to remain on the defensive, it has only to inform me. Troops not needed in the South. Sent to the armies in the field, we might hope to make some impression on the enemy.

- NOTE.—*On the way to Gettysburg.* } Insufficient food, insufficient transportation, insufficient cavalry. No infantry reinforcements. Can't get his own troops from Cape Fear department. Troops rotting from inaction in the South. Heroically starts north, but on the 8th of June, at Culpeper C. H., is uncertain if the Department will let him go on.

*Seddon, Secretary of War* } Apologises to General Lee, and explains that the disposition of the troops in North Carolina is determined by President Davis.  
*to General Lee, June 9, 1863, page 874.*

*General R. E. Lee, June 9, 1863, to Davis, page 874.* } Culpeper C. H. Reports that the enemy, cavalry, infantry and artillery, have crossed the Rappahannock in force. Prisoners from two corps captured. Suggests orders to Cooke's Brigade and Jenkins' Brigade to be sent to Army N. Virginia.

*President Davis, page 874 June 9, 1863.* } Mr. Davis refers General Lee's dispatch to General D. H. Hill as to Jenkins' and Cooke's Brigades.

*Samuel Cooper, A. General, to General D. H. Hill, June 10, 1863, page 879.* } Informs General D. H. Hill of General Lee's order as to Cooke's and Jenkins' Brigades, and leaves it to General D. H. Hill's discretion if General Lee's order shall be carried out.

*R. E. Lee to Seddon, June 13, 1863, p. 886.* } You can realize the difficulty of operating in an offensive movement with this army if it is to be divided to cover Richmond. It seems to me useless to attempt it with the force against it.

*S. Cooper, A. A. General, to D. H. Hill, June 15, 1863, pages 890-891.* } Authorizes Hill to retain Jenkins' Brigade. Ransom's to Drury's Bluff. Corse's Virginia Brigade, drawn from General Lee's command at Culpeper.

*R. E. Lee to General A. P. Hill, June 16, 1863.* } Informs him that Anderson's Division of his Third Army Corps has reached Culpeper C. H. Expects another division next day.

*Davis to Lee, June 19th, 1863, page 904.* } Informs General Lee why a part of his army, "Pickett's Division, Corse's Brigade, has been detained. Jenkins' Brigade deemed necessary by D. H. Hill to protect Petersburg."

*General A. G. Jenkins to D. H. Hill, June 20, 1863, Murfee's Depot, page 908.* } I beg as a personal favor that you arrange to send my Brigade to join General Lee. I have sent scouts to Suffolk. No enemy, no gunboats.

*General G. E. Pickett, Berryville Pike, to General R. H. Chilton, A. A. G., A. N. Va., June 21, 1863, page 910.* } Wants his scattered command sent to him.

*General Lee to General J. E. B. Stuart, June 22, 1863, page 913.* } Move with three Brigades into Maryland. (Two Brigades can guard the Blue Ridge and take care of your rear.) Take position on General Ewell's right. Place yourself in communication with him. One column will move by the Emmettsburg route, another by Chambersburg.

*General Lee to General Stuart, June 23, 1863.* } I think you had better withdraw on this side of the mountain to-morrow night, cross at Shepardstown the next day and move over to Fredericktown. In either case, after crossing the river you must move on and feel the right of Ewell's troops, collecting information, provisions, &c.

*General Lee to Davis, June 23, 1863, page 925.* } Urges withdrawal of troops from Carolina and Georgia under Beauregard and part at least pushed forward to Culpeper C. H. His presence would give magnitude to even a small demonstration and tend greatly to confound and perplex the enemy. Good results would follow from sending forward under General Beauregard such of the troops about Richmond and North Carolina as could be spared for a short time. The good effect of beginning to assemble an army at Culpeper C. H. would I think soon become

apparent, and the movement might be increased in importance as the result might appear to justify.

*General Lee to General Samuel Cooper, A. A. G., June 23, 1863, page 925.* } Urges that Corse's Brigade be sent to "Pickett's Division," not needed where it is, especially if the plan of assembling an army under Beauregard at Culpeper C. H. is adopted.

*General Lee opposite Williamsport, June 25, 1863, page 930, to Davis.* } . If the plan I suggested the other day of organizing an army even in effigy under Beauregard at Culpeper C. H., can be carried into effect, much relief will be afforded.

If even the brigades in Virginia and North Carolina, which Generals D. H. Hill and Elzey think cannot be spared, were ordered there at once, and General Beauregard were sent there, if he had to return to South Carolina; it would do more to protect both States than anything else.

*General Lee, Williamsport, June 25, 1863, to Davis.* } It seems to me that we cannot afford to keep our troops awaiting possible movements of the enemy, but that our true policy is, as far as we can, to employ our own forces as to give occupation to his, at points of our selection. \* \* \* \*

I feel sure, therefore, that the best use that can be made of the troops in Carolina and those in Virginia now guarding Richmond, would be the prompt assembling of the main body of them \* \* together with as many as can be drawn from the army of General Beauregard at Culpeper C. H., under the command of that officer. It should never be forgotten that our concentration at any point, compels that of the enemy, and his numbers

being limited, tends to relieve all other threatened localities.

---

*Page 946. Abstract from the Department of North Carolina, Major-General D. H. Hill Commanding, Headquarters near Richmond, Virginia, June 30th, 1863.*

Permanent force:

Clingman's Brigade,	
Cook's Brigade,	Officers, 1,308.
Martin's Brigade,	
Colquitt's Brigade,	Aggregate present, 22,822.
Jenkins' Brigade,	
Ransom's Brigade,	
Unattached Infantry,	Pieces of Field artillery, 104.
Artillery,	
Cavalry.	

*Major-General Elzey's Command.*

Wise's Brigade,	
Corse's Brigade, of Pickett's	Numbers not given.
Division,	
Local troops.	

*Mr. Davis' Letter to General Lee, June 28, 1863.*

Giving reasons why he could not send General Beauregard to Culpeper C. H., or any troops to Culpeper C. H., to make a diversion in his favor, *was entrusted to a courier*, who was captured by Captain Dahlgren, of General Meade's staff. So that General Meade had full knowledge that he had nothing to fear in the direction of Washington.

General Lee first learned that his suggestions would not be entertained by reading Mr. President Davis' letter to him in the *New York Herald* and *New York Tribune*.

---

GENERAL LEE RESIGNED IN AUGUST.

[From New Orleans *Picayune*, December 30th, 1900.]

## **"THE CASE OF THE SOUTH AGAINST THE NORTH."**

**BY B. F. GRADY.**

**A REVIEW BY WILLIAM WALKER.**

The importance of the study of history is universally recognized. It is especially obvious when one's own country is concerned. In practical acknowledgment of this fact, the history of the United States has been made a part of the curriculum of the common schools in the several States, which, together, constitute the Federal Union. It is to be regretted, however, that so far as they deal with the political development of this country, the text-books placed in the hands of American boys and girls are not only superficial, but, in too many instances, incorrect and misleading. This is not surprising, when it is remembered that school books are usually mere abridgements, and that so many of the larger works dealing professedly with the political history of the United States have been written from a sectional and partisan point of view. Mr. B. F. Grady declares in the preface to his book, "*The Case of The South Against The North*," that his primary object has been the removal from the public mind of some of the wrong impressions which have been made during the last thirty-seven years.

Mr. Grady is a man of mature age, wide reading and practical experience as a public man. He has been a soldier, a college professor and a member of Congress. No one who reads "*The Case of The South Against The North*" will doubt that this work is the result of prolonged research and serious thought. If it be charged that he, too, has written from a sectional and partisan point of view, it may be replied that his statements and arguments are based upon official records and other authentic sources of information. If he is anywhere in error, he can be very easily corrected, because he has been extremely careful in the citation of his authorities. Moreover, his book is an answer. Though the South has submitted to the arbitrament of arms, it has yet a right to be heard before the august tribunal of history. It is true that the South has been defended with great ability by jurists and publicists of the learning, forceful-

ness and acuteness of A. T. Bledsoe and B. J. Sage; but these writers deal almost exclusively with questions of constitutional law. Mr. Grady, while he goes over the ground already traversed by them, is at pains to follow the actual course of Federal legislation, insofar as it appears to have a sectional significance. The general effect of his presentation of the case is to show that from the beginning of the history of the Federal Government, the Southern States have been compelled to occupy a defensive attitude. The British colonies in North America had entered into several temporary unions, so to speak, for mutual defense, before the war of the revolution.

After the close of the war with France (1764), England revived and amended an old law levying duties on sugar and molasses, on the ground that the colonies should contribute to the payment of her large war debt, which was in part contracted in their defense. This act created considerable excitement in Boston; but there was manifestation of serious discontent outside of Massachusetts. The stamp act, in 1765, however, raised a storm of opposition in all the colonies, and, at the request of Massachusetts, a Congress assembled in New York, composed of delegates from them all except Canada, New Hampshire, Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia. This Congress adopted a declaration of rights, and sent an address to the king and a petition to the parliament, asserting the right of the colonies to be "exempted from all taxes not imposed by their consent." The obnoxious act was repealed the next year, but another was passed imposing taxes on glass, paper, painters' colors and tea, on their importation into the colonies. This latter act was approved by the king in June, 1767, and in February, 1768, the Legislature of Massachusetts invited the co-operation of the other colonies in an effort to secure a redress of grievances. The circular in which this invitation was conveyed was very offensive to the British government, and a demand was made for its rescission, but Massachusetts refused to rescind, reaffirming its position in still stronger language. A body of troops was then sent over to suppress "the rebels," and finally, on the 5th of March, 1770, a number of the citizens of Boston, led by a negro named Crispus Attucks, attacked a military guard "with clubs, sticks and snow-balls covering stones." Dared to fire by the mob, six of the soldiers discharged their muskets, killing three of the crowd and wounding five others. The captain and eight men were tried for murder and all were acquitted, except two, who were convicted of manslaughter. About this time parliament repealed all the taxes imposed by the act of 1767, except that on tea. Another



act, passed in 1773, permitted the East India Company to carry their tea into the colonies and undersell the smugglers of Dutch tea. Mr. Grady asserts, on the authority of "Montgomery's American History," that nine-tenths of all they imported was smuggled from Holland. There remained only a duty of three pence per pound to be paid in the port of entry; but the importation was resisted in the principal importing cities, "notably in Boston, where the smugglers organized a band of 'Mohawk Indians' and dumped into the sea about \$100,000 worth of tea." Parliament thereupon passed several retaliatory and repressive acts, by the first of which the harbor of Boston was declared closed until a compensation should be made to the India Company for their tea, and 'till the inhabitants should discover an inclination to submit to the revenue laws. The effect of the second act was to take away the charter of the Massachusetts Bay, leaving the council to be appointed by the king, as in the southern provinces, and making town meetings unlawful, except for the purpose of elections.

When the people of Boston heard of the passage of the first of these acts they called a meeting and voted to make application to the other colonies to refuse all "importations from Great Britain and withhold all commercial intercourse with her, as the best mode to secure a repeal of the oppressive law." The other colonies showed themselves by no means unsympathetic at this juncture. The assembly of Virginia appointed a day of "fasting, humiliation and prayer," and the royal governor having at once dissolved the House of Burgesses, "the members resolved themselves into a committee," adopted resolutions declaring, in substance, that "the cause of Boston was the cause of all," and took steps to induce the other colonies to appoint delegates to the general Congress proposed by Boston. North Carolina's legislative assembly also denounced the Boston port bill, and approved the plan for a general Congress. At last, on the 5th of September, 1774, the first "Continental Congress" was organized in Philadelphia, all the colonies being represented except Canada and Georgia. The first act of this Congress was to agree that each colony should have one vote, and this equality, says Mr. Grady, was preserved by subsequent congresses, by the States under the articles of confederation, and, in the Senate, under the constitution. "Without it co-operation and union would have been impossible." This Congress declared what it deemed to be the inalienable rights of English freemen, pointed out the dangers which threatened those rights, and besought the people

of the colonies to renounce commerce with Great Britain, and advised all the colonies to send delegates to a general Congress, to be assembled in the same place in May of the next year. Meanwhile an act of parliament restrained "the trade and commerce of the provinces of Massachusetts Bay and New Hampshire and the colonies of Connecticut and Rhode Island and Providence Plantations in North America, to Great Britain, Ireland and the British Islands in the West Indies," and prohibited "such provinces and colonies from carrying on any fishery on the banks of Newfoundland or other places therein mentioned, under certain conditions and limitations." This act diminished the food supplies of the poor in Boston, and great distress would have followed but for contributions from other colonies. But, stimulated rather than deterred by this last act of aggression, the colonies, as advised, appointed delegates to another general Congress, all being represented except Canada and Georgia, as before, on its assemblage in May, 1775. Georgia was also represented some two months later. Hostilities had broken out between Great Britain and Massachusetts before this Congress met. The battle of Lexington had been fought, and volunteers from Connecticut and Vermont, under Colonel Ethan Allen, had seized upon the military posts of Ticonderoga and Crown Point. "New England," says Mr. Grady, "had now crossed the Rubicon; a step had been taken which imposed on the other colonies the necessity of choosing whether they would stand aloof and permit her to be crushed by Great Britain, or go to her relief with men and money. They choose the latter; the 'cause of Boston' had become, in a new and fearful sense, 'the cause of all.'"

In reciting the causes which brought about the Revolution, the Declaration of Independence, and the adoption of the articles of confederation, Mr. Grady shows the relations existing between the different colonies before they assumed the prerogative of sovereign States, and brings out the fact that the struggle with the mother country was begun mainly for the relief of New England, and especially of Massachusetts, from oppressive British legislation. This fact is contrasted with the persistent effort of New England States to take advantage of their federal relations, secured by the adoption of the constitution of the United States, to enhance their wealth at the expense of the other States. This policy seems to have acquired a secular vitality. Begun in the eighteenth century, it has been maintained almost uninterruptedly to the closing year of the nineteenth, and nothing is more certain than its continued enforcement

through at least the opening years of the twentieth. Mr. Grady remarks that having brought the record of events up to the formation of the new government, "we need to be somewhat familiar with the different interests of the different sections of the Union, which could be benefitted or injured by congressional legislation. We begin with New England's shipping interests, because they were among the first to ask for special favors, and to sow the seeds of that sectional conflict which produced the war between the northern and southern States." Shipbuilding had, at an early date, become the leading industry of the seaboard towns of New England, and the numerous vessels belonging to Massachusetts placed her, in relation to commerce, at the head of the colonies. For about a century and a half New England enjoyed almost a monopoly of the carrying trade of the colonies. This business was disturbed by the Revolution; but after the war was over, commerce resumed its importance, and, stimulated by preferences accorded to them because of bitter memories of British aggressions, New England's shipping interests enjoyed, it would not be far from the truth to declare, almost as many monopolistic privileges as were afterwards conferred on them by acts of Congress. But, however that may be, the builders and owners of ships in New England were unwilling to trust entirely to a mere sentimental protection. They desired that their privileges should have the sanction of federal law, and their desire was gratified. Upon the application of their representatives, "an absolute monopoly of the coastwise trade was conferred on ships built in the United States, with the privilege of adjusting freight and passenger rates to suit the owners; a discriminating tonnage tax was imposed on all foreign ships engaged in carrying goods to or from these States; a discriminating tariff tax was imposed on all articles imported into these States in foreign ships; ship builders in the United States were granted an absolute monopoly of the 'home market' for ships, and New England's cod fishermen were quartered on the taxpayers of all the States." Largely in consequence of these protective measures, the shippers of the United States, as far back as 1810, controlled a greater part of the world's carrying trade than either Holland or England; but already the victims of paternalism had begun to ask what had become of the justice promised in the constitution. At the time of the adoption of the constitution, and for several decades afterwards, agriculture was the employment of the great majority of the people of this country, and diversification of industry was confined almost exclusively to the north. In the northern States

the surplus crops of the farmers were consumed by those engaged in other occupations, while southern farmers had to seek a market in foreign lands. Mr. Grady, therefore, contends that under these circumstances the South was subjected to two wrongs by the operation of federal laws: "First, foreign prices had to be accepted for her crops whether sold abroad or in the United States, and tariff laws compelled her to purchase her supplies of manufactured articles at prices considerably above those charged in foreign markets, and, second, every act of Congress designed to counteract hostile commercial legislation by any foreign government—most of the tariff acts included—led to further restrictions on exports from the United States, of which the South furnished from 80 to 90 per cent."

In successive chapters Mr. Grady undertakes to show how the northern States secured special and undue advantages from fishing bounties, the assumption by the general government of the war debts of the several States, the establishment of the Bank of the United States, the disproportionate distribution of pensions for service in the Revolution, and the unjust and the unconstitutional disposal of the public lands; but these separate charges, all embraced in the statement of the case against the South, must be dismissed with a bare mention in this brief review. It may be remarked, however, that nearly all the laws enacted by Congress for the special benefit of the North have been defended by loose constructions of the constitution. The disposition to enlarge the power of Congress by evading the limitations which a strict construction of that instrument would impose was the vice of the old federalist party as it is of its legitimate successor, the Republican party of to-day. Justin Winsor, in the *Narrative and Critical History of America*, edited by him, compares written and unwritten constitution. Prof. Diman, in the *New Englander*, May, 1878, and Woodrow Wilson in his *Congressional Government*, "have not failed," he says, "to show that the difference of form of the written and unwritten constitutions is reduced to a small divergence through the elasticity and adaptability secured in the American document from its elementary character." Von Holst, a German publicist, whose writings upon the political history of this country seem to be much admired in certain quarters, seems to regard it as unfortunate that the discussion of important measures in Congress should be so much occupied with the question of constitutionality. There seems, indeed, to be growing into vogue a theory of historical development in the interpretation of organic law, and it has even been intimated that the country has outgrown

a constitution made to meet the demands of a comparatively primitive era. Unmeasured danger lurks in these suggestions. The maintenance of the constitutional limits of federal power and the preservation of the reserved rights of the several States are not the demands simply of a traditional local sentiment, but are essential to the security of personal rights and individual liberty.

Tariff legislation in the United States has been fruitful of much sectional bitterness, mainly because of its protective features. Men may honestly differ as to the constitutionality of any measure of protection; but even were the validity of taxation for protection universally admitted in principle, it would still be impossible to claim, with any approach to plausibility, that the general government can justly foster particular interests by the imposition of oppressive burdens upon the interests no less legitimate and important. And certainly it cannot be maintained that any section of the country should be made to pay a disproportionate part of the cost of supporting the general government. But this is the gravamen of the charge in *The Case of the South Against the North*. The other questions that have divided the sections have in reality become grave political issues mainly because of their incidental relation to this one. The system of territorial expansion, beginning with the Louisiana purchase, the extension of slavery beyond the limits of the original slave States, the right of nullification and the right of secession, each in turn excited opposition at the north because in one way or another, it seemed to menace the continuance of the undue profits derived by that section from the operation of the taxing power of the Federal Government. The famous resolutions of 1798 asserted the right of the States to interpose their authority in arrest of unwarranted action on the part of the Federal government. In regard to the acquisition of Louisiana, Alexander Johnston says: "The Federalists felt, as Quincy expressed it afterwards, that 'this is not so much a question concerning sovereignty, as it is who shall be sovereign.'" The Federalists were favorable to the scheme of a strong central government, but the Federalists at the north desired to control that government in the interest of their own section. Mr. Jefferson, however, did not negotiate the purchase of Louisiana with a view to the extension of slavery, a consummation which he would not have regarded as desirable. He, in fact, had not contemplated the cession of the whole of the Louisiana territory; that proposal came from Napoleon himself. In regard to the general effect of the preponderant influence of the protected interests, Mr. Grady quotes

the view presented by Mr. Benton in his *Thirty Years in the United States Senate*. Referring in general terms to the causes of southern discontent, Mr. Benton says that the complaint of the South against the North existed when he came into the Senate (1821), and had commenced in the first years of the Federal Government, at the time of the assumption of the State debts, the incorporation of the first national bank and the adoption of the funding system, all of which drew capital from the South to the North: “It continued to increase, and, at the period (1838) to which this chapter relates, it had reached the stage of an organized sectional expression in a voluntary convention of the Southern States. \* \* \* \* The changed relative condition of the two sections of the country, before and since the union, was shown in the general relative depression or prosperity since that event, and especially in the reversed condition of their respective foreign trade. \* \* \* \* The convention referred the effect to a course of federal legislation unwarranted by the grants of the constitution and the objects of the union, which subtracted capital from one section and accumulated it in the other; protective tariff, internal improvements, pensions, national debt, two national banks, the funding system and the paper system, the multiplication of offices, the conversion of a limited into an almost unlimited government, and the substitution of power and splendor for what was intended to be a simple and economical administration of that part of their affairs which required a general head. \* \* \* What has been published in the South and adverted to in this view goes to show that an incompatibility of interest between the two sections, though not inherent, has been produced by the working of the government—not its fair and legitimate, but its perverted and unequal working.”

Mr Benton was an authority on the statistics of Federal taxation, and Mr. Grady pronounces him an undoubtedly impartial writer. In the passage just quoted from his *Thirty Years in the United States Senate*, he describes this relative condition of the two sections of the country in 1838. Ten years before that date, discussing the “bill of abominations,” he said: “Wealth has fled from the South and settled in the regions north of the Potomac, and this in the midst of the fact that the south in four staples alone, in cotton, tobacco, rice and indigo (while indigo was one of its staples), has exported produce since the revolution to the value of \$800,000,000, and the north has exported comparatively nothing.” And truly, adds Mr. Grady, did the South Carolina delegation say, in their address to their

constituents, after the passage of the tariff act of 1832: "That in this manner the burden of supporting the government was thrown exclusively on the Southern States, and the other states gained more than they lost by the operations of the revenue system." The nullification proceedings in South Carolina ensued upon the passage of the act of 1832. The discussion of the doctrine, or theory, of nullification, was begun by some southern members of Congress, notably by Senator Hayne, of South Carolina, in January, 1830. Senator Hayne asserted the right of a state "to interpose and arrest the execution of any federal measure oppressive to its citizens and violative of the Constitution, and as a last resort to retire from the union." Mr. Grady observes that "this was an unfortunate move, aside from any merit in it; it united against those who held Mr. Hayne's opinions many of the honest and sincere friends of the union and all those who were, or hoped to be, beneficiaries of Federal legislation. Naturally, a champion of the union was sought for; and he was found in Daniel Webster, whose reply to Hayne added very much to his fame, was regarded as a *coup de grace* to States' rights, and became as familiar as 'Mother Goose's Melodies' in every section of the union." Mr. Webster delivered two speeches in the course of the debate, one on January 25th, and the other two days after, as a rejoinder. Mr. Grady considers the two together and summarizes them as follows:

"First—He (Webster) asserts that the power of Congress is unlimited in granting public lands for roads, canals, education, etc., in Ohio and other western States, without regard to the conditions on which Virginia and other States ceded the lands to the United States; and he finds his authority in the 'common good,' it being, he declares, 'fairly embraced in its objects and terms.'

"Second—Of the government he says: 'It is not the creature of State legislatures; nay, more, if the whole truth must be told, the people brought it into existence, established it and have hitherto supported it, for the very purpose, among others, of imposing certain salutary restraints on State sovereignties.'

"Third—Having not lived to see the 'reconstruction measures' thrown out of court as not coming under its jurisdiction, he asserts that all questions involving the rights of States and the powers of Congress being for decision to the United States courts.

"Fourth—Of the government, again, he says:

"So far from saying that it is established by the governments of

the several States, it (the constitution) does not even say that it (the general government) is established by the people of the several States; but it pronounces that it is established by the people of the United States in the aggregate. \* \* \* So they declare, and words cannot be plainer than the words used. \* \* \* They ordained such a government, they gave it the name of a constitution, and therein they established a distribution of powers between this, their general government, and their several State governments."

Of course, the constitution does not anywhere declare that it has been established "by the people of the United States in the aggregate." Referring to that matter in another chapter, Mr. Grady explains why the different States were not severally mentioned in the Declaration of Independence, and remarks that it was for the very reason which caused their names to be stricken out of the constitution after "we, the people." That reason was that it was not known to the committee appointed to draft the declaration whether all the colonies would approve it. In the same chapter Mr. Grady calls attention to the answer to Mr. Webster by Mr. Calhoun, and to "the complete overthrow of his (Webster's) political doctrines, by quoting his own former utterances (always scrupulously ignored and excluded by northern compilers of school readers, speakers, union text-books, etc.)," and adds a quotation from an address delivered long after this debate at Capon Springs, Va. There, in June, 1851, Mr. Webster said: "I have not hesitated to say, and I repeat, that, if the northern States refuse, willfully and deliberately, to carry into effect that part of the constitution which respects the restoration of fugitive slaves, and Congress provide no remedy, the South would no longer be bound to observe the compact. A bargain cannot be broken on one side, and still bind the other side." Here Mr. Webster seems to recognize very clearly the fact that the several States are distinct political entities, and the further that the constitution is the written and formal embodiment of the compact, or "bargain," which they—not "the people of the United States in the aggregate," made with each other in order to enter into "a more perfect union." He also admits, in plain terms, that a State may withdraw from the union when the constitution has been violated. He might have said with equal propriety that the uniform abuse of a power, conferred upon the general government by the constitution to the detriment of any of the States is in itself a violation of the whole spirit, the intention, of the federal compact.

It was not the purpose of this brief review to follow Mr. Grady



through his whole sketch of the tariff agitation and his masterly examination of constitutional questions. It was intended simply to indicate the general outlines of his work, and to furnish a few striking illustrations of his method. His statement of "The Case of the South Against the North" should be very carefully read by all students of the political history of this country.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, July 8, 1900.]

### **CARPENTER'S BATTERY OF THE STONEWALL BRIGADE.**

Company A, of the 27th Virginia Regiment, of the old Stonewall Brigade, which fought with such desperate valor at the first battle of Manassas, was honored by General Jackson in his having had it transformed into an artillery company and assigned to duty under himself, in the Valley of Virginia, when he was sent there in chief command, which honor was the more highly accentuated by its accompanying him considerably in advance of the order to the entire brigade to join him in the Valley of Virginia. And so thus went forth Carpenter's Battery, from its membership with the Stonewall Brigade, rejoicing in that honor, and filled with enthusiasm for the dauntless and heroic commander, whose glorious leadership had already won its unspeakable admiration and unquenchable faith.

In the beginning it was supplied with four 6-pounder Tredegar, smooth-bore iron guns, but all insignificant as were these four funny little pieces of artillery, behold what fine execution they did at Kernstown! Then and there was made a name and fame for Carpenter's Battery, which it so gloriously maintained to the bitter end, at the Appomattox culmination. And still, with its funny little guns, it travelled up the Valley and out through Staunton to that tight little fight at McDowell's, where it again acquitted itself bravely.

Who of us will ever forget the worse than hardships of fighting, the cold, privation and starvation of that ever memorable march to Romney, in particular, and the continued career of our contests of glory in our marches and tribulations from that time on, in general

which attest the spirit and prowess of a company, out of, as well as in, the forefront of battle. A good soldier, be it remembered, must suffer and endure on the wearisome march, and in the tiresome tented field, no less than in the fiercest battle. The battles in which Carpenter's Battery fought may be counted by scores, from its first bloody infantry charge at the first Manassas, and its artillery baptism at Kernstown, onward incessantly in every battle of the Army of Northern Virginia, to the closing scene of General Lee's desperate endeavor just before Appomattox.

When it was Company A of the 27th Regiment, our good and brave first captain, Thompson McAllister, led it to deeds heroic in that first Manassas battle, where our losses were heavy, but where we gained a fighting name the soldier so dearly prizes, and then, too, we were only boy soldiers!

The failure of Captain McAllister's health, occurring soon after that famous event, in which he bore so conspicuous a part, devolved the captaincy next on our former First Lieutenant, Joseph Carpenter, and it was he who so nobly and bravely commanded the company at Kernstown, and onward as artillery until a fatal shot struck him down at Cedar Mountain, his death ensuing therefrom. He was a military cadet, under Major (Stonewall) Jackson, at the Virginia Military Institute, and this will account for his company's being one of the best drilled and disciplined companies in all the old Stonewall Brigade. His death was greatly lamented. After this his brother, John C. Carpenter, a lieutenant, became our third captain, and remained in command until the war closed, being always at his post of duty, except when wounded, which was often the case, though he still lives, as is said of him, in fragments. Two brothers of these second and third captains were also desperately wounded—Lieutenant Ben Carpenter, shot through the lungs, but who is now living in Covington, Va., and Private Tobe Carpenter, who was killed at Wade's Depot, in the Valley of Virginia.

From beginning to end our loss was forty-three killed outright, and a proportionate number in wounded, which means hundreds, since it must be remembered that recruiting was continually going on in our ranks. At one time Cutshaw's Battery, which, like our own, had been greatly reduced by the casualties of war, through a faithful and fearless discharge of its duty, was consolidated with Carpenter's Battery, and the union made a fine and splendid company. Our commissioned officers from first to last were Captains

Thompson McAllister, Joseph Carpenter and John Carpenter; Lieutenants George McKendree, H. H. Dunot, W. T. Lambie, Ben Carpenter, Charles O. Jordan, and — Barton.

Our sergeants and gunners were largely instrumental in making and sustaining the fine morale of the company. Two of the gunners at Kernstown were formerly civil engineers, to which is attributed the fact of our doing such fine execution and making there so proud a name. At the first shot of the first gun there, General Jackson, who was seated on his horse only a few paces distant, clapped together his hands vehemently and exclaimed: "Good! Good!" What a glorious time was that for that gunner, and for Carpenter's Battery entire! The battery obtained its prestige there and maintained it to the end. With scarcely an exception, the privates of Carpenter's Battery were of the proper stuff, and never quailed before the enemy, whatever were the odds.

Did it not require too much space to publish all the names of these it would be a pleasure to me to write them out from a roster of the company, which required years to complete, now at my disposal.

The company was organized in Covington, Va., April 20th, 1861, hurried to Staunton, but was ordered back to rendezvous, for drill and equipment, soon thereafter repairing to Harper's Ferry, where it performed picket duty on Loudoun Heights and built block houses. A little later it assisted in the demolition of the Harper's Ferry arsenal and the burning of the great Potomac-river bridge. Then we were mustered into the old 1st Virginia Brigade, which the immortal General Bee said was standing at Manassas "like a stonewall," while other brigades wavered from the clash and shock of that bloody conflict. There company A used musket, ball and bayonet, while at Kernstown, and thereafter, on too many fields to enumerate, as Carpenter's Battery, it sent forth its defiance in the deadly solid shot, the seething, hissing shell and the whistling grape and canister.

C. A. FONERDEN.

**OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE HISTORY COMMITTEE  
OF THE GRAND CAMP C. V., DEPARTMENT  
OF VIRGINIA.**

By Judge **GEORGE L. CHRISTIAN**, Acting Chairman,  
October 11th, 1900.

- I. THE RIGHT OF SECESSION ESTABLISHED BY NORTHERN  
TESTIMONY.**
- II. THE NORTH THE AGGRESSOR IN BRINGING ON THE WAR  
ESTABLISHED BY THEIR OWN TESTIMONY.**

*To the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans of Virginia:*

Some time in July last, Dr. Stuart McGuire, seeing that his father, Dr. Hunter McGuire, the able and distinguished Chairman of this Committee, was permanently disabled for longer discharging the duties devolving on him, sent his resignation to your Commander. A meeting of this Committee was promptly called, and it was the unanimous opinion of the members present that the resignation should not be accepted, but that some member of the Committee should be designated to write the Report for this meeting. I was designated by the Commander for the performance of this important task.

Fully recognizing then, as I do now, both my inability and the lack of time at my command, for the proper discharge of the duty thus assigned me, I earnestly asked to be excused from the undertaking, and nothing but my devotion, both to Dr. McGuire and the Confederate cause, could have induced me to consent to undertake a work for which I felt so poorly prepared.

Since that time, the hand that strikes no erring blow, has taken from us our able and beloved Chairman, and he now sleeps in beautiful Hollywood. I have no words to express the personal loss I feel at this calamity, and I know that you, and each of you, share with me in these feelings. Distinguished both in war and in peace, for ability and fidelity to every trust, there was nothing for which he was more distinguished than for his love and fidelity to our cause, and to those who fought to sustain it. He is lost to us as counsellor

and friend. He is lost to us as our leader in labor for the truth. I am here not to supply his place. No one can know, as I do, how unequal I am to such an undertaking; but I am about to try, as best I may, to carry out the plans he had formed, to obey his instructions, all unconsciously given. I persuade myself that in this attempt I shall have your kind indulgence.

#### SOUTH NOT THE AGGRESSORS.

The evening before Dr. McGuire was stricken with the malady which forever incapacitated him for any earthly service, I was with him, and, as was frequently the case, we were talking of the Confederate war. In the course of the conversation, he alluded to the Report of last year, and feelingly expressed his just pride in the way you received it. He then said: "I am already making preparations for my next Report. I intend in that to vindicate the South from the oft-repeated charge that we were the aggressors in bringing on the war;" and he then added: "This will be my last 'labor of love' for the dear Southern people." Within less than twenty hours from the time that sentence was spoken, the splendid intellect that conceived it was a mournful wreck, and the tongue which gave it utterance was paralyzed.

My task, therefore, is to show that your Chairman was right in saying that the South was not the aggressor in bringing on the war; that, on the contrary, we did all that honorable men could do in the vain attempt to avert it—all that could be done without debasing the men and women of the South with conscious disgrace, and leaving to our children a heritage of shame; and I shall further prove that the Northern people with Abraham Lincoln at their head, brought on the war by provocation to war and by act of war; and that they were and are, therefore, directly responsible for all the multiplied woes which resulted therefrom. In doing this, I shall quote almost exclusively from Northern sources; and, whilst I cannot hope to bring to your attention at this late day anything that is new, I do hope that, by reiterating and repeating some of the old facts, I shall be able to revive impressions which may have faded from the minds of some; I shall hope, too, to reach the many, many others, especially the young, who have been the victims of false teaching with respect to these facts, or have had no opportunity, or perhaps, little disposition, to become familiar with them.

REASONS FOR SUCH PAPERS.

It is well to set forth the reasons that actuate us in preparing such papers as these. These reasons were presented with great force in the Report of 1899. Now, as then, they are found in the fact that denials or perversions of the truth are sown broadcast all over the literature of the North. Not only does this characterize their permanent histories, as then shown with such clearness of criticism and cogency of reply, but their story-writings, their periodicals and transient newspaper publications—all, are vehicles, to a degree at least, of misrepresentation on these points. Their worthiest orators and writers have dared to tell the truth on important points, but the literature we have described is that which reaches the haphazard reader and permeates the South as well as the North. The Grand Army of the Republic contains many brave men. We have met them with arms in their hands. It contains others whose weapons of warfare are opprobrious epithets and denunciatory resolutions. This is a matter of annual display. Annually the Northern public is again misled, and its day of repentance is postponed. The men of the South are, therefore, constrained to make record of the truth. I, therefore, proceed to restate my purpose, which is to show *that the South did not, and that the North did, inaugurate the war.* Before proceeding to the direct discussion of this question, and because the right of a State to secede from the Union was the real issue involved in the conflict, and the proximate cause thereof, I think it pertinent to inquire particularly, in what special locality, if in any, this doctrine originated; by whom, if by either party rather than the other, it was most emphatically taught; and especially when, if in either section, the threat of the application for the dissolution of the Union was first, most frequently and most ominously heard! In pursuance of this inquiry, and adhering to our plan of calling the North to witness, let us ask first, What was the opinion of Northern and other unprejudiced writers on this question both prior to and since the war? Of course, we know that the right of a State to secede was commonly held by the statesmen of the South, and we venture the assertion that no unprejudiced mind can to-day read the history of the adoption of the Constitution and the formation of this government under it without being convinced that the right of secession as exercised by the South did exist.

## THE RIGHT OF SECESSION.

A distinguished English writer says:

"I believe the right of secession is so clear, that if the South had wished to do so, for no better reason than that it could not bear to be beaten in an election, like a sulky school-boy out of temper at not winning a game, and had submitted the question of its right to withdraw from the Union to the decision of any court of law in Europe, she would have carried her point."

Indeed, the decision of this question might, with propriety, and doubtless would, have rested for all time on the principles enunciated in the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798 and '99, and the report of Mr. Madison on these resolutions. The Virginia resolutions and report were drawn by Mr. Madison, the "father of the Constitution;" and those of Kentucky by Mr. Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence.

These principles, emanating from these "master-builders," would, as we have said, have settled the rights of the States on this question forever, but for the fact, as Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts tells us, that the North was controlled by *expediency*, and not by *principle*, in the consideration of them. These resolutions, when adopted by Virginia and Kentucky, were sent to the Northern Legislatures for their concurrence; and the distinguished Senator from Massachusetts, from whom we are quoting, says in terms, in his Life of Webster, that when the resolutions were thus submitted, "they were not opposed on *constitutional grounds*, but only on those of *expediency* and hostility to the revolution they were considered to embody." That they did not, and could not, cite any constitutional principle as ground for their rejection, only they held that the revolution involved in their application was at that time *inexpedient*. In other words, *it did not pay* the New England States to endorse the principles of those resolutions then; but when they thought they were being oppressed by the Federal Government a few years later (as we shall presently see), they were not only ready to endorse these resolutions, *but actually threatened to secede from the Union*.

## TWO PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

But I wish to advance a step further in the argument, and to inquire—

(1) *Where the doctrine of secession originated?* and

(2) *What distinguished Northern statesmen have said of the right, both before and since the war?*

Here we may properly add the clear statement of an able Northern writer, who declares his opinion (presently to be quoted in full) that at the time the Constitution was accepted by the States, *there was not a man in the country who doubted the right of each and every State peaceably to withdraw from the Union.* In fact, we may at once answer our first inquiry by saying that the doctrine of secession *originated* in neither section, but was recognized at the first as underlying the Constitution and accepted by all parties. In confirmation of this view, but particularly with respect to the region of its earliest, most frequent, most emphatic and most threatening assertion, we proceed to show further that a recent Northern writer has used this language:

"A popular notion is that the State-rights—secession or disunion doctrine—was originated by Calhoun, and was a South Carolina heresy. But that popular notion is wrong. According to the best information I have been able to acquire on the subject, the State-rights, or secession doctrine, was originated by Josiah Quincy, and was a *Massachusetts heresy.*"

This writer says Quincy first enunciated the doctrine in opposing the bill for the admission of what was then called the "Orleans Territory" (now Louisiana) in 1811, when he declared, that "if the bill passed and that territory was admitted, the act would be subversive of the Union, and the several States would be freed from their federal bonds and obligations; and that, *as it will be the right of all (the States), so it will be the duty of some, to prepare definitely for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must.*"

Whilst this author may be right in characterizing the development of the doctrine, and fixing this right as a "Massachusetts heresy," he is wrong in fixing upon its first progenitor, and in saying that the date of its birth was as late as 1811; for in 1803, one Colonel Timothy Pickering, a Senator from Massachusetts, and Secretary of State in the Cabinet of John Adams, complaining of what he called "the oppressions of the aristocratic Democrats of the South," said, "I will not despair; I will rather anticipate a new Confederacy." \* \* \* "That this can be accomplished without spilling one drop of blood I have little doubt." \* \* \* "It must begin with Massachusetts. The proposition would be welcomed by Connecticut; and could we doubt of New Hampshire? But New York must be associated; and



how is her concurrence to be obtained? She must be made the center of the Confederacy. Vermont and New Jersey would follow, of course; and Rhode Island of necessity."

#### THE HARTFORD CONVENTION.

In 1814, the Hartford Convention was called and met in consequence of the opposition of New England to the war then pending with Great Britain. Delegates were sent to this Convention by the Legislatures of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, and several counties and towns from other Northern States also sent representatives. This Convention, after deliberating with closed doors on the propriety of withdrawing the States represented in it from the Union, published an address, in which it said, among other things:

"If the Union be destined to dissolution \* \* \* it should, if possible, be the work of peaceable times and deliberate consent. \*

\* \* Whenever it shall appear that the causes are radical and permanent, a separation by equitable arrangement will be preferable to an alliance by constraint among nominal friends, but real enemies."

In 1839, Ex-President John Quincy Adams, in an address delivered by him in New York, said:

"The indissoluble link of union between the people of the several States of this confederated nation is, after all, not *in the right*, but in the heart. If the day should ever come (may Heaven avert it) when the affections of the people of these States shall be alienated from each other, the bonds of political association will not long hold together parties no longer attracted by the magnetism of consolidated interests and kindly sympathies; *and far better will it be for the people of the disunited States to part in friendship with each other than to be held together by constraint.*"

This same man presented to Congress the first petition ever presented in that body for a dissolution of the Union.

Mr. William Rawle, a distinguished lawyer and jurist of Pennsylvania, in his work on the Constitution, says this:

"It depends on the State itself to retain or abolish the principle of representation, because it depends on itself *whether it will continue a member of the Union*. To deny this right would be inconsistent with the principles on which all our political systems are

founded, which is that the people have in all cases a right to determine how they will be governed."

In the case of the *Bank of Augusta against Earle*, 13 Peters, 590-592, it was decided by the Supreme Court of the United States the same year in which Mr. John Quincy Adams made his speech above quoted from that—

"They are *sovereign States*. \* \* \* We think it well settled that by the law of comity among nations a corporation created by one sovereign is permitted to make contracts in another, and to sue in its courts, and that the same law of comity prevails among the several *sovereignties* of this Union."

Shortly after the nomination of General Taylor, a petition was actually presented in the Senate of the United States, "asking Congress to devise means for the dissolution of the Union." And the votes of Messrs. Seward, Chase and Hale were recorded in favor of its reception.

In 1844, the Legislature of Massachusetts attempted to coerce the President and Congress by the use of this language:

"The project of the annexation of Texas, unless arrested on the threshold, may tend to drive these States (New England) into a dissolution of the Union."

#### THE VIEWS OF WEBSTER.

Daniel Webster (the great "expounder of the Constitution," as he is called), notwithstanding his famous reply to Mr. Hayne, delivered in 1830, in which he so ingeniously denied the right of a State to determine for itself when its constitutional powers were infringed, and also that the Constitution was a compact between sovereign States, and contended that the power to determine the constitutionality of the laws of Congress was lodged only in the Federal Government, in a speech delivered at Capon Springs, Virginia, in 1851, used this language:

"If the South were to violate any part of the Constitution intentionally and systematically, and persist in so doing from year to year, and no remedy could be had, would the North be any longer bound by the rest of it; and if the North were deliberately, habitually and of fixed purpose to disregard one part of it, would the South be bound any longer to observe its other obligations? \* \* \* How

absurd is it to suppose that when different parties enter into a compact for certain purposes, either can disregard any one provision and expect nevertheless the other to observe the rest! \* \* A bargain cannot be broken on one side and still bind the other."

He said in a speech delivered at Buffalo, N. Y., during the same year:

"The question, fellow-citizens (and I put it to you as the real question)—the question is, Whether you and the rest of the people of the great State of New York and of all the States, will so adhere to the Union—will so enact and maintain laws to preserve that instrument—that you will not only remain in the Union yourselves, but permit your Southern brethren to remain in it and help perpetuate it."

How different is the language above quoted from Mr. Webster in his Capon Springs speech from the proposition as stated by Mr. Lincoln in his first inaugural, when he says:

"One party to a contract may violate it—break it, so to speak—but does it not require all to lawfully rescind it?"

But, what more could be expected of Mr. Lincoln, when it is well known that he held that the relation of the States to the Union was the same as that which the counties bear to the States of which they respectively form a part?

#### HIS REPLY TO HAYNE.

Those who deny the right of secession are fond of quoting as their authority extracts from Mr. Webster's reply to Mr. Hayne, made in 1830. It is worthy of note that the Capon Springs and Buffalo speeches were made in 1851; and these last are the product of his riper thinking—his profounder reflections. He had evidently learned much about the Constitution in the twenty-one years that had intervened, and in his maturer years, was indeed speaking as a statesman, and not only as an advocate, as he did in 1830.

But it is all important to remember that Mr. Webster nowhere in this whole speech refers to the *right of secession*. His whole argument in this connection, is against the right of *nullification*, another and very different thing; but one which, as we will presently show, was *actually being exercised* by fourteen out of the sixteen Free States in 1861.

In 1855, Senator Benjamin F. Wade of Ohio (afterwards, as we know, one of the most notorious South-haters), said in a speech delivered in the United States Senate:

“Who is the judge in the last resort of the violation of the Constitution of the United States by the enactment of a law? Who is the final arbiter, the General Government or the States in their sovereignty? Why, sir, to yield that point is to yield up all the rights of the States to protect their own citizens, and to consolidate this government into a miserable despotism.”

And he further said, on the 18th of December, 1860:

“I do not so much blame the people of the South, because I think they have been led to believe that we to-day, the dominant party, who are about to take the reins of government, are their mortal foes, and stand ready to trample their institutions under foot.”

And notwithstanding the expression of these sentiments, we know, as we say, that this man became one of the most ardent supporters of the “miserable despotism” established by Abraham Lincoln, and became the second officer in that “despotism” on the assassination of Mr. Lincoln.

DOCTRINE HELD BY GREELEY.

On the 9th of November, in 1860, Mr. Horace Greeley, the great apostle of the Republican party, and who was often referred to during Mr. Lincoln's administration as the “power behind the throne—greater than the throne itself”—said in his paper, the *New York Tribune*:

“If the Cotton States consider the value of the Union debatable, we maintain their perfect right to discuss it; nay, we hold with Jefferson, to the alienable right of communities to alter or abolish forms of government that have become oppressive or injurious; and if Cotton States decide that they can do better out of the Union than in it, we insist on letting them go in peace. *The right to secede may be a revolutionary one, but it exists nevertheless*; and we do not see how one party can have a right to do what another party has a right to prevent.”

On the 17th of December, 1860, just three days before the secession of South Carolina, he again said in the *Tribune*:

"If it (the Declaration of Independence) justified the secession from the British Empire of three million of colonists in 1776, we do not see why it would not justify the secession of five millions of Southrons from the Federal Union in 1861. If we are mistaken on this point, why does not some one attempt to show wherein and why?"

Again, on February the 23rd, 1861, five days after the inauguration of President Davis at Montgomery, he said:

"We have repeatedly said, and we once more insist, that the great principle embodied by Jefferson in the Declaration of American Independence—that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed—is sound and just, and that if the Slave States, the Cotton States or the Gulf States only, choose to form an independent nation, they have a clear moral right to do so."

And we know that this man was one of the foremost of our oppressors during the war, although his kindness to Mr. Davis and others after the war, we think, showed that *he knew he had done wrong*. And yet, he had the audacity (and may we not justly add mendacity, too?) to say, after the war, that he never at any moment of his life had "imagined that a single State, or a dozen States, could rightfully dissolve the Union." Comment is surely unnecessary.

On November the 9th, 1860, the *New York Herald* said:

"Each State is organized as a complete government, holding the purse and wielding the sword; possessing the right to break the tie of the confederation as a nation might break a treaty, and to repel coercion as a nation might repel invasion. \* \* \* Coercion, if it were possible, is out of the question."

Both President Buchanan and his Attorney-General, the afterwards famous Edwin M. Stanton, decided at the same time that there was no power under the Constitution to coerce a seceding State.

#### SENTIMENT IN THE NORTH.

But this "Massachusetts heresy," as the writer before quoted from calls the right of secession, was not only entertained, as we have shown, at the North before the war, but has been expressed in the same section in no uncertain terms long since the war. In an article by Benjamin J. Williams, Esq., a distinguished writer of Massachusetts, entitled "Died for Their State," and published in the *Lowell Sun* on June 5th, 1886, he says, among other things:

“When the original thirteen Colonies threw off their allegiance to Great Britain, they became independent States, independent of her and of each other.” \* \* \* “The recognition was of the States separately, each by name, in the treaty of peace which terminated the war of the Revolution. And that this separate recognition was deliberate and intentional, with the distinct object of recognizing the States as separate sovereignties, and not as one nation, will sufficiently appear by reference to the sixth volume of Bancroft’s History of the United States. The Articles of Confederation between the States declared, that ‘each State retains its sovereignty, freedom and independence.’ And the Constitution of the United States, which immediately followed, was first adopted by the States in convention, each State acting for itself, in its sovereign and independent capacity, through a convention of its people. And it was by this ratification that the Constitution was established, to use its own words, ‘between the States so ratifying the same.’ It is, then, a compact between the States as sovereigns, and the Union created by it is a federal partnership of States, the Federal Government being their common agent for the transaction of the Federal business within the limits of the delegated powers.”

#### LAW OF CO-PARTNERSHIPS.

This able writer then illustrates the compact between the States by the principles of law governing ordinary co-partnerships, just as Mr. Webster did. And he then says:

“Now, if a partnership between persons is purely voluntary, and subject to the will of its members severally, how much more so is one between sovereign States? and it follows that, just as each, separately, in the exercise of its sovereign will, entered the Union, so may it separately, *in the exercise of that will, withdraw therefrom.* And further, the Constitution being a compact, which the States are parties ‘having no common judge,’ ‘each party has an equal right to judge for itself, as well of infractions as of the mode and measure of redress,’ as declared by Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison in the celebrated resolutions of ’98, *and the right of secession irresistibly follows.*

“But aside from the doctrine either of partnership or compact, upon the ground of State sovereignty pure and simple, does the right of State *secession impregnably rest.*”

We have quoted thus fully from this writer not only because he is a Northern man, but because he has stated both the facts and the principles underlying the formation of the Union, and the rights of the States therein, with an accuracy, clearness and force, that cannot be surpassed.

But again: In his life of Webster, published in 1889, Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, from whom we have before quoted, and at this time one of the distinguished senators from Massachusetts, uses this language in speaking of Mr. Webster's reply to Mr. Hayne. He says:

"The weak places in his (Webster's) armor were historical in their nature. It was probably necessary (at all events Mr. Webster felt it to be so) to argue that the Constitution at the outset was not a compact between the States, but a national instrument, and to distinguish the cases of Virginia and Kentucky in 1799, and of New England in 1814, from that of South Carolina in 1830. The former point he touched upon lightly; the latter he discussed ably, eloquently and at length. *Unfortunately the facts were against him in both instances.*"

And in this connection, Mr. Lodge then uses this language:

"When the Constitution was adopted by the votes of the States at Philadelphia, and accepted by the votes of the States in popular convention, it is safe to say that there was not a man in the country, from Washington and Hamilton on the one side, to George Clinton and George Mason on the other, who regarded the new system as anything but an experiment entered into by the States, *and from which each and every State had the right peaceably to withdraw—a right which was very likely to be exercised.*"

Mr. James C. Carter, now of New York, but a native of New England, and perhaps the most distinguished lawyer in this country to-day, in a speech delivered by him at the University of Virginia, in 1898, said:

"I may hazard the opinion that if the question had been made, not in 1860, but in 1788, immediately after the adoption of the Constitution, whether the Union as formed by that instrument could lawfully treat the secession of a State as rebellion, and suppress it by force, few of those who participated in forming that instrument would have answered in the affirmative."

NORTH'S ATTITUDE SINCE THE WAR.

And we should never forget this pregnant and, we think, conclusive fact in regard to this question, namely: the conduct of the North after the war in regard to Mr. Davis, General Lee, and others of our leaders. As is well known, Mr. Davis was indicted three times in their own courts upon charges which directly and necessarily involved a decision of the right of a State to secede from the Union. Immediately on the finding of these indictments, he (through his eminent Northern as well as Southern counsel), appeared at the bar of the court and demanded a speedy trial, in order that he might judicially vindicate his course and that of his people before the world. This right of trial was postponed by the Federal Government for nearly three years. During two of these years he was confined in a casemate at Fortress Monroe and subjected to indignities and tortures, by which it was attempted to break the spirit of the distinguished captive; and at the same time to degrade the people whom he represented, and for whom he was a vicarious sufferer. It is hardly necessary to say that this conduct is to-day universally regarded as not only unworthy of the representatives of the government which held Mr. Davis as its prisoner, but that it has made a page in its history of which it ought to be, and we believe is, ashamed.

When at last the Government consented to try the case, it declined to meet the real question involved, in its own chosen tribunal; and having been advised by the best lawyers and statesmen at the North, that the decision must be against the North and in favor of the South, in order to evade the issue, the Chief Justice himself suggested a technical bar to the prosecution, which was adopted, and the cases dismissed. The South was entirely in the power of the North, and could do nothing but accept this, their own virtual confession that they were wrong and that we were right.

CRUEL, WICKED, RELENTLESS WAR.

And so we say, our comrades, that just because the States of the South did, in the most regular and deliberate way, exercise their constitutional and legal right to withdraw from a compact which they had never violated, but which the Northern States had confessedly violated time and again, a right which, as we have seen, was not only recognized by the leading statesmen of the North, but which it had threatened on several occasions to put into execution—we say,



just because the Southern States did take this perfectly legal step in a perfectly legal way, these same people of the North, with Abraham Lincoln at their head, proceeded, as we shall presently show, without warrant of law or justice, to inaugurate and wage against the South one of the most cruel, wicked and relentless wars of which history furnishes any record or parallel. Is there any wonder, then, that the representatives of the Grand Army of the Republic would have us be silent about the facts which we have referred to, and not teach the truths of this history to our children, *when we thus condemn them out of their own mouths.*

*But we come now to consider, who were the aggressors who inaugurated this wicked war?*

We think it important to make this inquiry, for the reasons already given and because we apprehend, there is a common impression, that inasmuch as the South fired the first gun at Fort Sumter, it really thereby brought on the war, and was hence responsible for the direful consequences which followed the firing of that first shot. *Nothing could be further from the truth.* Mr. Hallam, in his Constitutional History of England, states a universally recognized principle, when he says:

“The aggressor in a war (that is, he who begins it) is not the *first* who *uses force*, but the *first* who *renders force necessary*.”

Now which side, according to this high authority, was the aggressor in this conflict? Which side was it that *rendered the first blow necessary?*

#### WHAT MR. STEPHENS SAYS.

Says Mr. Stephens, in his “War Between the States:” “I maintain that it (the war) was inaugurated and begun, though no blow had been struck, when the hostile fleet, styled the ‘Relief Squadron,’ with eleven ships carrying two hundred and eighty-five guns and two thousand four hundred men, was sent out from New York and Norfolk, with orders from the authorities at Washington to reinforce Fort Sumter, peaceably if permitted, *but forcibly if they must.*”

He further says:

“The war was then and there inaugurated and begun *by the authorities at Washington.* General Beauregard did not open fire upon Fort Sumter until this fleet was to his knowledge, very near the Harbor of Charleston, and until he had enquired of Major Anderson,

in command of the Fort, whether he would engage to take no part in the expected blow, then coming down upon him from the approaching fleet?"

Governor Pickens and General Beauregard had been notified from Washington of the approach of this fleet, and the objects for which it was sent, but this notice did not reach them (owing to the treachery and duplicity of Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward, practiced on the Commissioners sent to Washington by the Confederate Government, which are enough to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every American citizen), until the fleet had neared its destination. But Anderson refused to make any promise, and when he did this, *it became necessary* for Beauregard to reduce the fort as he did. Otherwise his command would have been exposed to two fires—one in front and the other in the rear.

#### SEWARD'S TREACHERY AND DUPLICITY.

I wish I had the time to give here the details of this miserable treachery and duplicity practiced on the Confederate Commissioners by Mr. Seward, with, as he says, the knowledge of Mr. Lincoln. These gentlemen had been sent to Washington, as they stated in their letter to Mr. Seward, to treat with him, "with a view to a speedy adjustment of all questions growing out of this political separation, upon such terms of amity and good will as the respective interests, geographical contiguity and future welfare of the two nations may render necessary."

I can only state that although Mr. Seward refused to treat with the Commissioners directly, he did so, through the medium of Justices Campbell and Nelson, of the Supreme Court of the United States; that through these intermediaries the Commissioners were given to understand that Fort Sumter would be evacuated within a few days, *and they were kept under that impression up to the 7th of April, 1861, although during that interval of twenty-three days the "Relief Squadron" was being put in readiness for reinforcing Sumter. And even on that date (the day after the Squadron was ordered to sail), Mr. Seward wrote Judge Campbell, "Faith as to Sumter fully kept; wait and see,"* when he must have known that nothing was further from the truth, and as events then transpiring conclusively showed. Judge Campbell wrote two letters to Mr. Seward, setting out all the details of the deception practiced on the Commissioners through him and Justice Nelson, and asked an explanation of his conduct. But

no explanation was ever given, *simply because there was none that could be given.* And Mr. Seward's own memorandum, made by him at the time, shows that he was acting all through this matter with the knowledge and approval of Mr. Lincoln. History affords but few parallels, if any, to such base conduct on the part of those occupying the high and responsible positions then held by these men. The only excuse that can be given for this conduct, is that *they regarded it as a legitimate deception to practice in a war which they had then already inaugurated.*

#### LINCOLN ADMINISTRATION RESPONSIBLE.

Mr. George Lunt, of Massachusetts, in speaking of the occurrences at Fort Sumter, uses this cautiously framed language, as the question of which side commenced the war is one about which the North is very sensitive. As we know, on the 7th of April, 1861, President Davis said:

"With the Lincoln administration rests the responsibility of precipitating a collision and the fearful evils of protracted civil war."

And so Mr. Lunt says:

"Whether the appearance of this fleet (the Relief Squadron), under the circumstances could be considered a pacific or hostile demonstration may be left to inference. Whether its total inaction during the fierce bombardment of the fort and its defence continued for days, and until its final surrender, justly bears the aspect of an intention to avoid the charge of *aggression*, and to give the whole affair the appearance of *defence* merely, may also be referred to the judgment of the reader."

The question also occurs, he says—

"Whether this sudden naval demonstration was not a palpable violation of the promised 'faith as to Sumter fully kept,' *as to be an unmistakable menace of 'aggression,' if not absolute aggression itself.*"

And he further says:

"It should also be considered that when the fleet came to anchor off Charleston bar, it was well known that many other and larger vessels of war, attended by transports containing troops and surf boats, and all the necessary means of landing forces, had already sailed from Northern ports—'destination unknown'—and that very

considerable time must have been requisite to get this expedition ready for sea, during the period that assurances had been so repeatedly given of the evacuation of the fort.

"It bore the aspect certainly of a manœuvre, which military persons, and sometimes, metaphorically, politicians denominate '*stealing a march*.'"

He says further on:

"It was intended to 'draw the fire' of the Confederates, and was a *silent aggression*, with the object of producing an *active aggression* from the other side."

This very cautious statement, from this Northern writer, clearly makes the Lincoln Government the REAL AGGRESSOR, under the principle before enunciated by Mr. Hallam.

Mr. Williams, the Massachusetts writer before quoted from, says:

"There was no need for war. The action of the Southern States was legal and constitutional, and history will attest that it was reluctantly taken in the last extremity, in the hope of thereby saving their whole constitutional rights and liberties from destruction by Northern aggression, which had just culminated in triumph at the Presidential election by the Union of the North against the South."

And he says further on:

"The South was invaded, and a war of subjugation, destined to be the most gigantic which the world has ever seen, *was begun by the Federal Government* against the seceding States, in complete and amazing disregard of the foundation principle of its own existence, as affirmed in the Declaration of Independence, that 'Government derive their just powers from the consent of the governed,' and as established by the war of the Revolution for the people of the States respectively. The South accepted the contest thus *forced upon her*, with the eager and resolute courage characteristic of her proud-spirited people."

But I propose to show further that this war did not really begin with the sailing of that Northern fleet, and certainly not at Fort Sumter; and that the *first blow* was actually struck by John Brown and his followers, as the representatives of the abolitionists of the North, *in October, 1859, at Harper's Ferry, Va.*

#### THE JOHN BROWN RAID.

A Northern writer says of the "John Brown Raid:"

"Of course, a transaction so flagitious with its attendant circumstances affording such unmistakable proof of the spirit by which no small portion of the Northern population was actuated, could not but produce the profoundest impression upon the people of the South. *Here was an open and armed aggression*, whether clearly understood and encouraged beforehand, certainly exulted in afterwards, by persons of a very different standing from that of the chief actor in this bloody incursion in a peaceful State."

John Brown and his associates did attempt insurrection, and *did commit murder*, in that attempt, upon the peaceful, harmless citizens of Virginia, and he expiated these, among the highest crimes known to the law, upon a felon's gallows. How was that execution received at the North? And in what way did the representatives of the Republican party endorse and adopt as their own the conduct of this felon in his outrages, his "first blow" struck against the South? We will let the same Northern writer tell. He says:

"In the tolling of bells and the firing of minute-guns upon the occasion of Brown's funeral; the meeting-houses were draped in mourning as for a hero; the prayers offered; the sermons and discourses pronounced in his honor as for a saint."

Two of Brown's accomplices were fugitives from justice, one in the State of Ohio, and the other in that of Iowa. Requisitions were issued for them by the Governor of Virginia; and the Governor of each of these Northern States refused to surrender the criminal, thus making themselves, and the people they represented, to a degree at least, *particeps criminis*. And the newspapers have recently informed us, that the present Chief Magistrate of this nation, and the head of the same party, which deified John Brown, and approved of his crimes, has visited and stood "uncovered" at his grave, as if he still recognized him as the "forerunner" of him whom they term the "Savior of the Country;" so we regard, and rightly regard, his attempted insurrection, as the legitimate forerunner of the cruel, illegal and unjustifiable war inaugurated and waged by Mr. Lincoln against the South.

#### AGGRESSIONS OF THE NORTH.

But we advance still a step further in the argument, to show from Northern authorities alone, still other *aggressions* of the North against the South, *in bringing on this war*. In his speech, entitled

"Under the flag," delivered in Boston, April 21st, 1861, Wendell Phillips used this language, which we are persuaded is the opinion of many misinformed people to-day, both at the North and at the South. He says:

"For thirty years the North has exhausted conciliation and compromise. They have tried every expedient; they have relinquished every right, they have sacrificed every interest, they have smothered keen sensibility to national honor, and Northern weight and supremacy in the Union; have forgotten they were the majority in numbers and in wealth, in education and in strength; have left the helm of government and the dictation of policy to the Southern States," &c.

We propose to show, from *the highest Northern sources*, that so far from the above statement being true, it is *exactly the opposite of the truth*.

General John A. Logan, afterwards a Major-General in the Federal Army, a United States Senator and a candidate for the Vice-Presidency on the Republican ticket, in a speech delivered in the House of Representatives, on the 5th of February, 1861, uses this language:

"The Abolitionists of the North have constantly warred upon Southern institutions, by incessant abuse from the pulpit, from the press, on the stump, and in the halls of Congress, denouncing them as a sin against God and man. \* \* \* By these denunciations and lawless acts on the part of Abolition fanatics such results have been produced as to drive the people of the Southern States to a sleepless vigilance for the protection of their property and the preservation of their rights."

The Albany *Argus* of November 10th, 1860, said:

"We sympathize with, and justify the South as far as this; their rights have been invaded to the extreme limit possible within the forms of the Constitution; and beyond this limit; their feelings have been insulted, and their interests and honor assailed by almost every possible form of denunciation and invective; and if we deemed it certain that the real animus of the Republican party could be carried into the administration of the Federal Government, and become the permanent policy of the nation, we should think that all the instincts of self preservation and of manhood, rightly impelled them to resort to revolution and a separation from the Union, and we

would applaud them, and wish them God-speed in the adoption of such a remedy."

The Rochester *Union*, two or three days later, said:

"Restricting our remarks to actual violations of the Constitution, the North has led the way, and for a long period have been the sole offenders or aggressors." \* \* \* "Owing to their peculiar circumstances, the Southern States cannot retaliate upon the North *without taking ground for secession.*"

STARTED BY MR. SEWARD.

The New York *Express* said, on April 15th, 1861 (the day after the surrender of Sumter):

"The 'Irrepressible conflict' started by Mr. Seward, and endorsed by the Republican party, has at length attained to its logical foreseen result. That conflict undertaken 'for the sake of humanity' culminates now in inhumanity itself." \* \* \* "The people of the United States, it must be borne in mind, petitioned, begged and implored these men (Lincoln, Seward, *et id*), who are become their accidental masters, to give them an opportunity to be heard before this unnatural strife was pushed to a *bloody extreme, but their petitions were all spurned with contempt.*" &c.

Mr. George Lunt, a Boston lawyer, in an able work, published in 1866, entitled "The Origin of the Late War," from which we have before quoted, says of the action of the Northern people:

"But by incessantly working on the popular mind, through every channel through which it could be possibly reached, a state of feeling was produced which led to the enactment of Personal Liberty bills by one after another of the Northern Legislative Assemblies. At length fourteen of the sixteen Free States had provided statutes which rendered any attempt to execute the fugitive slave act so difficult as to be practically impossible, and *placed each of those States in an attitude of virtual resistance to the laws of the United States.*"

If these acts were not *nullification*, what were they?

LINCOLN QUOTED AS PROOF.

We propose to introduce as our last piece of evidence that, which it seems to us, should satisfy the mind of the most critical and exact-

ing, and which establishes, beyond all future cavil, which side was the aggressor in bringing on this conflict. We propose to introduce *Mr. Lincoln himself*. In the latest life of this remarkable man, written by Ida M. Tarbell, and published by Doubleday & McClure Co. in 1900, she introduces a statement made to her by the late Joseph Medill, editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, of what took place between Mr. Lincoln and a Committee of which he (Medill) was a member, sent from Chicago to Washington, to intercede with the authorities there to be relieved from sending more troops from Cook county, as was required by the new draft just then ordered, and which, as we know, produced riots in several parts of the North. The author makes Medill tell how his Committee first applied for relief to Mr. Stanton, and was refused, how they then went to Mr. Lincoln, who went with them to see Stanton again, and there listened to the reasons assigned *pro* and *con* for a change of the draft. He then says:

“I shall never forget how he (Lincoln) suddenly lifted his head and turned on us a black and frowning face:

“‘Gentlemen,’ he said, in a voice full of bitterness, ‘*After Boston, Chicago has been the chief instrument in bringing this war on the country.* The Northwest has opposed the South, as New England has opposed the South. It is you who are largely responsible for making blood flow as it has. You called for war until we had it. You called for emancipation, and I have given it to you. Whatever you have asked, you have had. Now you come here begging to be let off. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. I have a right to expect better things of you. Go home and raise your 6,000 extra men.’”

And Medill adds that he was completely silenced by the truth of Lincoln's accusation, and that they went home and raised the 6,000 additional troops. We could multiply testimony of this kind almost indefinitely; but surely we have introduced enough not only to prove that the statement made by Mr. Phillips is utterly without foundation, but to show further, by the testimony of our *quondam enemies themselves*, that they were the aggressors from every point of view, and that the South only resisted when, as the *New York Express* said of it at the time, it had, “in self-preservation, been driven to the wall, and forced to proclaim its independence.”



## VIRGINIA'S EFFORTS FOR PEACE.

We can only briefly allude to the noble efforts made by Virginia, through the "Peace Congress," to avert the conflict, and how these efforts were rejected almost with contempt by the North. Mr. Lunt, speaking of this noble action on the part of the "Mother of Presidents," as he calls Virginia, says:

"It was like a firebrand suddenly presented at the portals of the Republican Magazine, and the whole energy of the radicals was at once enlisted to make it of no effect."

Several of the Northern States sent no Commissioners to this Congress at all; others, like Massachusetts, only sent them at the last moment, and then sent only such as were known to be opposed to any compromise or conciliation.

The following letter of Senator Chandler, of Michigan, indicates too clearly the feelings of the Republican party at that time to require comment. It is dated February 11th, 1861, a week after the Congress assembled, and addressed to the Governor of his State. He says:

"Governor Bingham (the other Senator from Michigan) and myself telegraphed to you on Saturday, at the request of Massachusetts and New York, to send delegates to the Peace Compromise Congress. They admit that we were right and they were wrong, *that no Republican State should have sent delegates*; but they are here and can't get away. Ohio, Indiana and Rhode Island are caving in, and there is some danger of Illinois; and now they beg us, for God's sake to come to their rescue and save the Republican party from rupture. *I hope you will send stiff-backed men or none.* The whole thing was gotten up against my judgment and advice, and will end in thin smoke. Still I hope as a matter of courtesy to some of our erring brethren, that you will send the delegates.

"Truly your friend,

"Z. CHANDLER."

"*His Excellency Austin Blair.*"

"P. S.—Some of the Manufacturing States think that a *fight* would be awful. *Without a little blood-letting this Union will not, in my estimation, be worth a curse.*"

Mr. Lunt says:

“ If this truly eloquent and statesmanlike epistle does not express the views of the Republican managers at the time, it does at least indicate with sufficient clearness their relations towards the ‘ Peace Conference ’ and the determined purpose of the radicals to have ‘ a fight,’ and it furthermore foreshadows the actual direction given to future events.”

HELD OUT TO THE LAST.

But I cannot protract this discussion further. Suffice it to say, that Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Arkansas did not secede, until Mr. Lincoln had actually declared war against the seven Cotton and Gulf States, then forming the Southern Confederacy, and called on these four States to furnish their *quota* of the seventy-five thousand troops called for by him to coerce these States. This act, on Mr. Lincoln's part, was without any real authority of law, and nothing short of the most flagrant usurpation, Congress alone having the power to declare war under the Constitution. He refused to convene Congress to consider the grave issues then confronting the country. But when it did assemble, on the 4th of July, 1861, he tried to have his illegal usurpation validated; but Congress, although then having a Republican majority, refused to consider the resolution introduced for that purpose. The four States above named, led by Virginia, only left the Union then, after exhausting every honorable effort to remain in it, and only when they had to determine to fight *with* or *against* their sisters of the South. This was the dire alternative presented to them, and how could they hesitate longer what to do?

In the busy, bustling, practical times in which we live, it will doubtless be asked by many, and, with some show of plausibility, why we gather up, and present to the world, all this array of testimony concerning a cause, which is almost universally known as the “lost cause,” and a conflict, which ended more than thirty-five years ago? Does it not, they ask, only tend to rekindle the embers of sectional strife, and can thus only do harm? You, our comrades, know that such is not our purpose or desire. Our reasons have been very briefly stated. It is the truth that constrains. The apologists for the North, using all the vehicles of falsehood, are insistent in spreading the poison; with it the antidote must go. If others attribute to us wrong motives in this matter, we are sorry, but we have no apologies to make to any such. We admit that the Confederate war is ended; that slavery and secession are forever dead,

and we have no desire to revive them. We recognize, too, that this whole country is one country and our country. We desire that government and people doing that which is right, it may become in truth a glorious land, and may remain a glorious inheritance to our children and our children's children. But we believe the true way to preserve it as such an inheritance is to perpetuate in it the principles for which the Confederate soldier fought—the principles of Constitutional liberty, and of local self-government—or, as Mr. Davis puts it, "the rights of their sires won in the Revolution, the State sovereignty, freedom, and independence, which were left to us, as an inheritance to their posterity forever." This definition, a distinguished Massachusetts writer says, is "the whole case, and not only a statement, but a complete justification of the Confederate cause, to all who are acquainted with the origin and character of the American Union."

Yes, we repeat, this is our country, and of it, we would say, with Virginia's dead Laureate at the Yorktown celebration:

" Give us back the ties of Yorktown,  
Perish all the modern hates,  
Let us stand together, brothers,  
In defiance of the Fates,  
For the safety of the Union  
Is the safety of the States."

At Appomattox, the Confederate flag was furled, and we are content to let it stay so forever. There is enough of glory and sacrifice encircled in its folds, not only to enshrine it in our hearts forever; but the very trump of fame must be silenced when it ceases to proclaim the splendid achievements over which that flag floated.

#### BATTLE-FIELD, NOT A FORUM.

But, Appomattox was not a judicial forum; it was only a battle-field, a test of physical force, where the starving remnant of the Army of Northern Virginia, "wearied with victory," surrendered to "overwhelming numbers and resources." We make no appeal from that judgment, on the issue of force. But when we see the victors in that contest, meeting year by year and using the superior means at their command, to publish to the world, that they were *right* and that we were *wrong*, in that contest, saying that we were "Rebels" and "traitors," in defending our homes and firesides against their cruel invasion, that we had no legal right to withdraw from the Union, when we only asked to be let alone, and that we

brought on that war; we say when these, and other wicked and false charges are brought against us from year to year, and the attempt is systematically made to teach our children, that these things are true, and therefore, that we do not deserve their sympathy and respect, because of our alleged wicked and unjustifiable course in that war and in bringing it on—*then it becomes our duty*, not only to ourselves and our children, but to the thousands of brave men and women who gave their lives a “free-will offering,” in defence of the principles for which we fought, to vindicate the justice of our cause, and to do this, we have to appeal only to the bar of truth and of justice

THE TRUTH WILL LIVE.

We know the Muse of History may be, and often is, startled from her propriety for a time; but she will soon regain her equipoise. Our late enemy has unwittingly furnished the great reservoir from which the truth can be drawn, not only in what they have said about us and our cause, both before and since the war; but in the more than the one hundred volumes of the official records published under the authority of Congress. We are content to await, “with calm confidence,” the results of the appeal to these sources.

We have, as already stated, in this report, attempted to *vindicate our cause*, by referring to testimony furnished almost entirely from the speeches and writings of our adversaries, both before and since the war. *We believe we have succeeded in doing this.* Nay, the judgment, both of the justice of our cause and the conduct of the war, on our part, has been written for us, and that too by the hand of a Massachusetts man. He says of us:

“Such exalted character and achievement are not all in vain. Though the Confederacy fell as an actual physical power, she lives illustrated by them, *eternally in her just cause—the cause of Constitutional liberty.*”

Then, in the language of the Virginia Laureate again, we say:

“Then stand up, oh my countrymen,  
And unto God give thanks  
On mountains and on hillsides  
And by sloping river banks,  
Thank God, that you were worthy  
Of the grand Confederate ranks.”

Since your last year's Report was mainly directed to the vindication of our people from the false charge that we went to war to perpetuate slavery, we have thought we could render no more valuable service in this Report, than to show—(1) That we were right on the real question involved in the contest; and (2) That notwithstanding this, and the further fact, that the South had never violated the Constitution, whilst the North had confessedly repeatedly done so; nay, that fourteen of the sixteen Free States had not only nullified, but had *defied* acts of Congress passed in pursuance of the Constitution, and the decisions of the Supreme Court sustaining those acts, *and that the North, and not the South, had brought on the war.* We believe we have established these propositions by evidence furnished by our late adversaries; and the last, by that of Mr. Lincoln himself. On this testimony, we think we can afford to rest our case. And we believe that the evidence furnished in our last Report, and in this, *will establish* the justice, both of our cause and of the conduct of our people in reference to the war.

#### HISTORIES IN OUR SCHOOLS.

The several histories, used in schools, were so fully discussed in our last Report, that we deem it unnecessary to add anything further on that subject. We are gratified to be able to report, that the two works, adversely criticised in our last Report, viz: Fiske's and Cooper, Estill & Lemon's Histories, respectively, have found but little favor with the School Boards of our State. This is shown by the fact, that out of the 118 counties and corporations in the State but one has adopted Fiske's, and that one has purchased a supply of Jones' History, to be used by the pupils in studying the history pertaining to the war. That Cooper, Estill & Lemon's History is now only used in six places; whilst all the other counties and corporations (with the exception of one, which uses Hansell's), use either Mrs. Lee's or Dr. Jones' Histories, or the two conjointly, the relative use of these being as follows: Lee's, 68; Jones', 25; Lee and Jones, conjointly, 17.

It will thus be seen, that the danger apprehended from the use of the two works criticised, is reduced to the minimum. But we must not be satisfied until that danger is entirely removed by the abolishment of these books from the list of those adopted for use, by our State Board of Education. We are informed by this Board, that it can do nothing in this direction pending the terms of the existing

contracts with the publishers of these works, which contracts expire on July 31st, 1902. But we are also informed, that under the provisions of a law passed prior to the making of these contracts, it is competent for County and City School Boards, to change the text-books on the history of the United States whenever they deem it proper to do so. We would, therefore, urge these local boards to stop the use of the two works criticised in our last report, *at once*.

COMPOSED OF GOOD MEN.

It is also most gratifying to us to state, what you, perhaps, already know, that all three of the members of our State Board of Education, are not only native and true Virginians, but men devoted to the principles for which we fought, and that they, and each of them, stand ready to co-operate with us, as far as they can legally and properly do so, in having our children taught "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth," in regard to the war, and the causes which led to it. *We would ask for nothing more, and we should ask for nothing less, from any source.*

We repeat the recommendation heretofore made, both to this Camp and to the United Confederate Veterans, that separate chairs of American history be established in all of our principal Southern Colleges, so that the youth of our land may be taught the truth as to the formation of this government, and of the principles for which their fathers fought for the establishment and maintenance of Constitutional liberty in our land.

Our attention has recently been called to the fact that in none of the histories used in our schools, is any mention made (certainly none compared with what it deserves) of the splendid services rendered our cause by the devoted and gallant band led by Colonel John S. Mosby. This organization, whilst forming a part of General Lee's Army, and at all times subject to his orders, was to all intents and purposes an independent command. We believe, that for its numbers and resources, it performed as gallant, faithful and efficient services as any other command in any part of our armies, and that no history of our cause is at all complete, that fails to give some general idea, at the least, of the deeds of devotion and daring performed by this gallant band and its intrepid leader.

UNION OF OUR FATHERS.

We sometimes hear (not often, it is true, but still too often) from

those who were once Confederate soldiers themselves, or from the children of Confederates, such expressions as—"We are glad the South did not succeed in her struggle for independence." "We are glad that slavery is abolished," &c.

We wish to express our sincere sorrow and regret, that any of our people should so far forget themselves as to indulge in any such remarks. In the first place, we think they are utterly uncalled for, and in bad taste. In the second place, to some extent, they reflect upon the Confederate cause, and those who defended that cause; and in the third place, it seems to us, if *our own self-respect* does not forever seal our lips against such expressions, that the memories of a sacred past, the blood of the thousands and tens of thousands of those who died, the tears, the toils, the wounds, and the innumerable sacrifices of both the living and the dead, that were freely given for the success of that cause, would be an appeal against such expressions, that could not be resisted. If all that is meant by the first of these expressions is, that the speaker means to say, "He is glad that the 'Union of our Fathers' is preserved," then we can unite with him in rejoicing at this, if this is the "Union of our Fathers," as to which we have the gravest doubts. But be this as it may; we have never believed that the subjugation of the South or the success of the North, was either necessary, or the best way to preserve and perpetuate the "Union of our Fathers."

On the secession of Mississippi, her Convention sent a Commissioner from that State to Maryland, who, at that time, it may be sure, expressed the real objects sought to be obtained by secession by the great body of the Southern people. He said:

"Secession is not intended to break up the present Government, but to perpetuate it. We do not propose to go out by way of destroying the Union, as our fathers gave it to us, but we go out for the purpose of getting further guarantees and security for our rights," &c.

#### MIGHT HAVE BEEN BETTER.

And so we believe, that with the success of the South, the "Union of our Fathers," which the South was the principal factor in forming, and to which she was far more attached than the North, would have been restored and re-established; that in this Union the South would have been again the dominant people, the controlling power, and that its administration of the Government in that Union would have been

along constitutional and just lines, and not through Military Districts, attempted Confiscations, Force Bills, and other oppressive and illegal methods, such as characterized the conduct of the North *for four years after the war*, in its alleged *restoration* of a Union which it denied had ever been *dissolved*.

As to the abolition of slavery: Whilst we know of no one in the South who does not rejoice, that this has been accomplished, we know of no one, anywhere, so lost to every sense of right and justice, as not to condemn the iniquitous way in which this was done. But we feel confident that no matter how the war had ended, it would have resulted in the freedom of slave, and as surely with the success of the South as with that of the North, although perhaps not so promptly.

We are warranted in this conclusion, from several considerations—(1) It was conclusively shown in our last Report, that we did not fight for the continuation of slavery, and that a large majority of our soldiers were non-slaveholders; (2) That our great leader, General Lee, had freed his slaves before the war, whilst General Grant held on to his until they were freed by the Emancipation Proclamation; and (3) Whilst Mr. Lincoln issued that proclamation, he said in his first inaugural:

“I have no purpose directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. *I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so.*”

#### EMANCIPATION OF SLAVES.

With the success of the South, we believe emancipation would have followed by some method of compensation for the property rights in slaves, just as the North had received compensation for the same property, when held by it. Certainly it would not have been accomplished *by putting the whites under the heel of the blacks*, as was attempted by the North. In the contest between Lincoln and McClellan, in 1864, the people of the North were nearly equally divided on the issues involved in the war, Lincoln having received 2,200,000 votes in that contest, whilst McClellan received 1,800,000 (in round numbers). We know too, that Lincoln was not only a “minority” President, but a big “minority” President, his opponents having received a million more votes in 1860 than he received. So that, with a *divided* North, and a *united* South, on the principles for which we contended, if the South had been successful in the war, her people would have dominated and controlled this country for



the last thirty-five years, as they did the first seventy years of its existence, and, in our opinion, both the country and the South would have been benefited by that domination and control.

Again, think of the difference between the South being made to pay the war debt, and pensions of the North, and the latter having to pay those of the former. And again, we reason, that if the South, in all the serfdom and oppression in which she was left by the results of the war, has accomplished what she has—(she has made greater material advances in proportion than any other section)—what could she not have done, if she had been the conqueror instead of the conquered?

We simply allude to these material facts, with the hope that these, and every consideration dictated by self-respect, love of, and loyalty to, a sacred and glorious past, will prevent a repetition of the expressions of which we, as representatives of the Confederate cause and people, justly complain, and against which we earnestly protest.

---

**Committee on Publishing a School History for Use in  
Our Public and Private Schools.**

GEO. I.. CHRISTIAN, *Acting Chairman,*

R. T. BARTON,	CARTER R. BISHOP,	R. A. BROCK,
Rev. B. D. TUCKER,	JOHN W. DANIEL,	JAMES MANN,
R. S. B. SMITH,	T. H. EDWARDS,	W. H. HURKAMP,
JOHN W. FULTON,	M. W. HAZELWOOD,	MICAJAH WOODS,
THOMAS ELLETT, <i>Secretary.</i>		

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, January 20th, 1901.]

**UNPARALLELED LOSS OF COMPANY F,**

**26th North Carolina Regiment, Pettigrew's Brigade, at  
Gettysburg.**

**Went into Action with Three Officers and Eighty-eight Enlisted Men,  
and Every One of them was either Killed or Wounded.**

COLLIERSTOWN, VA., January 12, 1901.

*To the Editor of the Dispatch:*

Colonel William H. S. Burgwyn, of Henderson, N. C., has recently published in *Gold Leaf* of that Town an article, which will prove interesting to old Confederate soldiers.

I forward a copy of said article to you for your Confederate column, if you will kindly give it space. I am sure its reproduction in your journal would greatly please the North Carolina readers of the *Dispatch*.

Colonel Burgwyn has taken great pains in the preparation of the article.

Very kindly yours,

R. M. TUTTLE.

The following is the article in *Gold Leaf*:

A gentleman who at all times manifests a deep interest in the achievements of North Carolinians, and especially the glorious deeds of North Carolina soldiers—than whom the world has never seen better—as illustrated on every battle-field from Bethel to Appomattox, kindly furnishes the *Gold Leaf* the following. It is a remarkable record—the fatalities of Company F, 26th North Carolina Regiment, Pettigrew's Brigade, at the battle of Gettysburg—which is told about and we are sure it will be read with interest and amazement no less than with wonder and admiration. The article is as follows:

The statement that has appeared in many publications of the loss of the 26th Regiment of Pettigrew's Brigade at Gettysburg, viz: that "this company went into action with three officers and eighty-

eight enlisted men, and that every man was killed or wounded, is so unparalleled in the annals of war, that the claim will not be admitted unless there is irrefragable proof of its truth. Happily the Captain of the company, and now a Presbyterian minister located at Colliertown, Va., has preserved the record. In a letter to the writer, dated October 4, 1900, this gallant officer, now the Rev. Mr. Tuttle, thus writes:

"Your letter came duly to hand, and I set to work to settle forever the contest as to Company F. Fortunately, and even more, for it seems like a special Providence, I had preserved my report published in the Virginia paper (*Richmond Enquirer or Examiner*). I had pasted it long years ago (during the war), in the back of my sister's album, and it is still clear and legible. I have had to amend it in four names only, using just a little later information. The proof is now, irrefragable, I give, you will observe not only the names, but the exact wounds received, just what I sent to the Richmond paper soon after the battle. I was detained in a hospital in Richmond some weeks after the battle.

"The orderly Sergeant's statement as you will see, fully agrees in all essential features with my report. These papers will, I think, enable you to clinch every claim we make for Company F.

"Yours truly,

"R. M. TUTTLE."

There was enclosed in the above letter a statement signed by J. T. C. Hood, Orderly Sergeant, Company F, 26th Regiment North Carolina Troops, as follows:

"Company F, 26th Regiment, North Carolina Troops, went into the fight at Gettysburg, Pa., with eighty-eight answering to roll call on the morning of July 1, 1863, besides three commissioned officers (one private being detailed to guard our knapsacks).

"Having been wounded on the first day in both leg and foot, I hobbled to the stone bridge two miles south of Gettysburg, where I had an opportunity of seeing a great many of the wounded of the first day's fight, and from what I gathered from them and saw myself, the loss of Company F, on the first day was about twenty-five killed and sixty wounded. Also, after the second and third day, there was not a single man left, all being killed or wounded."

In addition to the above, the writer has before him the muster and pay roll of the Company, giving its condition on June 30, 1863, as

it rested in bivouac that day about three miles from Gettysburg. Captain Joseph J. Young, now residing at Polenta, Johnston county, was the Quartermaster of the regiment from the beginning to the end of the war. He has preserved duplicate copies of the muster and pay roll of the regiment which he values as among his greatest treasures; and the writer has been privileged to inspect the same for the purpose of this verification.

This muster and pay roll state that there were present for duty, three commissioned officers, three sergeants, two corporals, one musician, and eighty-four privates; and present on extra or daily duty, nine privates; total present, commissioned, 3; total enlisted, ninety-nine; aggregate present, 102. The strength of the Company present and absent is put down as 134.

As an additional testimony I quote from a sworn statement published in the *Raleigh Morning Post*, February 11, 1900, by Captain James D. Moore, cashier of the First National Bank, of Gastonia, N. C., who was a private in Company F, at Gettysburg, viz:

"I was present at the battle of Gettysburg, a private in R. M. Tuttle's Company (F), 26th Regiment. In the first day's battle we had eighty-seven men for duty; we lost every man, either killed or wounded, except one, Sergeant Robert Hudspeth. I was the eighty-fifth man shot, wounded in the neck and left leg. Henry Coffey, sergeant, now living near Lenoir, was the eighty-sixth man shot. Our company joined the color company on the left, and being at the head of the company I joined the color guard and was by the colors during the fight. The entire color guard was killed or wounded, and a number of officers who picked up the colors and carried them forward were also killed or wounded. Among them the young and gallant Colonel Burgwyn. Lieutenant-Colonel Lane was severely wounded toward the close of the fight near the top of the hill. He also had the colors when he was shot. Of the two left of my company, Henry Coffey was wounded just after I fell, leaving only Sergeant Robert Hudspeth surviving unhurt out of our entire company. This Robert Hudspeth came to see me at the field hospital on the fourth of July, and he informed me that he had gotten some four or five men who were on detail as ambulance and pioneer corps on the first day, and were not in the fight on that day, and he took them into the fight the third day. On that day Tom Cozart, of Company F, carried the flag. Cozart fell (killed) with the colors just before reaching the stone fence. The others were killed or wounded, and that he, Hudspeth, was knocked down by the bursting of a shell."

The following are the names of the killed, mortally wounded and wounded in Company F, 26th Regiment, North Carolina Troops, Pettigrew's Brigade, at the battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 1-3, 1863, as reported to the Richmond, Va., *Enquirer* or *Examiner*, soon after the battle, by the Captain R. M. Tuttle, as he lay wounded in the hospital in Richmond:

We went into the battle July 1, 1863, with eighty-eight rank and file and three commissioned officers—the captain and two lieutenants—ninety-one in all. Every man was either killed or wounded, viz:

#### KILLED ON THE FIELD.

Lieutenant John B. Holloway.

#### PIVATES.

Robert M. Braswell.	Robert H. Carswell.
I. H. Coffey.	Cleveland Coffey, a twin.
T. J. Cozart.	Thomas Crump.
James Deal.	William Fleming.
Jackson Gragg.	Abram Hudson.
John C. Lewis.	J. B. Littlejohn.
Joseph Phillips, and	W. E. Phillips, twins.
J. P. Shook.	John A. Taylor.
W. L. Thompson.	M. L. Townsell, a twin.—19.

#### MORTALLY WOUNDED—PRIVATEs.

J. M. Clouts.	J. G. Coffey, a twin.
Thomas M. Coffey.	W. S. Coffey.
Rufus Ervine.	H. H. Hays.
G. W. Holloway.	George Morgan.
Joseph Setser.	W. E. Setser.
Hosea Stallings.	William Underdown.

#### WOUNDED—WOUNDS DESCRIBED.

Captain R. M. Tuttle, badly, right leg.  
 Lieutenant C. M. Sudderth, badly in hand.  
 Sergeant J. T. C. Hood, badly in thigh and foot.  
 Sergeant R. N. Hudspeth, by bursting of shell.  
 Sergeant H. C. Coffey, badly in wrist.  
 Corporal S. P. Philyaw, badly in thigh.  
 Corporal A. H. Courtney, leg broken (amputated).

PRIVATES.

Hezekia Annas, badly in thigh.  
George Arney, leg broken.  
S. P. Badger, badly in foot.  
Joseph Baldwin, badly in thigh.  
Zero Black, badly in hip.  
W. W. Bean, badly in foot.  
W. W. Bradford, slightly in arm.  
Nathan Bradshaw, slightly in knee.  
R. W. Braswell, slightly in breast.  
John Bowman, slightly in thigh.  
Redmond Church, badly in foot.  
J. C. Clark, badly in arm.  
William Clark, badly in foot, leg and shoulder.  
A. J. Coffey, finger shot off.  
H. C. Courtney, badly in thigh.  
J. P. Coffey, by bursting shell.  
S. W. Crisp, badly in thigh.  
H. C. Crump, slightly in arm.  
Nathaniel Culbreath, badly in side.  
Thomas Curtis, badly in thigh.  
William Curtis, arm amputated.  
J. M. Holloway, badly in breast.  
Paul Howell, badly in thigh.  
Ambrose Hudson, by bursting shell.  
A. M. Hudspeth, badly in face.  
G. W. Hudspeth, badly in leg.  
W. W. Kerby, slightly in shoulder.  
John Kincaid, badly in shoulder.  
Philip Sargent, badly in thigh.  
Elkanah Mathis, slightly in arm.  
James D. Moore, badly in thigh.  
Noah Page, badly in thigh.  
William R. Payne, slightly in body.  
A. W. Perkins, slightly in side.  
Gideon Philyaw, slightly in hip.  
George Porch, slightly in thigh.  
John Porch, badly in back.  
Pinkey Powell, slightly in head.  
M. M. Rader, badly in shoulder.

W. H. Rich, slightly in arm.  
 W. R. Rich, slightly in head.  
 T. W. Setser, badly in thigh.  
 William Stallings, leg broken.  
 John M. Sudderth, badly in thigh.  
 T. F. Sudderth, slightly in finger.  
 Benjamin Taylor, slightly in heel.  
 L. A. Thomas, badly in arm.  
 J. C. Thompson, badly in shoulder.  
 C. A. Tuttle, slightly in arm.  
 Richard Upchurch, slightly in hand.  
 J. W. Underdown, badly in thigh.  
 Joseph Winkler, badly in back.  
 Israel Zimmerman, badly in leg.—60.

#### RECAPITULATION.

Killed dead,	-	-	-	19
Mortally wounded,	-	-	-	12
Wounded, but recovered,	-	-	-	60
				—
Total,	-	-	-	91

(Signed) R. M. TUTTLE,  
 Captain Co. F, 26th Regt., N. C. Troops.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, May 28, 1899.]

### GREAT BATTLE OF THE CRATER.

#### The Work of Mahone and Weisiger at the Fight.

By GEORGE S. BERNARD.

Reply to a Times Editorial Which Paid a Tribute to the Late General Weisiger—A Discussion of the Battle.

*Editor of The Times:*

Sir—In its editorial of Sunday, February 26, 1899, *The Times*, whilst paying a handsome tribute to the late General David A. Weisiger, makes some statements calculated to do great injustice to the memory of the late General William Mahone.

Referring to the battle of the Crater, in which both of these distinguished Confederate officers won fame, *The Times* said:

"The Virginia brigade and the Georgia brigade of Mahone's Division were brought during the morning from the far right to recapture the Confederate lines by assault. The Virginia brigade advancing in front, came up a covered way to within two hundred yards of the crater, and then debouched to the right and formed line of battle directly in front of the crater. General Mahone remained in the covered way directing the movement and he ordered Weisiger to hold his brigade after it was formed, until the Georgia brigade, following him, got formed on his right. After Weisiger's formation was complete and the Georgia formation was going on, Weisiger saw the Federal officers jumping out of their works and motioning their men to do the same and form. He saw it was only a question of a moment whether he should charge them or be charged by them in overwhelming numbers. Despatching a message to Mahone that he could wait no longer but must charge at once, he gave the command, led his men, and in a moment was hand to hand in a desperate encounter with the enemy. His triumph was complete, and with his 800 men he killed, wounded, and captured many thousands. Weisiger himself was shot through the body and being borne back to the covered way he found General Mahone still there. Mahone said to him: 'Weisiger, you and Joe Johnston are always getting yourselves shot.' In telling it Weisiger said he thought he was a dead man and was indifferent, therefore, about insubordination, and he replied: 'Yes, General Mahone, and if you would go where General Johnston and I go, you would get shot, too.' "

#### THE VIRGINIA BRIGADE.

The statements here made are in several particulars inaccurate.

The Virginia Brigade, after emerging from the covered way, did not form "directly in front of the crater," but with the right of its line of battle as it faced eastwardly towards the Confederate breastworks (then in the possession of the enemy), considerably—probably over a hundred yards—to the left and rear of the crater. General Mahone's purpose was to have the Georgia Brigade form on the right of the Virginia Brigade, and, as *The Times* correctly says, his order to General Weisiger was to hold his brigade until this formation, that is to say, the placing of the two brigades in continuous line of battle, should be completed. Had this plan been carried out,



the right of the Georgia Brigade would have been about "directly in front of," or to speak more accurately, directly in rear and west of the crater, and the first assault would probably have been more effective; but, made as the charge was, with the Virginia Brigade and only a part of the Georgia Brigade, together with some of Elliott's Brigade (which occupied the trenches immediately at, and on the right and left of, the crater at the time of the explosion), the assault, although brilliant, was not, in any sense, a complete triumph. Only the couple of hundred yards of the breastworks immediately to the north of the crater were recaptured. The crater itself was not, but was held by several hundred of the enemy for at least four hours longer, that is to say, until 1 o'clock P. M., when the final assault of the day, that made by the Alabama Brigade of Mahone's Division, supported by troops from General Bushrod Johnson's Division, resulted in its capture, and in the capture of the several hundred men then occupying it. This assault was made under the direction of General Mahone, after at least one unsuccessful assault by the Georgia Brigade, the assault of the Georgians being made about an hour after that of the Virginians.

To say that General Weisiger's "triumph was complete," and that "with his 800 men he killed, wounded and captured many thousands," and to make this statement without qualification, is to claim for the Virginia brigade and its commander, as their special work, what belongs to the whole of the Confederate forces engaged in the battle of the Crater.

In a congratulatory order issued by General Mahone to the Virginia, Alabama, and Georgia Brigades during the week following the engagement he stated that, with an effective force of less than 3,000 men and a casualty list of 598, they killed 700 of the enemy's people, wounded, by his own account, over 3,000, and captured 1,101 prisoners, embracing eighty-seven officers, seventeen stands of colors, two guerdons, and 1,916 stands of small arms, "deeds which," to use the language of the order, "entitle their banner to the inscription, 'The Crater,' Petersburg, July 30, 1864."

TO WHOM CREDIT IS DUE.

Talk with the men of Elliott's Brigade, which, under the gallant Colonel F. W. McMaster, did no small amount of fighting on this famous day; talk with the men of Wise's Brigade, which held the Confederate lines next on the south of the crater; talk with the men

of Ransom's North Carolina Brigade, which occupied the lines next to Elliott's Brigade on the north of the crater; talk with Major David N. Walker, of your city, who commanded a battery on the south of the crater; talk with Captain W. Gordon McCabe, who as Adjutant of Pegram's Battalion of Light Artillery, posted immediately west of the crater, witnessed the charge of the Virginia Brigade; talk with Dr. Joseph W. Eggleston, of your city, who, as a member of Lamkin's Mortar Battery, fired many a shell into the Federal lines during the engagement; talk with many others of the surviving participants in the battle, and they will satisfy you that, so far from the success of the Confederate arms at the crater being the work of the Virginia Brigade alone, strictly speaking, it was not the sole work of the three brigades commanded by General Mahone, but the result of fighting wherein other infantry took part and the artillery was a potential factor.

But to what officer in particular does especial credit for this success belong? To General Weisiger, says *The Times*. These are not the words, but the substance of its editorial of February 26, 1899.

If General Weisiger, and not General Mahone, was entitled to the credit of recapturing the Confederates' works as claimed by *The Times*, it is manifest that both General A. P. Hill, to whose corps the division commanded by General Mahone belonged, and General R. E. Lee were laboring under a mistake, when, on the day of the battle, in their official reports, they referred to the retaking of the salient as the work of Mahone, the report of General Lee to the Secretary of War, published on page 818 of serial 82 of the *War Records*, being as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS NEAR PETERSBURG,

"July 30, 1864, 6:30 P. M.

"Hon. James A. Seddon, Secretary of War:

"General A. P. Hill reports that General Mahone, in retaking the salient possessed by the enemy this morning, recovered the four guns with which it was armed, captured 12 stand of colors, seventy-four officers, including Brigadier-General Bartlett and staff, and 855 enlisted men. Upward of 500 of the enemy's dead are lying unburied in the trenches. His loss slight.

"R. E. LEE."

## MEMORABLE SERVICE.

If it was General Weisiger, and not General Mahone, whose service on the 30th of July, 1864, was especially memorable, as one would infer from the editorial of *The Times* under consideration, President Davis was in error when, three days after the battle he promoted General Mahone to a major-generalship, and made his promotion date from the day of what Mr. Davis referred to as "his memorable service" in the following official communication to General Lee, published at page 1156, of serial 88 of the *War Records*:

"RICHMOND, August 2, 1864.

"General R. E. Lee, Petersburg, Va.:

"Have ordered the promotion of General Mahone to date from the day of his memorable service, 30th of July. Have directed the appointment, temporary, of Captain Girardey as recommended. Has your attention been called to Colonel Dunavant or DeSaussure, temporarily to supply the place of General Elliott? I have enquired as to the position of Colonel Butler, and whether he can be detached.

"JEFFERSON DAVIS."

If the work of the Virginia Brigade under General Weisiger was a complete triumph, and General Mahone's work was as nothing, as one would suppose from a perusal of *The Times'* editorial, General Bushrod Johnson, whose lines had been broken, was under a false impression as to the true state of things, when in his official report made August 20, 1864, and published at page 787, of serial 80 of the *War Record*, he said: -

"To the able commander and gallant officers and men of Mahone's Division, to whom we are mainly indebted for the restoration of our lines, I offer my acknowledgements for their great service."

If *The Times* is right in giving to Weisiger, and not to Mahone, the credit of what was done by the Virginia Brigade in the battle of the Crater, there are many men in the brigade who participated in the engagement, who, for nearly thirty-five years have been greatly mistaken in their impressions of it.

## GENERAL WEISIGER'S BELIEF.

That General Weisiger, who gallantly commanded his men in this as in many other previous and subsequent engagements, believed

that he gave the order to charge at the opportune moment cannot be doubted. The writer of this communication distinctly remembers hearing him in the summer of 1865 give the same account of his part in the action that he gave in 1872 in a letter to General Mahone. But it must be borne in mind that other participants have made statements tending to show that General Weisiger was mistaken, however strong was his belief that his order, and not an order coming directly from General Mahone or indirectly from him through his staff officer, Captain Girardey, put in motion the Virginia Brigade when it made its charge. The conflict in the statements touching the point of controversy leaves the contemporaneous official records, from which quotations have been made, as our proper and only safe guide in determining what occurred; from which records there is but one inference to be drawn, and that is, that, whatever the actual facts were, General A. P. Hill, General Robert E. Lee, and President Davis, who may properly be assumed to have voiced the current sentiment of the army and people of the Confederacy on the subject, which was the talk of the day, and was everywhere discussed were of opinion that the honors of the battle belonged to General Mahone.

Now for another feature of *The Times* editorial, its imputation, a very unjust one, that General Mahone was in the covered way, in a place of safety, all of the time that General Weisiger was with the troops, in the firing line, at the breastworks. This charge was made, for the first time in 1880, some sixteen years after the battle. Upon its appearance in print a committee of four of the best soldiers in the Virginia Brigade took the matter in hand, and a few weeks later published the statements of a number of trustworthy participants, which made it clear beyond controversy that, so far from it being true, as charged, that General Mahone remained in the covered way from the time General Weisiger moved forward with his brigade to the time when, after having been wounded, he met and talked with him (Mahone) on his way from the field, it is, on the contrary, true, that within a few minutes after General Weisiger and his men reached the breastworks General Mahone was there with them and among them.

#### CAPTAIN TAYLOR'S STATEMENT.

Captain W. A. S. Taylor, the adjutant of 61st Virginia Regiment, in his statement, said:

"Arriving at the works, the command delivered its fire and finished the work assigned it with the bayonet. In a very few minutes thereafter General Mahone was at that portion of the works occupied by the 61st Virginia, and I heard him remark, "That the work is not over, and that we must retake the balance of the line.' "

Mr. T. H. Hines, of Company B, 16th Virginia Regiment, in his statement, said:

"Seeing a communication in print from General Weisiger, claiming the honor of having led Mahone's Old Brigade at the battle of the Crater, and also stating or intimating that General Mahone was not present until after the fight was over. I beg leave to state that as a member of Company B, 16th Virginia Infantry, I was in that charge and in the fight. My brother, J. C. Hines, was near me and was wounded, having his right arm shattered by a bullet while in the works about half an hour after we reached the breastworks. General Mahone was near us in the works immediately in the fight; and when my brother was wounded, spoke to him and asked if he was much hurt; then directed him the way to get out and where he could find a surgeon: at the same time directed me to go with him and take care of him. My brother and I both are willing to make oath to this statement."

Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. H. Stewart, of the 61st Virginia, who commanded the regiment in the battle, in his statement furnished in a letter to General Mahone, said:

"I was under the impression that it (the order to charge) came from you. As my attention was to the front, and you were on the right, I did not see you again until we had gained the outer breastworks. I then met you, and begged you not to expose yourself. The crater was then held by General Bartlett."

#### YELLED FORWARD!

Mr. William W. Caldwell, of Company C, 12th Virginia Regiment, a member of the battalion of sharpshooters, which commanded charged with the brigade on the extreme left of the line, in his statement; said:

"I had not lost sight of him (Mahone) five minutes when the enemy began forming outside the captured portion in our front. \* \* \* At that moment one of the men in the 12th jumped up and fired his rifle and yelled, 'Forward.' That was the first sound I

heard and we all jumped up and moved right at them. Then Weisiger called out to us, 'Don't fire.' \* \* \* We were advancing when he said this, and I am positive Weisiger did not give the command 'Forward.'

"In the movement from where we laid down to the works which we captured, I did not see General Mahone, but in less than five minutes after we were in the works he was in our midst, encouraging the men in the thickest of the fire. He joined us from the direction of the left."

Colonel George T. Rogers, of the 6th Virginia Regiment, upon whom devolved the command of the brigade when General Weisiger, after being wounded, retired from the field, in his statement, said:

"We captured the line equal to our front, but could not cover the crater; and upon the instant almost of reaching the entrenchments Colonel Weisiger called to me that he was, he thought, mortally wounded, and turning over to me the command of the brigade, retired with assistance from the field before Colonel Rogers saw General Mahone in the trenches, and that General Weisiger was but a short time in command on the forming line. Let us here settle any question that may arise by the statements of General Weisiger and Judge Drury A. Hinton, his aide-de-camp, who was with General Weisiger in the charge, and at the breastworks, and who bore him from the field.

From the statement of Colonel Rogers, which fixes General Mahone as at the works before the Georgia Brigade charged, it would appear that General Weisiger was wounded and retired from the field. The brigade for the moment was in great confusion; our loss in the charge had been very heavy; the work of death was yet rife in the trenches, and our men were suffering terribly from an enfilade fire, poured from the crater proper that projected far into the rear of our line, as well as from the fire of the main line of battle of the enemy.

"Then it was," continues Colonel Rogers, "I met General Mahone in the trenches, and received from him timely instructions for the disposition of the men and orders to hold the position at any hazard and under any loss, until he could bring another brigade to our relief. A few minutes after the Georgia Brigade was brought to the charge, but, obliqueing too far to the left, failed to cover the crater and the line to the right."

## COULDN'T COVER THE CRATER.

General Weisiger, in his letter of 1872, to General Mahone, said:

"Perceiving the rapidity with which the enemy were forming, and the immediate danger of being overrun before the Georgians could arrive on the field, he (Girardey), expressed his assent to my views. I thereupon requested him to state my reasons for so doing, and immediately charged with my brigade, which, in gallant style, carried the works as far as my line would cover, which was to an angle nearly in rear of the 'mire,' capturing several hundred prisoners and eleven stands of colors, with a loss to my command in killed and wounded of 283 officers and men."

"Soon after," continues General Weisiger, "the Georgians were sent in, and later in the day, after I had been compelled to leave the field, the Alabama Brigade, under General Saunders, was sent in, and the remaining portion of our works held by the enemy, captured."

In his letter of 1876, to Captain W. Gordon McCabe, General Weisiger said:

"A short time after reaching the works I was wounded, and left the field with Captain Hinton, my aid. In coming out I found Mahone at the same point at which I had left him, in the 'covered way.' I reported to him that I had been wounded, and had turned the command over to Colonel Rogers, of the 6th Virginia Regiment. All of the fighting was over on my immediate front before I left."

From these statements of General Weisiger we must understand that the Georgia Brigade had made its unsuccessful charges before he left the breastworks, and that the fighting, except that done when the Alabama Brigade was sent in, was all over.

---

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, June 4, 1899]

*Editor of The Times:*

Sir—In last Sunday's *Times* in the first part of my article on the Battle of the Crater, the statement of Colonel Rogers was disarranged through fault of the type, and it should have read as follows:

Colonel George T. Rogers, of the 6th Virginia Regiment, upon whom devolved the command of the brigade when General Weisiger, after being wounded, retired from the field, in his statement, said:

"We captured the line equal to our front, but could not cover the crater; and upon the instant almost of reaching the entrenchments Colonel Weisiger called to me that he was, he thought, mortally wounded, and turning over to me the command of the brigade, retired with assistance from the field. The brigade for the moment was in great confusion; our loss in the charge had been very heavy; the work of death was yet rife in the trenches, and our men were suffering terribly from an enfilade fire, poured from the crater proper that projected far into the rear of our line, as well as from the fire of the main line of battle of the enemy."

"Then it was," continues Colonel Rogers, "I met General Mahone in the trenches, and received from him timely instructions for the disposition of the men and orders to hold the position, at any hazard and under any loss, until he could bring another brigade to our relief. A few minutes after the Georgia Brigade was brought to the charge, but, obliqueing too far to the left, failed to cover the crater and the line to the right."

From the statement of Colonel Rogers, which fixes General Mahone as at the works before the Georgia Brigade charged, it would appear that General Weisiger was wounded and retired from the field before Colonel Rogers saw General Mahone in the trenches, and that General Weisiger was but a short time in command on the forming line. Let us here settle any question that may arise by the statements of General Weisiger and Judge Drury A. Hinton, his aide-de-camp, who was with General Weisiger in the charge, and at the breastworks, and who bore him from the field.

After this adjustment of the error, the article is herewith concluded from last Sunday:

#### JUDGE HINTON'S VIEW.

Let us now see what Judge Hinton said in an account of the battle given by him in 1892. The statement of this staff officer of General Weisiger is of especial importance in this, that, whilst it corroborates in some particulars the statement of General Weisiger as to what Weisiger said to Captain Girardey and Girardey said to Weisiger, it establishes the following facts: (1st) that Weisiger did not leave Mahone in the covered way when the brigade started on its charge; (2d) that Weisiger and Hinton on their return from the breastworks met Mahone, not in or at the covered way, but at "the mortar under a little arbor about twenty steps to the left of our line,"



some distance southwardly from the traverse at the end of covered way; (3d) that it was at this little arbor that he stood when, upon being informed by Hinton that Weisiger was ready to charge, he said: "Tell Colonel Weisiger to wait for an order from me or Captain Girardey;" and (4th) that General Weisiger was not wounded immediately upon reaching the breastworks, but between 11 and 12 o'clock A. M.—after the Georgia Brigade had made two unsuccessful charges, and upwards of two hours after the Virginia Brigade made its charge.

The statement of Judge Hinton is as follows:

"At the end of the covered way along which we passed to this ravine, and at the point at which it intersects with the ravine, was General Mahone, standing by a traverse, to which a horse was tied. Here he directed Colonel Weisiger, who was leading the brigade, to move up the ravine and prepare to charge. Colonel Weisiger promptly did as directed, and placed his brigade along the slope of the hill with his left resting some distance from the traverse referred to.

#### TO FIX BAYONETS.

"Colonel Weisiger, being now on the right of the line of battle, directed me to order the men to fix bayonets and lie down, and then to inform General Mahone that he was ready to charge. I did as directed, going along down the line and repeating the order to the regimental commanders, and adding that the men had better reserve their fire until they could see the whites of the enemy's eyes. When I reached General Mahone he had moved southwardly from the traverse, and was standing by a mortar under a little arbor about thirty steps from the left of our line. General Mahone, receiving Colonel Weisiger's message, said: 'Tell Colonel Weisiger to wait for an order from me or Captain Girardey'—which I understood to mean an order from himself in person or delivered through Girardey.

"Soon after I reached the right of the line and delivered General Mahone's response, Captain Girardey came to where Colonel Weisiger and myself were standing. Just at this moment a magnificent looking Federal officer stepped out from our works, and, as we could perceive by his gesticulations, was calling upon his men to form line preparatory to a charge. The call was indifferently obeyed. Here and there a man would jump out from the works, but the great mass of the men in the trenches failed to respond. At this juncture Colonel Weisiger said to Girardey, 'Captain, had I not better go in

now?' 'No,' said Girardey, 'General Mahone desires to annex Wright's Brigade on to you and send you in together.' A few moments later, however, Captain Girardey authorized him to charge. Colonel Weisiger then gave the word 'Forward!' which was immediately communicated along down the line, and with one impulse, as it seemed to me, the whole brigade sprang forward and rushed up the hill, making the most brilliant and orderly charge I ever had the opportunity to witness.

GENERAL WEISIGER WOUNDED.

"Arrived at the works, General Weisiger remained in command of the brigade until two unsuccessful charges had been made by Wright's brigade, when he was wounded. I assisted him from the field between 11 and 12 o'clock, and on reaching the before-mentioned arbor, where was the mortar referred to, we met General Mahone, who, I am satisfied from the several statements of participants in the action—had previously been in the breast-works with the men.

"Colonel Weisiger here informed General Mahone that he had been wounded and had turned over the command of the brigade to Colonel Rogers."

General Weisiger, in a statement published in 1880, after the committee had published the several statements from communication, said:

"I repeat that General Mahone was not in the line of battle from its formation to the time the charge was made; nor was he in the captured works until after I had been wounded and retired. He has not to my knowledge claimed it for himself; it has only been done by his friend."

If General Weisiger was right in this statement, Major Richard W. Jones, of the 12th Virginia Regiment, who commanded the regiment in the action, was in error when in a letter to General Mahone written in 1877 he said:

"On getting my regiment in position in the ravine your courier delivered me a message to report to you at the right of the brigade. I went immediately, walking in front of the brigade, and found all the other regimental commanders before you when I arrived. At that moment you gave an order to have the Georgia Brigade moved rapidly to its position on the right of the Virginia Brigade, and then

turning to the officers you delivered a stirring address to this effect: (Here follows what Major Jones says General Mahone said.) "I do not profess to give your words, but your address and orders were given with such peculiar emphasis and under such impressive circumstances that the sentiments were indelibly inscribed on my mind. The whole management, the promptness, the vigor, the movements of our troops, impressed me as being more like the impetuous charges of the 'Old Guard' of Napoleon than any battle I ever saw. It was certainly the quickest, most splendid and most complete of all of the actions made by troops with whom I had the honor to serve. You seemed that day to be ubiquitous, superintending almost every detail in person."

#### A QUESTION OF ACCURACY.

If General Weisiger was right, Mr. W. W. Caldwell was mistaken when in his statement he said, "Mahone accompanied us out of the covered way, at the head of the column, almost by my side, to our new position; and so was Colonel Stewart when in his statement he said: "As soon as the column halted on the ground from which the charge was to be made you came from the head of the column, directed me to have every man in line, and cautioned me to see that no one was left skulking in the covered way;" and so was Courier Jas. H. Blakemore, "well known in the Army of Northern Virginia as one of the most gallant lads in the service," to quote Captain W. Gordon McCabe's words describing him, when, in his statement made in 1880, after having stated that the Virginia Brigade was formed by Captain Girardey under the direction of General Mahone along the line as decided by General Mahone and "was kept at its post with bayonets fixed and ready to charge," he said, "at this moment I could not have been more than two feet from General Mahone, who was standing a short distance from and a little distance in advance of the line of our formation, and who was then awaiting the movements of the Georgia Brigade, emerging from the covered way;" and so was Captain Thomas P. Pollard, of Company B, of the 12th Virginia, when in his statement made in 1880, referring to the time at which the brigade fixed bayonets and lay down to await orders, he said: "At that time, if my memory serves me right, I saw General Mahone in our immediate rear and close enough to give any command that might have been necessary;" and so was Lieutenant John E. Laughton, Jr., of Company D, 12th Virginia, who com-

manded a company of the battalion of sharp-shooters on the extreme right of the line, when in a statement made in 1876 he said: "Having seen General Mahone superintending the formation of the line my impression was that the order from Captain Girardey to forward came direct from General Mahone;" and so too was Orderly Sergeant Thomas E. Richardson, of Company K, 12th Virginia, when in a statement made in 1876 he said: "When the enemy came out of their works I was in twenty feet of General Mahone. He and Major Girardey were talking. When the move on the part of the enemy commenced, Major Girardey left General Mahone and ran to the front, giving the command, 'Forward men.'"

#### OTHER STATEMENTS.

Were all of these men at fault in their recollections as to the presence of General Mahone in the line of battle when it was formed on the slope of the hill on the east side of the ravine ready to charge? The statements of other participants might be produced to show the presence of General Mahone in the line of battle at this time, but the foregoing are sufficient, especially when it is remembered that General Weisiger's position about the right of his line of some 800 men, standing or lying down in two ranks, made it impossible for him to see that General Mahone was not in some other part of this line, some two hundred or more yards long.

Were all of those who state that they saw General Mahone in the breastworks within a short time after the charge of the Virginia Brigade, and before the Georgia Brigade made any assault, under a delusion as to this? General Weisiger, in that network of traverses and ditches, where the range of vision was very limited, could not have seen and known that any particular person was not also present. A score of reputable participants in the action could doubtless be produced who will testify that they did not first see General Weisiger at the breastworks, and their testimony would furnish just as much evidence upon which to base a statement that he was not there at all as there is to support the statement that Mahone was not there whilst Weisiger was, but was in the covered way during all of this time.

As you will note, the several statements from which extracts have been made are those of other participants than General Mahone. In 1880, when General Weisiger said that he (Mahone) had not to his knowledge claimed for himself that he (Mahone) was in the line

of battle at any time from its formation to the time the charge was made, and was not in the captured works until after he (Weisiger) had been wounded, and that this claim was only set up by General Mahone's friends, General Mahone had not made a statement setting out in detail his personal movements on the morning of the battle, but in 1892 he made a statement of this character, which was published and from which the following extracts are taken:

#### MANY FEDERAL FLAGS.

"Arrived at the mouth or terminus of the first mentioned ravine or gulch, the lieutenant, pointing across to the slope of the hill on the east side of this branch, a few yards away, said to me: 'If you will go up that slope there, you can see the Yankees.' Moving quickly to this slope, I found myself in full view of the portion of the salient which had been blown up, and of that part of the works to the north of the salient, and saw that they were crammed with Federal soldiers and thickly studded with Federal flags.

"For the moment I could scarcely take in the reality, and the very danger to which I was at the time exposed came to my relief and bade me stand still, as the surest course of personal safety—I did not think they would be so likely to fire upon a single man—and so I stood where I could keep one eye on the adversary whilst I directed my own command, which every moment was in fearful peril if the enemy should advance whilst the two brigades were moving, and the larger part of them were still in the covered way.

"A moment's survey of the situation impressed me with the belief, so crowded were the enemy and his flags—eleven flags in less than one hundred yards—that he was greatly disordered but present in large force. At once I sent back to my line in the trenches, full two miles away, for the Alabama Brigade to be brought me quickly by the route by which the two brigades had come, then indicating to Captain Girardey the ground on which I desired the Virginia Brigade formed facing the retrenched cavalier of the salient.

"Occupying the position heretofore described, and from which, as heretofore stated, I was able to command a full view of that portion of the works occupied by the enemy, and at the same time to intimately direct the movement of my own command, I spoke words of encouragement and duty to the men as they filed by on their way to the position which had been indicated to Captain Girardey for them to take for the attack.

“ The Virginia Brigade being now in position, and the head of the Georgia Brigade having now left the mouth of the covered way and filing up the depression to take its place on the right of the Virginia Brigade, the left of the Virginia Brigade being not more than eighty feet from where I stood and Girardey about midway, Girardey sang out, ‘ General, they are coming!’ whereupon, turning my head to the left—at the moment I was instructing the Georgia Brigade as it was filing along up the depression—I saw the Federals jumping out of the Confederate breastworks and coming forward in a desultory line, as if to charge us, and in a tone of voice so raised that the whole of the Virginia Brigade might hear me, I said to Girardey, ‘ Tell Weisiger to forward.’ Captain Girardey, like the brilliant officer he was—never failing to do precisely the right thing at the right time—rushed with uplifted sword to the front of the brigade himself, repeated the command ‘ Forward’ and led the brigade which, as if on dress parade, and with the steadiness and resolution of regulars—and regulars they were in every sense that makes the soldier effective—moved forward to meet the advancing enemy.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ The Virginia Brigade having made its charge, I put the Georgia Brigade in position to meet any possible reverse to which the Virginia Brigade might be subjected, and then hurried across the field to the works the Virginia Brigade then occupied, and, after making a thorough examination of the situation, so disposed the same as to increase the ability of the brigade to hold the works retaken, at the same time causing sharpshooters to be so posted as to make death the penalty to those of the enemy who were attempting to escape and get back to their lines. It was whilst here that I remember young Butts, of your company, being killed in my immediate presence. He had just cautioned me, whilst I was looking through an opening in the works, not to expose myself. I told him I would look after that, and almost immediately afterwards he received a bullet in his head, which killed him instantly, and he fell on the floor of the trench at my feet.

“ I hurried back to the Georgia Brigade and explained to the men and officers the situation of affairs, and how they must make the move to retake that part of our main line still occupied by the enemy to the left of the traverse. They moved forward for the charge, but, unfortunately, obliques too far to the left and came in behind the Virginia Brigade. The terrific fire of the enemy to which this brigade

was subjected while passing over the intervening ground caused it to slide in this way to the north and fail of the object its charge was designed to accomplish."

#### ORDERS TO FORWARD.

When General Mahone heard Girardey sing out, "General, they are coming," and, turning towards the breastworks, saw the Federals jumping out of them and coming forward in a desultory line, indicating their purpose to charge—which movement on the part of the enemy had been already seen by Girardey, Weisiger, Hinton and numbers of men in the brigade—he cried out to Girardey, who stood between him and the left of the brigade, "Tell Weisiger to forward." At that time, it is more than probable that Girardey, exercising the authority which Mahone intended him (Girardey) to exercise when he sent to Weisiger by Hinton the message, "Tell Colonel Weisiger to wait for an order from me or Captain Girardey," had authorized Weisiger to move forward as suggested by Weisiger, and that the right of the brigade line of battle had actually begun its forward movement. Orderly-Sergeant J. Edward Whitehorne, of Company F, 12th Virginia Regiment, whose company was on the extreme left of this line of battle, in a statement made in 1892, said:

"We lay in the position above described (on the slope of the hill) for a few minutes, when a tremendous cheer from the right greeted our ears. Looking up the line I saw that the right of the column had begun to charge. Instantly we sprang to our feet and moved forward at a double-quick."

The charge of the Virginia Brigade having been made, Mahone tells with clearness what his subsequent movements were, and no one after reading his statement and those of the officers and men who saw him in the trenches can doubt their correctness and the incorrectness of any statement which declares that he was not in the line of battle at any time during its formation, but was in the covered way all of the time that it was being formed and all of the time that General Weisiger was with the troops.

This communication, Mr. Editor, is considerably longer than was anticipated, but can not be concluded without reference to the words said to have been exchanged between Generals Weisiger and Mahone, when Mahone said to Weisiger, "Weisiger, you and Joe Johnston are always getting yourselves shot." There must be some mistake as to General Weisiger's reply.

Weisiger was not, in point of fact, "shot through the body," but was only slightly injured, so slightly, as indeed, as not to be prevented from commanding his brigade on the 19th of August, 1864, when Mahone took this and two other brigades in rear of Warren's line of battle about the Weldon railroad, and both Mahone and Weisiger distinguished themselves, each doing his work with efficiency. We will assume, however, that General Weisiger supposed himself mortally wounded. It is not natural for an officer who believes that he has just received a mortal wound, in response to a complimentary salute from his superior officer, such as that implied in these words, kindly spoken, "Weisiger, you and Joe Johnston are always getting yourselves shot," to avail himself of the opportunity to make a fling like that which Weisiger is said to have made to and at Mahone; and those who knew the two men well are unwilling to believe that Weisiger, whatever he said, intended to cast any imputation upon Mahone's courage. If General Weisiger considered General Mahone wanting in courage, it may be safely affirmed that he stood alone of all of the men who served under General Mahone in any capacity in holding this opinion. As above suggested, there must be some mistake about this matter. General Weisiger, as did all of his men who on many occasions had seen both officers in places where there was every opportunity to watch and measure them, knew that General Mahone's courage was as true as his own. That of neither ever had been, or could be questioned. If you doubt this, consult the officers and men of the old brigade, whenever and wherever you find them, and you will soon become satisfied how unjust is any statement that makes a different impression.

This communication, Mr. Editor, is sent to you for publication, with the belief that *The Times* would not knowingly make an erroneous impression prejudicial to any one, but will take pleasure in publishing anything that may aid in removing any such impression, or tend to throw light upon a question of history.



✓  
[From the *Atlanta, Georgia, Constitution*, July 31, Aug. 16, 1900.]

## THE CONFEDERATE STATES ORGANIZED ARIZONA IN 1862.

By JUDGE ROBERT L. RODGERS.

The recent actions of the political conventions of the Republicans and Democrats, in Philadelphia and Kansas City, appear to make it opportune and appropriate for some notice of a few points of history, and to observe the prospects of the future.

In the platforms of both parties there is one item, or matter, to which I desire to refer, and to direct attention. It is the item of making new States of the Territories of New Mexico, Arizona and Oklahoma. The Republicans in their platform say: "We favor home rule for and the early admission to Statehood of the Territories of New Mexico, Arizona and Oklahoma."

The Democrats in their platform say: "We denounce the failure of the Republican party to carry out its pledges to grant Statehood to the Territories of Arizona, New Mexico and Oklahoma, and we promise the people of those Territories immediate Statehood and home rule during their condition as territories, and we favor home rule and a territorial form of government for Alaska and Porto Rico."

From these quotations from the two platforms, it seems that in the success of either party the result must be that the Territories shall be admitted as States of the United States.

### SOME POINTS OF HISTORY.

My purpose is now to recite a few facts of history concerning the Territory of Arizona. This Territory is a part of the great Mexican purchase by the United States from Mexico, through the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, of the United States with Mexico in 1848, growing out of the Mexican war, and five years later by the Gadsden purchase. By these two acquisitions of territory, the United States made a great expansion. By the treaty the United States acquired 522,568 square miles, or 334,443,520 acres of new territory, and by the Gadsden purchase the United States received other new territory of 45,535 square miles, or an area of 29,142,400 acres.

This acquired territory has since been divided into several States and Territories, to-wit: California, Nevada, Utah and New Mexico, was subsequently divided, and by this subsequent partition comes the interesting history of the Territory of Arizona.

#### A CONFEDERATE TERRITORY.

A Territory named Arizona was first laid out and organized by the Confederate States of America. On the 1st of March, 1861, the Territory was taken in charge by Lieutenant-Colonel John R. Baylor, who was in command of the Confederate Army force in the Territory, and possession was held on behalf of the Confederate States of America. The new Territory was to be included "in all that portion of New Mexico lying south of the 34th parallel of north latitude," and a proclamation was issued, "declaring said Territory temporarily organized as a military government until such time as Congress might otherwise provide." Officers were appointed for the government of the Territory. In the next year, 1862, the Congress of the Confederate States passed "an act to organize the Territory of Arizona." The first section of the act prescribed as follows:

"The Congress of the Confederate States of America do enact, That all that part of the present Territory of New Mexico, included within the following limits, to-wit: Beginning on the Colorado river at the parallel of north latitude 34 degrees, thence with said parallel to the eastern boundary of New Mexico; thence with said boundary until it intersects the line of Texas, and thence with said line to the Rio Grande, and so on to the line of Mexico, on said river, as fixed by the treaty of 1854; thence with the boundary line established by said treaty between the late United States and Mexico to the Colorado river, thence up the Colorado river to the place of beginning, be, and the same is hereby created into a temporary government, by the name of the Territory of Arizona; and nothing in this act shall be so construed as to inhibit the government of the Confederate States from dividing said Territory into two or more Territories as Congress shall deem convenient and proper, or from attaching any portion of said Territory to any other State or Territory of the Confederate States, and the institution of slavery in said Territory shall receive all necessary protection, both from the Territorial Legislature and the Congress of the Confederate States; provided, also, that nothing in this act contained shall be construed to impair the rights of persons or property now pertaining to the Pimos and Maricopas Indians

on the Gila river, or the right or claim of the Confederate States to the remainder of the Territory of New Mexico, or to any other Territory north of the line of 34 degrees of north latitude."

The second section provides for the executive power and authority to be vested in a governor, and prescribes his term of office to be six years, and his official duties.

The various other sections of the act provide for other officers and their duties, and for representatives in the Legislature, and delegates to the Confederate Congress, and for the general regulations for the government of the Territory. The act is too lengthy to copy here, and it is not necessary to do so.

I have an official copy of the act taken from Confederate records in the city of Washington in the Department of the Interior.

The last section (17) recites: "That the provisions of this act be and are hereby suspended until the President of the Confederate States shall issue his proclamation, declaring this act to be in full force and operative and shall proceed to appoint the officers herein provided to be appointed in and for said Territory."

The act was approved by the President, Jefferson Davis, on January 18, 1862. Accordingly, President Jefferson Davis, published his official proclamation, in pursuance of the said act, as follows:

Organization of the Territory of Arizona. Proclamation of the President of the Confederate States of America—Whereas, an act of the Congress of the Confederate States of America, entitled, "An act to organize the Territory of Arizona," was approved by me on the 18th day of January, A. D. 1862;

And, Whereas, It is therein declared that the provisions of the act are suspended until the President of the Confederate States shall issue his proclamation declaring the act to be in full force and operation, and shall proceed to appoint the officers therein provided to be appointed in and for said Territory:

Now, therefore, I, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, do issue this, my proclamation, declaring said "Act to organize the Territory of Arizona" to be in full force and operation, and that I have proceeded to appoint the officers therein provided to be appointed in and for said Territory.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Confederate States of America, at Richmond, this 14th day of February, A. D. 1862.

By the President:

(Seal.) JEFFERSON DAVIS.

R. M. T. HUNTER, Secretary of War.

So much now for the facts of the Territory of Arizona, as to being created and organized by and under the government of the Confederate States of America. In the next year, 1863, on the 24th day of February, it appears that the Congress of the United States, in session in Washington city, followed the Congress of the Confederate States and passed "an act to establish and organize the Territory of Arizona," formerly a part of the Territory of New Mexico. The name, as will be observed, is the same as that of the Confederate Territory. See the United States Statutes-at-Large, volume twelve, page 664, or Revised Statutes of the United States, edition of 1878, page 335. It appears in the above cited act of February 24, 1863, that the United States made the Territory of Arizona of the western portion of New Mexico, by including all that part "situated west of a line running due south from the point where the southwest corner of the Territory of Colorado joins the northern boundary of the Territory of New Mexico, to the southern boundary line of said Territory of New Mexico, and the same is hereby erected into a temporary government by the name of the Territory of Arizona; provided, that nothing contained in the provisions of this act shall be construed to prohibit the Congress of the United States from dividing said Territory or changing its boundaries in such manner and at such time as it may deem proper; provided, further, that said government shall be maintained and continued until such time as the people residing in said Territory shall, with the consent of Congress, form a State government, republican in form, as prescribed in the Constitution of the United States, and apply for and obtain admission into the union as a State on an equal footing with the original States."

The second section of the act provides for appointment of officers and prescribes duties as conferred by the act organizing the Territorial government of New Mexico.

The third section provides "that there shall neither be slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said Territory, otherwise than in the punishment of crimes, whereof the parties shall have been duly convicted, and all acts and parts of acts, either of Congress or of the Territory of New Mexico, establishing, regulating, or in any way recognizing the relation of master and slave in said Territory are hereby repealed." Approved February 24, 1863.

It will be observed that there were then two Territories by the name of Arizona during the period of the Civil War, the Confederate

Arizona ~~being in~~ the eastern part or division of New Mexico, and the United States Arizona being the western part of New Mexico. The Arizona of the Confederate States was the first organized by that name. Of course, it ceased to exist as an organized Territorial Government when the Confederacy went out of existence as a government. It is of some interest to notice the special features of these two Territorial Governments with reference to slavery.

The old citizens of the United States will recall to memory the great agitation of long time ago about the matter of slavery in the Territories. These acts of the Confederate States and of the United States may be of some interest to students of history, who may desire to learn of the agitations of the old times.

It will be noticed that both the acts which created the two Arizonas recite that they were to be temporary. When did the United States since then enact that the Territory should be a permanent Territorial Government? True, the act says it shall be continued until the people residing therein, with consent of Congress, form a State Government. Have ever the people or Congress moved in it?

In this connection I may mention the fact that the various school histories now in use in our schools and colleges do not give any notice or information at all about the facts of the organization of a Territory of Arizona by the Confederate States of America, and yet the fact is as true as any other established act or fact concerning the Confederacy, and it is as much a part of the history of the Confederacy and of the times of the Civil War as any other item of history. The omission of such a fact of our history of the Confederacy shows the defective system of our modern school histories, and it may also show the positive prejudice or the inexcusable ignorance, or the "cussed" carelessness of the so-called authors or scribblers of history. The real truth of history should be given of every important event.

As the political parties are now on record favoring expansion and admission of new States, let them also tell the truth of history and let them demand that the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth shall be given to the children in our schools. Teach them in only true facts.

*Editor Constitution.*

Will you kindly permit me to make a supplementary statement about the Territory of Arizona, in connection with my article which you published in your paper on the 31st of July, with regard to the

first organization of the Territory of Arizona, by the Confederate States? I did not state it definitely, and it may not appear quite clearly from my article as it was published, that the Confederate States Territory of Arizona, as defined and laid out by the act of the Confederate States Congress, in Feb., 1862, embraced or included the whole of the old-time, ante-bellum territory of New Mexico, to the Colorado river, as the west boundary line, excepting a little point or area in the northwest corner of the old-time New Mexico, north of the Colorado river. An inspection of an old map, and of the limits or lines as defined by the act of the Confederate States Congress in 1862, will make it very plain to any reader or student who may wish or care to verify this statement. Then the act of the United States Congress of February 24, 1863, created or defined the lines of the present Territory of Arizona, which overlaid or covered the western portion of the Confederate States Territory of Arizona, which was the old-time Territory of New Mexico. The new Territory of Arizona includes that point or area in the northwestern corner that lies north of the Colorado river, that was not in the Confederate States Arizona. If the Confederate States had been successfully and permanently established, then there would not have been any more of the Territory of New Mexico but that little corner above the Colorado river, and the present Territories of Arizona and New Mexico, together, excepting that corner, would be the Confederate States Arizona, as organized first by the Confederate States in 1862.

So it may be observed that whenever the present Territories of New Mexico and Arizona shall be admitted into the union of States, "on an equal footing with the original States," they will comprise that area which was once the Territory of Arizona, as it was first organized by that name, by the Confederate States of America, excepting the little northwest corner as stated. As a matter of fact in history, this may be of some interest, and may be worthy of note for future reference.

Very truly yours,

ROBERT L. RODGERS.

Atlanta, Ga., August 6, 1900.

**THE NATAL DAY**  
OF  
**GENERAL ROBERT EDWARD LEE**

**Appropriately Observed Throughout the South, Jan. 19, 1901.**

**The Exercises at New Orleans, La., Under the Auspices of the Local Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, Peculiarly Impressive.**

**The Poem of Mrs. MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND a Stirring Requiem.**

**The Chaste and Appealing Address of the Venerable Soldier of the Cross, B. M. PALMER, D. D., a Gem of Eloquence.**

The annual celebration of the anniversary of the birth of General Robert Edward Lee was duly observed throughout the South.

In every city, village and hamlet there were appropriate exercises with a cessation of secular effort.

The exercises at New Orleans, Louisiana, under the auspices of the local chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, were fully reported in the *Picayune*, of January 20, 1901.

What these faithful and reverential sisters in the South have done; are doing, untiringly; nobly merits emulation.

In some features was the sentiment of the South so justly and touchingly symbolized—that we embody them in the pages of the *Southern Historical Society Papers*.

The inspiring poem of Mrs. Mary Ashley Townsend will meet universal applause, and the felicitous address of the venerable and revered soldier of the Cross, Rev. B. M. Palmer, D. D.—a beacon of the trying days in which he was, himself, an incentive and a potent force—will be accepted as a truthful characterization, and both will be welcomed as meriting in an eminent degree, preservation, and embalmment in our national literature.—EDITOR.

The birthday of Robert E. Lee, the immortal leader of the Confederacy, was celebrated yesterday by the Daughters of the Confederacy in a simple yet beautiful and patriotic manner. The 19th of January is the day on which the New Orleans Chapter of the Daugh-

ters of the Confederacy was organized. The day is fixed by the constitution of the Chapter as that of the annual meeting. This year, in view of the recent terrible onslaughts made upon the memory of Robert E. Lee by a few of the northern press, and the remarks that he, the purest and the noblest of the great patriots of America, was a traitor to his country and unworthy of a place in the Hall of Fame, aroused the just indignation of the women of the South, and the Daughters of the Confederacy, sworn to perpetuate and guard the truth and beauty of Southern patriotism and the memory of the Southern heroes, could not allow such an aspersion to pass unnoticed. They therefore resolved to make this anniversary of the birth of General Lee the occasion of a public protest to the insult offered to his memory. Dr. Palmer, the beloved patriot and noted divine, and Judge Charles E. Fenner were therefore both invited to be present at the annual meeting of the Association and deliver a tribute to Robt. E. Lee. Mrs. Mary Ashley Townsend, one of the South's most gifted writers, was requested to write a poem especially for the occasion; a selection from Father Ryan's beautiful Southern songs, "The Sword of Robert Lee," was placed among the numbers on the programme, and tributes to the memory of the South's greatest and best were among other incidents of the evening. Through some delay in receiving his invitation Judge Fenner was unable to be present; but Dr. Palmer was there, and Mrs. Townsend was present; members of the armies of Northern Virginia and Tennessee, and old veterans from the Soldiers' Home thronged Memorial Hall, and some 300 ladies, the great majority Daughters of the Confederacy, were present, filling the hall to the very doors. It was a magnificent gathering, a grand outpouring of Southern chivalry and Southern womanhood, to do honor to him of whom Father Ryan wrote:

"Forth from its scabbard never hand  
Wore sword from stain as free,  
Nor nobler chief led braver band,  
Nor braver band had cause more grand,  
Nor cause a chief like Lee."

The annual meeting of

#### THE DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

opened at 2:30 P. M. The first portion of the evening was devoted



to the regular business of the annual session; the latter portion to the exercises commemorative of Robert E. Lee. A beautiful feature of the evening was the presentation of the Cross of the Legion of Honor to Dr. Palmer by the Daughters of the Confederacy.

MRS. WM. H. DICKSON,

who has presided over the Association with so much dignity and ability and under whose administration the Chapter has increased to such splendid proportions, opened the meeting with a few eloquent remarks on the character of the occasion that had brought the ladies together. Mrs. Dickson said:

We meet to-day, ladies, in annual session to hear the yearly reports of our officers and chairmen of committees, to elect officers for the coming year, and to celebrate the birthday and eulogize and memorialize our beloved hero, Robert E. Lee.

There was a burst of applause. Then Mrs. Dickson called for the annual reports of the officers and committees.

MRS. D. M. SHOLARS.

who has filled with such ability the office of Secretary, presented the following excellent report:

To the President and members of the New Orleans Chapter of the U. D. C.: In discharging the duty imposed upon me as the Recording Secretary of this Association, I have thought it well at the outset to quote in this report Article 2 of the Constitution of our Chapter, which declares the purpose for which the Association was organized, and is as follows, to-wit:

"The objects of this Association are memorial, and to that end educational, literary, social and benevolent. To collect and preserve all material for a truthful history of the Confederate States, and to honor the memory of all men and women who served that cause."

I shall undertake in this report in as brief and concise a form as possible to show how nearly this Chapter for the last twelve months has served the purpose for which it was organized.

The initial work of the year was the provision made at the first regular meeting for the entertainment of the State Convention held in this city on March 1 to 3. Fifty-five dollars was appropriated towards an entertainment for this Convention.

This Chapter was well represented in the woman's department at the State Fair in April last.

Representatives of this Chapter assisted in a reception at the St. Charles Hotel, given by the U. C. V. of this city, in honor of the State sponsor and her maids of honor.

This chapter was hostess at the presentation ceremonies at Memorial Hall, at which was donated the portrait of General Randall Lee Gibson.

By resolution this chapter contributes one dollar a month to the infirmary at the Soldiers' Home, and in addition had constituted a special committee whose duty it is to receive donations of food, clothing, etc., and dispensing same to inmates of the home.

The following contributions were made by this Chapter:

For purchase of flowers on Decoration day at Camp Chase, \$3; towards the Confederate monument at Houston, \$1; in aid of marking graves at Okolona, Miss., \$1.25; donated to Memorial Hall, \$5; towards Confederate monument at Shreveport, \$10; to Beauregard Monumental Association, \$10; besides \$8.25 in voluntary contributions; to Jeff. Davis Monumental Association, at Richmond, Va., \$10; to Forest, at Memphis, Tenn., \$5; to Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association to assist in defraying expenses of the removal of the Confederate dead to southern cemeteries; purchased twenty-five Davis calendars in aid to Jefferson Davis monument; on Decoration day a floral design was sent to the Ladies' Memorial Association; to Galveston sufferers, \$5.

In addition to the above, this Chapter was the medium through which \$5 was sent to Petersburg, Va., in the cause of preserving the old Blandford church, \$3 of this amount having been contributed by Mrs. J. B. Richardson, and \$2 by Mrs. Andrew Hero. The Chapter continues its subscription to the Confederate Veteran. In accordance with the State President, this Chapter contributed a Christmas box to the Soldiers' Home. Regular monthly meetings have been held by this Chapter, which have been well attended, and the Chapter was represented by delegates duly elected to the convention which met at Montgomery, Ala. During the year many valuable and interesting relics have been added to the Chapter's case.

Respectfully submitted,

C. B. SHOLARS,  
Recording Secretary.

## MRS. ADA T. RICHARDSON,

Corresponding Secretary, reported that during the year she had written 140 letters, sent out fifty-three application blanks, ordered sixteen certificates of membership, and eight badges. She received ten certificates to order badges from Nashville from National Recording Secretary. Ordered 500 postal cards from A. W. Hyatt, sent eighty-five postals out for each meeting, and as our members increased, the postals increased up to 110 for our annual meeting, making 935 during year. Thirty-three members have been elected during the year, and we have now on our roll 133 members. Received from Treasurer during year \$9.70. Express on Confederate calendars, \$1; for stamps, \$3.70; official paper, \$5; total, \$9.70.

## MRS. J. R. DICKS,

Treasurer of the Chapter, presented the following able report:

To the Officers and Members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Chapter No. 72, New Orleans, La.: Ladies—To-day, January 19, 1901, the anniversary of the birthday of our hero, Robert E. Lee, brings us to the opening of a new Chapter year, and it is meet that we review the work of the year just closed. Our entire receipts for the term have been \$252.75; our expenses \$246.14, with a balance on hand of \$6.61, and a small uncollected amount; and this on very small annual dues. Figures are dry, cold things, and only represent the stern facts of life, but when we turn the pages of this last year's reports and read the sums of these cold figures, and what they have stood for, the earnest, pathetic side of our Chapter life is revealed. We are building in a holy cause—to the memory of our dead, who wore the gray, and these figures tell us how faithfully our work has moved onward; tell us how other Chapters have reached out to us, for material aid, and received it in gifts, represented by figures. Our Soldiers' Home, too, has felt our care. The convention, reception and entertainment of a guest cost \$65.55. We paid National and State per capita tax of \$23.60. Individual members gave to the Beauregard Association \$8.25. Our Chapter gifts to the Jefferson Davis and Beauregard Associations; to the Shreveport and Okolona Chapters; to Camp Chase, and the Galveston sufferers; to aid in removing our dead to Arlington, and to our own Chapter dead, loving tributes, represent \$105.25.

Surely our cold figures have found voice and their tones are vibrant of success.

Respectfully,

J. R. DICKS, Treasurer.

MRS. J. F. SPEARING,

Financial Secretary, reported that the total collections during the year amounted to \$132.75. January 14, 1900, she collected dues for 1900 amounting, with the per capita tax for 1899, to \$2.25; received from the Treasurer for stationery, \$4.50; dues still due for 1900, with tax for 1899, \$8.50.

"Since my last annual report a number of valuable and interesting relics have been received and deposited in the case set aside for use in Memorial Hall. A detailed description of them has been given in monthly reports at the meetings of this Association, and need not be repeated here. The case has lately been embellished with a handsome plate, bearing the inscription 'United Daughters of the Confederacy,' which was secured through the kindness of our ever-courteous friend, Colonel Chalaron. It now contains some ninety relics and souvenirs, including the Favrot and Kirby-Smith collections, and is not the least interesting of the many valuable collections which have been gathered within these walls."

An excellent report of the Historical Committee was presented by Mrs. C. H. Tebault.

Mrs. A. Boisblanc, Chairman, *pro tem.*, of the Credentials Committee, in the absence of Mrs. F. G. Freret, submitted the following:

"Since January last there have been nine meetings of this Chapter. The Credentials Committee for the year was composed of Mrs. F. G. Freret, Chairman; Mrs. Joe Davis, Mrs. Heyman, Mrs. George Vincent and Mrs. A. Boisblanc. Since the month of October, in the absence of Mrs. Freret, Mrs. Boisblanc has been acting as Chairman. In Mrs. Freret's time there were twenty admissions, and since I took charge, nine, making in all, twenty-nine admissions during the year."

MRS. D. A. S. VAUGHT,

Chairman of the Relief Committee of the Soldiers' Home, presented the following able report of the work done by the Committee at this noble institution:

*"Mrs. President and Ladies:*

I have to report the hearty and generous response of this Chapter to the appeal for means to make comfortable and brighter the declining years of the brave and faithful defenders of the Lost Cause, now inmates of the Soldiers' Home.

"Since this Committee was organized many contributions have been secured from and through members of the Chapter. Working in co-operation with the Ich Dien Circle of King's Daughters, the originators of the work for the Infirmary, the best results have been had. Fifty-five dollars represents the cash contributions for the Infirmary, besides many objects for comfort, such as clothing, chairs, rugs, cushions, reading matter and treats, including the Christmas treat. As an itemized report has been read at each monthly meeting, I will not repeat. I desire to thank all the members and their friends for cordial co-operation and assistance in this pious work."

MRS. ALDEN McLELLAN,

Chairman of Committee on Designs, said:

"Your Committee on Designs begs leave to report that during the past year floral tributes were sent for Miss Winnie Davis, the 'Daughter of the Confederacy'; Major Lincoln, Commander Army of Northern Virginia Association; Major-General Gilmore, Commander Louisiana Division, U. D. C.; Mrs. Bentley, Mrs. Stamps and Miss Katharine Nobles, one of our charter members, who had done much towards organizing our Chapter. On April 6, 'Decoration Day,' a design was placed on the Confederate Monument at Greenwood, and the grave of Mumford, whose name is linked with the history of Louisiana, was not forgotten. In June a large floral offering was sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, where lie buried the remains of some 5,000 Confederates. All designs were ornamented with the Association ribbon."

Mrs. Dickson, President of the Association, then read

THE FOLLOWING BEAUTIFUL ADDRESS,

which was listened to with the deepest attention:

Memory takes me back five years and shows me a few earnest, patriotic southern women forming this Chapter. To-day I see as a result of that movement this large and enthusiastic assemblage. The growth and expansion of this work have been fully manifested, and

to me, who has been associated with it since its incipency, is of peculiar and tender interest—like to a mother who guides the tottering footstep of her child until by increased growth and strength it walks alone, and who with pardonable pride and ambition looks forward to a still greater and fuller development of the loved one. It is most gratifying to me, as I am sure it is to each of you, to have listened to the comprehensive and interesting reports of our officers and chairmen of committees, as it is only by this means that we can fully realize what we have accomplished in the past year. To you ladies I wish to express my deep appreciation of your unswerving faithfulness in the capable discharge of your duties, and to the society at large my kindest feelings and thanks for their co-operation and the encouragement given me. And more pleasing than all it is for me to record the perfect harmony that has existed between us during my entire term of office extending over a period of two years. I can only wish you, my successor, the same happy experience which has been mine.

The annual

#### ELECTION OF OFFICERS

was then declared in order, and Mrs. Dickson was gracefully honored with a renomination. In a few pleasant remarks Mrs. Dickson thanked the Chapter for the honor conferred upon her, but declined the nomination, expressing her belief in rotation in office.

Mrs. Alden McLellan, wife of General Alden McLellan, President of the Soldiers' Home, and one of the most lovable women in the Chapter and a most devoted worker, was then put in nomination for the Presidency and unanimously elected.

In a few pleasant remarks Mrs. McLellan expressed her appreciation of the high honor conferred upon her.

Miss Kate Eastman was elected First Vice-President; Mrs. J. R. Powell, Second Vice-President; Mrs. J. B. Ferguson, Recording Secretary; Miss Sallie Owen, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught was appointed Chairman of the Historical Committee; Mrs. F. G. Freret, Chairman of the Soldiers' Home Committee; Mrs. William H. Dickson, Chairman of the Credentials Committee, and Mrs. Theodore Maginnis, Chairman of the Design Committee.

The hearing of reports and election of officers being finished, the remainder of the session was devoted to exercises in which the most beautiful and touching tributes were paid to the memory of General Lee. If the North courted protest it certainly got it, for never were

nobler or more heartfelt tributes paid to the memory of one who honored his manhood and proved true to his country in every act of a pure and beautiful life, that stands out in American history as its most spotless and glorious page.

Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith was the Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements, and to her zeal and ability in perfecting every detail, no less than to the faithful devotion and interest of the retiring President, Mrs. William H. Dickson, was the great success of the celebration due.

It was a matter of regret that Judge Fenner was unable to be present, and for a while it was also feared that Dr. Palmer would not appear, as he had sent word that he was ill and would be unable to speak, but if possible he would endeavor to be present during the course of the meeting. This Mrs. Smith explained as she took her seat upon the platform and called the meeting to order.

There were seated on the platform Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, president of the State division of the Daughters of the Confederacy; Mrs. William H. Dickson, retiring president of the New Orleans Chapter; Mrs. Alden McLellan, the newly elected president; Mrs. Mary Ashley Townsend, the gifted southern poetess; General Alden McClellan, president of the Soldiers' Home; Mr. Edwin Marks, Dr. Tichenor and Colonel W. R. Lyman.

Mrs. Smith introduced

#### MR. EDWIN MARKS.

who had kindly consented to deliver a few impromptu remarks, as the other speakers were not present. Mr. Marks explained that he was taken totally unaware, having come to hear Dr. Palmer and Judge Fenner, and not expecting to be asked to take either of their places in speaking on the immortal hero whose anniversary was commemorated to-day. The memory of Robert Lee, who led the grandest army on to victory, and who was as great in defeat as he ever was in the palmiest hours of triumph, is living to-day and will continue to live to the remotest generations. It is a fact beyond controversy that the men who went to war by the thousands in the not very remote past, and those who are gradually falling out of the veterans' ranks, knew that the cause for which they stood was a grand one, the noblest for which men could stand, and this thought made them perform deeds of heroism unknown to the world before. The great captain, the great Christian soldier, who led that army, and

who put aside the highest honors that he might stand with his people and country, will go down to history as the peerless man, the man who brought to this great cause the greatest talents, wonderful judgment, and noblest patriotism than which no greater gifts were ever given to man. We have seen pictures and statues of Lee, but none could ever convey the idea of the man, for none could ever depict him as his old soldiers saw him. Only those who knew him and had seen him riding along the long line of men who bowed at his word could comprehend the man he was. He was the most incomparable warrior and peerless gentleman of modern times. Grand in character, when the war was over, and he looked into the desolate faces of his old soldiers, and bade them goodbye, what did he do but set an example to American manhood by accepting a subordinate position, comparatively, as president of a college, and beginning life all over again. Ever since that fatal day when he laid down the most spotless sword that was ever wielded, he has stood as the incarnate representation of the incomparable soldier, the true gentleman.

Mr. Marks concluded by saying that he was only a business man, unused to public speaking, and all unworthy to handle the great theme that had been assigned him. But he was a soldier and had a soldiers' reverence for Robert Lee. If these few remarks could add anything to the evening of a day sacred in the heart of the south, he was glad to lay this simple thought at the feet of his old commander.

Mrs. Smith introduced Dr. Tichenor, who read in a beautiful and dramatic manner, Father Ryan's noble poem, "The Sword of Robert Lee."

Continuing, Dr. Tichenor said that he felt that at the mention of the name of Robert Lee every man and woman of the South should bow their heads and thank God that to this age and generation had been given such a man.

Mrs. William H. Dickson then read a beautiful tribute penned to the memory of General Lee, in answer to the New York *Sun's* attack, by John G. Hood, of Meridian, Miss.

After this beautiful reading the following beautiful poem, from the pen of our sweet southern songbird,

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND,

was read by Colonel W. R. Lyman. Mr. Lyman read the poem with great force and diction, and every word sank as a note that



would linger in the hearts of all present. The following was the poem:

### THE BIRTHDAY OF LEE.

(By Mary Ashley Townsend.)

What singer's song,  
However bravely he might sing,  
To this proud hour and day could bring  
Meed justly strong?  
For chaplet worth the hero's brows,  
His spirit's supreme dower,  
Among the gardens of the earth  
Where grows the fitting flower?

No trumpets thrall  
The ear with southern battle odes,  
No tramp of steeds the green turf goads,  
No bugles call.  
Is heard no tramp of armed men,  
No blades nor bayonets gleam,  
No sentry guards a tented plain  
By Rappahannock's stream.

No war flags stir  
In old Virginia's mountain breeze,  
No shot and shell the silence tease,  
No drums demur!  
There, nature kind, builds up anew,  
Where cannon gored the sod,  
And scatters flowers to shield the scars  
Where trampling armies trod.

No camp fires burn—  
No sunrise gun is heard at morn—  
Where battle raged, now waves the corn  
Or ploughshares turn.  
Nature is brave—in vain regret  
No weed nor blossom lives.  
That which she never can forget  
She tenderly forgives!

The flags are furled,  
The guns are still whose throats once kept  
Such voice their ringing echoes swept  
Around the world.  
Their day is with the days gone by;  
But, blended with their fame,  
Shines out in never fading light  
The great commander's name!

That name inwrought  
With duty, self-denial, white  
With probity, pure motive, right,  
And fear of naught!  
Against the background of his time,  
Facing untoward fate,  
He stands heroic and supreme,  
A man sublimely great?

Truth was his aim,  
Justness his constant staff and stay,  
And honor but another way  
To spell his name.  
He led in war, he led in peace—  
How grand the peace he taught!  
How free from rancor, malice, wrath,  
With what brave patience fraught!

To-day he stands,  
This martial chief, in fields afar,  
And reads the right or wrong of war  
From God's own hands.  
God, who lights the stars o'er heights  
Where Fame and Victory meet,  
God, who lights the stars that shine  
O'er valleys of defeat!

The poem was applauded to the echo. The brilliant authoress was then presented, and a rising vote of thanks was extended to her. At the same time she was presented with a beautiful bouquet of red and white roses tied with red, white and red.

Mrs. Smith again regretted that Dr. Palmer was not present, but said that this evening was to have been the occasion of the present-

ation to him of the Cross of the Legion of Honor from the Daughters of the Confederacy. The cross, however, would be sent to him. Mrs. Lewis Graham moved that a committee be appointed to take the cross to Dr. Palmer, and Mrs. Smith asked Mrs. Graham to serve as chairman of the committee. But just at this moment the cry rang through the hall:

“DR. PALMER! HERE IS DR. PALMER!”

and Mrs. Graham escorted him to the platform, while the audience rose to greet him. Approaching Dr. Palmer, Mrs. Smith said:

“Dr. Palmer, in the name of the Daughters of the Confederacy, I have the honor and pleasure to present you with this Cross of the Legion of Honor; we know of no one who deserved it more, for your name and fame is almost as great as that of the immortal hero whose memory we celebrate to-day.”

Dr. Palmer was completely overcome; when he recovered somewhat he said in a voice tremulous with emotion, but so distinct that he could be heard to the furthest end of the room:

“Ladies and Mme. President: You have almost taken away my breath, not only in presenting me with this beautiful medal, but in mentioning my name in connection with the noble character who has passed into history. There are some things in nature that cannot be reproduced in art. The gleam of the lightning flash cannot be reproduced on the painter's canvas; the rush of the sea's mighty waves, as they dash in billows over the waters and rise in crested foam, cannot be pictured; what painter has ever succeeded in transferring to canvas the gleam of the skies, either in the rosy flash of dawn or when the evening, with its myriads of colors of orange and blue and red and burnished gold bespeak the great painter, the uncreated artist? And so it seems with the characters of history that are supremely great; neither the depth nor power of poet or painter can ever do them justice. Nature generally discriminates, and men who are great are so along some particular line; one is gifted with the power of poetry, another with the gift of art; another with the power of oratory, and still another is a military genius, gifted with the wonderful power of massing great bodies of men and converging these forces at the right moment so as to win a glorious triumph and wrest victory even from defeat.

“These are men who are placed in the nation's records, and whose names are handed down to time.

“But there is another kind of greatness that, to me, is infinitely greater, and that is the greatness of personal character. It is seldom that we find in exact proportions all the virtues united in any man; seldom that we find a man who by their combination secures universal confidence and trust from those in all ranks of life. It is not often that such men are represented in the history of the world. I have sometimes, in my personal contact with people, thought that there are some such in private life, of whom the world never hears; men who have the making of great geniuses within them; men who combine all these great virtues and qualities, which on occasion would rise and assert themselves, but they live on their quiet, hidden, beautiful lives, and many such often die without their power ever being known, perhaps, even to themselves, because the opportunity was never given to them to signalize these qualities.

“To me there are two men in American history who are great all around; two men whose lives stand out in beautiful harmony of proportion, in noble exemplification of all virtues, and all the excellence that can be summed up as belonging to the noblest types of manhood; the best of God. And I am glad that these men belong to the American nation.

#### THE AMERICAN WASHINGTON AND THE AMERICAN LEE

are the two men who have always stood in my mind for the best things American—genius, talent, power, for the best things Christian. The first of these men immortalized himself a hundred years ago. Washington was as great at Valley Forge as when he led the American army to victory. He was quite as great when he retired to private life, and when people wanted to make him king he rejected the temptation, content to be the representative of American principle among his people. Repelling temptation showed that he had within him the true elements of greatness, the power to resist, and this more than all else made him first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

“In my judgment George Washington, from the moment when he showed the power to set aside temptation and reject the crown, has been the uncrowned king of the American people. From that day to this he is king, and will remain as long as there is an historian capable of writing American history.

“It has always seemed to me that Robert Lee, born a century after, was the twin brother of George Washington. I am glad that

both were Americans; that both were born on southern soil; that both were representatives of that peculiar type of American civilization that belonged to the old south; a civilization that had running through it all the grandeur and beauty of the chivalry of the old past, and its heroism and devotion united to the common-sense characteristic of American modern life.

"It is not necessary for me to make analysis of these things that made either of these men great; not necessary for me to even suggest that they were the embodiment of all the virtues and all the gifts that make men great in all avenues of life and all contingencies of society. But I am willing that Robert Lee and George Washington shall go into history together and stand side by side; I am willing to have our cause go into history with Washington; I am willing to leave it to the world to judge, since the concurrence of events transpiring to-day will substantiate its purity in the past, and that it stood for the principles that gave to our nation life and being which were its past glory, and which must be perpetuated if the nation is to survive. Let us feel secure, then, in the future, as we have been in the past. General Lee was never greater when he passed along the line of his troops and heard their shouts of joy as they recognized their uncrowned hero than he was on that dark day at Appomattox, when he yielded his untarnished sword and bade his troops be victors indeed, and go back and rehabilitate their shattered fortunes and homes rendered desolate.

"I believe that the entire south, from the surrender at Appomattox, held General Lee as great, if not greater than before. Our people had the courage to face defeat. They were never ashamed of their colors. After forty years they stand steadfast to those colors and principles, and colors and principles are revered as much to-day as they were in the days of battle and triumphant victory. I only desire for my people that the Sons of Veterans may keep sacred the principles of that cause for which their fathers bled and transmit that cause in all honor and integrity to their children as they received it from their fathers. I believe that if I could speak in my dying moments to the young men of the south I would ask them to be as faithful, and honest, and honorable, and self-respecting as their fathers have been, to be as true to their country, as pure in their principles, and as steadfast in their faith and devotion to the Constitution as their ancestors were. Ladies, no words of mine can express my great thanks to this Association for this beautiful medal that has been presented to me. I shall ever cherish it as a reminder of your

loyalty and devotion to one who loved the south and believed in the sacredness of the cause which is hers still to defend."

The audience rose as one body to greet Dr. Palmer as he closed, and Mrs. D. M. Sholars gracefully moved that a vote of thanks be thus given to the distinguished patriot and divine. It was given with heartfelt feeling, the tears rising to the eyes of many as they looked upon the venerable figure that has stood so long and so faithfully in the front ranks of the south's veterans, a true exponent of the purity and truth of the cause so dear to his heart.

The evening then resolved itself into a pleasant circle, and the center and thought of the gathering was the picture of Robert Lee, with a wreath of arbor vitae beneath and a bow of Confederate ribbon above, as it smiled down from the platform the same courtly smile that used to light up his features when he saw his old guards gathered around the camp fires in the days of '61-65.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, January 27, 1901.]

## **GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE AS COLLEGE PRESIDENT.**

### **Reminiscences of His Work in Lexington, Va.**

Professor Edward S. Joynes, who holds the chair of Modern Languages at Columbia College, South Carolina, a similar position to that he held at Washington and Lee University, when General Robert E. Lee was President, gives some interesting reminiscences of General Lee in that capacity. Professor Joynes is an uncle of Judge J. Upshur Dennis, of the Baltimore bench. Mr. Joynes says in a letter written to a friend:

"My recollections shall be chiefly of General Lee as a College President. It is as such that he is chiefly present to my memory—always for admiration, sometimes for contrast with later experiences. I will not enlarge upon the quiet dignity and patience with which he always presided over our often wordy and tedious meetings, his perfect impartiality, and unwearied courtesy, his manifest effort to sink his own personality, as if to minimize the influence which he knew

attached to his own views, and to leave to the faculty as a body, and to each member of it, the fullest sense of authority and independence.

"Indeed, nowhere else in all my wide experience have I found so much of personal dignity and influence attached to the professorship as at Lexington; and this was largely due to the courtesy and deference with which General Lee treated the faculty, and every member of it, in both official and private relations. Yet not the less, on those rare occasions when it became necessary, did he assert the full measure of his authority. He rarely spoke in faculty meetings, and then only at the close of debate—usually to restate the question at issue, seldom with any decided expression of his own opinion or wish.

#### HELD PROFESSORS IN CHECK.

"I remember on one occasion a professor quoted a certain regulation in the by-laws. Another replied that it had become a dead letter. 'Then,' said General Lee, 'let it be repealed. A dead letter inspires disrespect for the whole body of laws.'

"On another occasion a professor appealed to precedent, and added, 'We must not respect persons.' General Lee at once replied: 'In dealing with young men I always respect persons, and care little for precedent.'

"When General Lee became President of Washington College it had been required that students should occupy the college dormitories; only a few of the older students were permitted to lodge in town. General Lee reversed this rule. As a measure of discipline it was required that all students board and lodge in the families of the town; to lodge in the dormitory was accorded as a privilege. He said the young boys needed the influence of family life; the dormitories he regarded as offering temptations to license. The result vindicated the wisdom of his view.

#### DEALING WITH THE STUDENTS.

"In dealing with the young men General Lee had a truly marvelous success. The students fairly worshipped him, and deeply dreaded his displeasure; yet so kind, affable, and gentle was he toward them that all loved to approach him. Still, an official summons to his office struck terror even into the most hardened.

"A young fellow, whose general record was none too good, was summoned to answer for absence. He stated his excuse, and then,

hesitatingly, he added another and another. 'Stop, Mr. —,' said General Lee, 'one good reason should be sufficient to satisfy an honest mind,' with emphasis on the word 'honest,' that spoke volumes.

"Another, an excellent student, now a distinguished lawyer in Tennessee, was once beguiled into an unexcused absence. The dreaded summons came. With his heart in his boots he entered General Lee's office. The General met him smiling: 'Mr. M., I am glad to see you are better.' 'But General, I have not been sick.' 'Then I am glad to see you have better news from home.' 'But General, I have had no bad news.' 'Ah,' said the General, 'I took it for granted that nothing less than sickness or distressing news from home could have kept you from your duty.' Mr. M. told me, in relating the incident, that he then felt as if he wished the earth would open and swallow him.

"To a recalcitrant student, who was contending for what he thought his rights as a man, I once heard General Lee say: 'Obedience to lawful authority is the foundation of manly character'—in those very words.

"On rare occasions of disorder, actual or threatened, General Lee would post a manuscript address to students on the bulletin board. These were known among the boys as his 'General Orders.' They never failed of their effect. No student would have dared to violate General Lee's express wish or appeal—if one had done so the students themselves would have driven him from the college.

#### IDLENESS A VICE.

"I wish to add one other important fact, illustrating General Lee's view of discipline, in a case of frequent occurrence. He held idleness to be not a negative, but a positive vice. It often happened that the plea was made that an idle student was doing no harm and indirectly deriving benefit, etc. General Lee said, 'No. A young man is always doing something; if not good then harm to himself and others.' So that merely persistent idleness was with him always sufficient cause for dismissal.

"General Lee's ideal of education was the training of manly character, and that, for him, meant Christian character. To a venerable minister of Lexington he said: 'I shall be disappointed, sir—I shall fail in the leading object that brought me here—unless these young men all become consistent Christians.' When he came to



Lexington the old President's house was in a sadly dilapidated condition. The trustees desired to build at once a suitable house for the President's residence. But General Lee insisted that the first money collected should be devoted to building a chapel, and he would not allow the President's house to be begun until the chapel had been completed and furnished—that chapel beneath which now rests his own beautiful mausoleum. Here daily religious services were held at an early hour by the ministers of Lexington in rotation—but not on Sunday, for General Lee preferred that the students should go to the church of their parents in the town.

#### HIS IDEAS OF EDUCATION.

“General Lee had very well defined opinions on educational subjects. In quoting some of these it might, perhaps, be unjust to apply them to present conditions, which, of course, could not then be foreseen. He was a strong advocate of practical, even technical education, as was shown by his plans for Washington College; but he was equally firm in his support of training studies and liberal culture. I have often heard him say it had been his lifelong regret that he had not completed his classical education (in which, however, he had a respectable scholarship) before going to West Point. Also, he did not believe in separate technical schools, but thought ‘that scientific and professional studies could best be taught when surrounded by the liberalizing influence of a literary institution.’ Hence, he sought to unite all these in the development of Washington College.

“Especially General Lee did not believe in a military education for others than army officers. Military education, he used to say, is an unfortunate necessity for the soldier, but the worst possible preparation for civil life. ‘For many years,’ he said, ‘I have observed the failure in business pursuits of men who have resigned from the army. It is very rare that any one of them has achieved success.’

“One incident finally, which I witnessed, illustrating the General's playful humor. A new roadway of broken stone had just been laid through the college grounds. Colonel J. T. L. Preston, then professor in the Military Institute, came riding through on his way to town. As the stones were new and rough, the Colonel rode alongside on the grass. As he halted where the General was standing, he halted for a talk. General Lee, putting his arm affectionately around the horse's neck and patting him, said: ‘Colonel, this is a beautiful horse; I am sorry he is so tenderfooted that he avoids our new road.’ Afterwards Colonel Preston always rode on the stone-way.”

## WAS THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER A REBEL?

Was the Confederate soldier a Rebel?

In *The Green Bag* for December, 1899, and January, 1900, this question is answered by Bushrod C. Washington. His argument is clean-cut, strong and convincing. His conclusion agrees with that of all southern men, and must be the verdict of posterity. He argues the legality of the course pursued by the seceding States, and plainly shows that the people of that section were not Rebels. No fair-minded man can read history and deny the correctness of his conclusions. Quoting from unquestioned authority, he makes plain, beyond all controversy, that there was never any intention of any of the States in the original compact of union to give up the reserved rights not expressly delegated to the general government under the constitution. His argument, than which nothing can be clearer, is, that the North broke the compact and that the South, for that reason and that alone, sought to withdraw.

Candid men must admit that the compact was broken by the North. Admitting this, they must justify the South in the course taken by her people. The union was a union of political societies upon an agreed basis, and that basis was the constitution. Hamilton, as quoted by Mr. Washington, expresses this clearly, "If a number of political societies enter a larger political society, the laws which the latter may enact pursuant to the powers entrusted to it by its constitution must necessarily be supreme over those societies. But it will not follow from this that the acts of the larger which are not pursuant to its constituted powers but which are invasions of the residuary authorities of the smaller societies, will become the supreme law of the land. These will be merely acts of usurpation, and will deserve to be treated as such."

That Congress committed these acts of usurpation cannot now be denied, and the election of Mr. Lincoln in 1860, upon a platform pledged to override the constitution, as interpreted by the Supreme Court of the United States, was an unmistakable expression on the part of the people of the North of a determination to disregard the solemn mandates of that instrument which formed the bond of union between the sections. This determination once formed and expressed, the South had the legal right to withdraw from the compact,

quietly and peaceably, as she did. This right was clearly recognized by Mr. Webster, who was a statesman of much larger caliber than Harriet Beecher Stowe. He did not hesitate to say, at the same time that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* made its appearance, that if the northern States willfully and deliberately refused to carry into effect that part of the constitution which protected the southern people in the possession of their property, and Congress refused to provide a remedy, the South would no longer be bound to observe the compact. "A bargain," he said, "cannot be broken on one side and bind the other side."

These words were not heeded at the North, but the false and scandalous utterances of Mrs. Stowe were allowed to drown them, and a flood of fanaticism swept over that section of our country which culminated in the crime of 1860, and the terrible tragedy of the Civil War. There are men in the North who know this now, and there will be more of them as the years go by; and the verdict of posterity will be that if the sober and statesmanlike utterances of Daniel Webster had been allowed to prevail at the North, instead of the fanatical words of Harriet Beecher Stowe, who was no more worthy of comparison with that broad-minded and patriotic American than a rushlight to the sun; the horrors of the war might have been averted, and the problem of being rid of the evil of slavery, which bound the white man to one end of the chain and the black man to the other, would have been wrought out by the consent of the South itself, on peaceful lines, under the constitution and not in violation of it. That this would have been done before the close of the nineteenth century, if antagonisms had not been roused and kept alive by the fostering of the abolition sentiment at the North, and that the condition of the black man would be much better to-day than it is, can scarcely admit of a doubt. Abolition should have been the result of growth, not of revolution; and might have been wrought out patiently by means of the constitution, and should not have been brought about in bitter spite of it.

In the second series of *Appleton's Popular Library*, published in 1852, is an essay published from *The London Times*, in which the author reviews *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and predicts the evils that were liable to result from the book. He is no sympathizer with slavery, but shows that he was opposed to it with all his might. I will close this review by quoting a part of what he says. Let us remember that these words were written by an Englishman nearly fifty years ago:

“And be it stated to the credit of the slave owners of the South that they are fully alive to the danger of the portentous struggle, and have of late years shown no indisposition to help in their own emancipation as well in that of the slave, provided they may only escape the dire catastrophe we speak of. It is certain that a large class of slave owners in the South are most desirous to relieve their soil of the stain and inconvenience of slavery, if the tremendous step can be taken with safety to all parties concerned in the act of liberation. The efforts made in the South to improve the condition of the slave show at least that humanity is not dead in the bosom of the proprietors. Mrs. Stowe has certainly not done justice to this branch of the subject. Horrors in connection with slavery—itsself a horror—unquestionably exist, but all accounts—save her own and those of writers actuated by her extreme views—concur in describing the general condition of the Southern slave as one of comparative happiness and comfort, such as many a free man in the United Kingdom might regard with envy. One authority on this point is too important to be overlooked. In the year 1842 a Scotch weaver named William Thompson traveled through the Southern States. He supported himself on his way by manual labor; he mixed with the humblest classes black and white, and on his return home he published an account of his journeyings. He had quitted Scotland a sworn hater of slave proprietors, but he confessed that experience had modified his views on this subject to a considerable degree. He had witnessed slavery in most of the slave-holding States; he had lived for weeks among negroes in cotton plantations, and he asserted that he had never beheld one-fifth of the real suffering that he had seen among the laboring poor in England. Nay, more, he declared: ‘That the members of the same family of negroes are not so much scattered as those of workingmen in Scotland, whose necessities compel them to separate at an age when the American slave is running about gathering health and strength.’

“Ten years have not increased the hardships of the Southern slave. During that period colonization has come to his relief; education has, legally or illegally, found its way into his cabin, and Christianity has added spiritual consolations to his allowed, admitted physical enjoyments. It has been justly said that to these men of the South who have done their best for the negro under the institution of slavery must we look for any great effort in favor of emancipation and they who are best acquainted with the progress of events in those parts declare that at this moment ‘there are powerful and

irresistible influences at work in a large part of the slave States tending toward the abolition of slavery within these boundaries.'

"We can well believe it. The world is working its way toward liberty, and the blacks will not be left behind in the onward march. Since the adoption of the American Constitution seven States have voluntarily abolished slavery. When that Constitution was proclaimed there was scarcely a free black in the country. According to the last census, the free blacks amount to 418,173, and of these 233,691 are blacks of the South, liberated by their owners, and not by the force of law. We cannot shut our eyes to these facts. Neither can we deny that, desirable as negro emancipation may be in the United States, abolition must be the result of growth, not of revolution; must be patiently wrought out by means of the American Constitution, and not in bitter spite of it. America cannot for any time resist the enlightened spirit of our age, and it is manifestly her interest to adapt her institutions to its temper. That she will eventually do so if she be not a divided household—if the South be not goaded to illiberality by the North—if public writers deal with the matter in the spirit of conciliation, justice, charity and truth, we will not permit ourselves to doubt. That she is alive to the necessities of the age is manifest from the circumstances that, for the last four years, she has been very busy preparing the way for emancipation by a method that has not failed in older countries to remove national trouble almost as intolerable as that of slavery itself."

W. R. HAMMOND.

[From the Richmond, Va. *Dispatch* August 12, 1900.]

## THE LAST CHARGE AT APPOMATTOX.

### The Fourteenth Virginia Cavalry.

**It Fought Victoriously to the Bitter End—A Fight on April 9, 1865,  
Wherein Confederates Captured Cannon—Two Last Men Killed.**

*To the Editor of the Dispatch:*

The last charge and captures at Appomattox Courthouse by any branch of the Army of Northern Virginia—at what time were they made, and who made them?

These pertinent questions will be considered, it is hoped, by Confederate veterans throughout the length and breadth of the Army of Northern Virginia, and will be determined fairly, by those especially who were present for duty on the last day of the war at Appomattox Courthouse.

This last charge occurred on the morning of the 9th of April, 1865, and my recollection is that we retired some time before noon of that day. I heard no further firing along our infantry or cavalry lines.

Our cavalry had been sorely pressed on all sides from Petersburg to Appomattox Courthouse. The demand on this branch of the service had been necessarily extremely exacting—not only to work in the advance of our columns, but in protecting the rear and flanks of our several lines of retreat, and to serve in the places of disabled and knocked out staff officers and couriers—and our ranks meantime were naturally reduced greatly in number by the death, wounds, and capture of men and horses, and in effectiveness by details, dismounts, fatigue, and hunger, that told most severely on our staggering horses, that had become a burden either to be abandoned or led dismounted; until at the last our entire brigade force was about equal to a depleted regiment at the latter end of the war.

#### THE FOURTEENTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

Our regiment the 14th Virginia Cavalry, that was commanded at the time by myself as Captain of Company B, no field officer being present, had been transferred from General John M. McCausland's Brigade but a few weeks prior to the surrender, and assigned to General R. L. T. Beale's Brigade—W. H. F. Lee's Division.

On the night of the 8th, in obedience to orders delivered by Major Joseph Van Holt Nash, Adjutant-General of Cavalry—Stuart's Corps—we advanced our regiment to the head of our brigade and division and march through the village of Appomattox Courthouse, where there had been a skirmish the night before. When we had passed the village some little distance, in the direction of Lynchburg, we were halted and ordered to dismount—to hold our horses and not to turn them loose. There we remained, holding them by their bridles, and sitting and lying down on the ground, catching every wink of sleep that was possible, until the morning of the 9th.

Soon after day, General W. H. F. Lee rode to the head of our regiment, inquiring who was in command. When told and directed

to myself, he promptly ordered, "Captain, mount your regiment!" This done, by his orders we moved forward and downward into the valley and thence through a skirt of woods, and soon came in view of a battery of the enemy that had been shelling during the morning. Then, upon orders, we formed, and charged across an open field into a piece of woods, capturing two handsome pieces of field artillery, with several elegantly attired officers, and a number of their men, that were all sent as rapidly as possible to the rear. Advancing quickly beyond the enemy's battery, we captured their reserve camp, which they had hurriedly deserted, leaving their breakfasts on the fires. Rapidly passing through this camp, we were attacked on our right by another column of the enemy. Turning our attention to that, and animated by our success, we charged and routed that force also, all of which involved a good deal of time, from start to finish. After which we were ordered to "stop firing and come out."

In these movements we were supported by the rest of our brigade, commanded by General Beale. Before we were enabled to retire, with our fraction of a brigade, I heard no further firing along our lines. Winding our way over the hills, we saw our infantry quietly closing in, and soon afterwards we were overtaken by General W. H. F. Lee, who informed us that General R. E. Lee had surrendered.

#### LAST MEN KILLED.

James H. Wilson, the color-bearer of our regiment, was mortally wounded while planting his colors on one of the guns that we captured. He was seen soon afterwards by his comrade, W. L. Moffett, lying on the ground, his beautiful bay mare standing by him, his colors folded and leaning against a tree. In this trying time of excitement and disappointment he bade Moffett good-by, and his last words were: "Moffett, it is hard to die just as the war is over." And so this heroic spirit passed away to join noble comrades who had preceded him.

He and James Walker, both of Company H, 14th Virginia Cavalry, were from Rockbridge county, Va., and are believed to be the two men killed last in battle in the Army of Northern Virginia. Can any stronger claim be preferred?

I have already furnished the Assistant Adjutant-General of our brigade with accounts of this last fight from John E. Bouldin, M. C. Morris, Samuel B. Hannah, Company B; W. B. F. Leech and J.

H. Whitmore, Company H; George M. Francisco, Company I, 14th Virginia Cavalry, who participated in the charge and acted with distinguished gallantry, as did every man and officer who engaged in it. Dr. T. P. Hereford, then Assistant-surgeon, 14th Virginia Cavalry, remained on the ground and cared for the wounded in a small house a short distance from where General Lee surrendered. He says that in this charge there were from sixteen to twenty killed and wounded of our regiment, although not over 100 or 120 men and officers were engaged.

#### A FINE TRIBUTE.

In a recently published "History of the 9th Virginia Cavalry," a most interesting work, by its former Colonel, R. L. T. Beale, commanding our brigade at Appomattox, we find the following tribute to the men and officers of the 14th Virginia Cavalry, who participated in this last charge, together with a foot-note by the son of General Beale, who edited the notes of his father, page 147, as follows:

"Supporting and participating in part in the last charge which was made upon the artillery by any arms of the Army of Northern Virginia, they cheered their comrades of the 14th Virginia, led by gallant Captain E. E. Bouldin, of the Charlotte Troop, returning with two twelve-pound brass guns, wrested from General Sheridan while the terms of surrender were being signed. (Note.—In this last charge the brave young Color-Bearer, James Wilson, and Samuel Walker, of Company H, 14th Virginia Cavalry, both from Rock-bridge county, laid down their lives, the last men to fall in battle in the Army of Northern Virginia.)"

In this connection—and we would invite the attention of all comrades to it—we learned last year, through the appearance in the Suffolk (Va.) *Herald* of a private letter to a friend, written by our Adjutant, Major Joseph Van Holt Nash, that he had been gathering data—facts, and incidents of merit illustrative of the service and achievements of his regiment and our brigade—to be incorporated in a complete history of the operations thereof from organization to Appomattox Courthouse, with special devotion to the military career and achievements of that noble gentleman and Christian soldier, General W. H. F. Lee, whom we all know was the son of our beloved chief and accomplished general, Robert E. Lee.

In correspondence thereafter with Major Nash I learned that in prosecution of his labor of love, he was anxious to secure the cooperation of all officers and men of the 9th, 10th, 13th, and 14th Regi-



ments of Cavalry, that first composed the brigade under command of General W. H. F. Lee, as we learned, and then, on his promotion, by General Chambliss, and at the death of the latter, by General Beale, of Westmoreland, and it is hoped that every comrade will embrace this opportunity to perpetuate the honor and devotion of his comrades and of his respective command. Aside from Major Nash's desire to write a fair and accurate history of his regiment and brigade, he, as well as the writer, participated in this last engagement of the war at Appomattox Courthouse, and all of us who did naturally feel the liveliest interest in our claim that we were the last command in the Army of Northern Virginia to have engaged and routed the enemy in a charge at Appomattox, and to have captured men, officers and artillery, secured them in the rear about the time of the surrender, and had ceased fighting only, as General Beale says, "while the terms of surrender were being signed." These officers and men and two handsome brass guns were wrested from the elated and victorious command of General Phil. Sheridan, in spite of their exultation and our depression.

We all hope that every surviving comrade will aid Major Nash in his arduous task and communicate freely with him at Atlanta, Ga., with facts and incidents of the camp and field, of the march, battle, and surrender, lending all aid that is possible to perpetuate the patriotism, the bravery, and the self-sacrifice of our army.

Let history show how gallantly our soldiers fought even when hope was gone and nothing left but their sense of duty to a just cause, and to the grandest army and commander that this world has ever known.

E. E. BOULDIN,

Formerly Captain Company B, 14th Virginia Cavalry.

P. S.—It is hoped that the press will notice the desire of Major Nash to get this information for publication.

## CONFEDERATE TREATY.

### The Only One Ever Negotiated with a Foreign Power.

A Washington correspondent of the *Chattanooga Times* writes, August, 1900: Although the Confederate Government was in existence for a period of four years, history furnishes us with but one example of a treaty ever concluded between that government and a foreign power. The representative of Jefferson Davis, who succeeded in effecting the consummation of this unique treaty, was Lieutenant-Colonel C. H. Giddings, of the Confederate States of America, who was in command of the Confederate forces of Fort Duncan, Eagle Pass, Texas, in 1863 and 1864. Colonel Giddings is now in Washington, and his account of this transaction is both interesting and novel.

"In 1863 I was commissioned by Jefferson Davis as lieutenant-colonel in command of the Confederate forces at Fort Duncan, Eagle Pass," said Colonel Giddings to your correspondent. "On assuming command of the fort, I was advised that an old Federal soldier, by the name of McManus, who had been paroled at the surrender of General Twiggs and broken his parole, and crossed the Rio Grande and opened a recruiting office for the Federals in Piedras Negras, Mexico, and, that it was the headquarters for the organization of bands of renegades and Mexican thieves, who were committing depredations upon the property of citizens of Texas. I called on Colonel Garza, who was in command of the Mexican forces and found my information to be correct. I filed a protest with Colonel Garza, stating that it was in violation of international laws, etc., and asked him to have the recruiting office discontinued, which he did. Nevertheless, McManus continued to carry on practices clandestinely, and organized a band of renegades and Mexicans, who attacked me in the night. This happened when a large part of my command were out scouting after these cattle thieves. I easily defeated and drove them back across the river without any loss, one man, Captain Pickrell, my adjutant, being wounded.

"Numerous complaints were made to me and my assistance asked for by citizens of Texas, who informed me that their stock, cattle, horses, etc., had been stolen by an organized band of thieves, composed of renegades from Texas (too cowardly to fight on either side

in their country), assisted by Mexican thieves that were continually raiding that section between Laredo and Fort Clark, a distance of about 200 miles, which was under my command. I was also informed that at that time there were a large number of cattle and horses, over 5,000 head, but a few miles above Piedras Negras, in charge of a band of thieves, too strong for them to attack. I promised the parties that I would call the attention of the Mexican officer in command of the Liberal forces on the Mexican frontier to the facts in the case, and that in the event he did not take immediate action I would cross the river with my troops and bring back the stolen stock and deliver it to the owners. I at once called on Colonel Garza, the commanding officer, and demanded that such stolen stock as could be proved by the owners, then at my headquarters, should be delivered to us. He replied that he had no authority to act as I had indicated, but said if I would make a written statement of the facts, and suggest some remedy, not in violation of international law, he would forward my statement to President Juarez, who was then at Monterey. I told him that the proper thing to be done was to make a treaty providing for the rendition of criminals and of stolen property, upon proper proofs as to their ownership. He said he would be pleased to have that done, as the same condition of affairs complained of by me existed on our side of the river. I prepared a rough draft of a treaty in accordance with our views, and Colonel Garza forwarded it, with his approval, to President Juarez, asking for investigation.

"While waiting for the return of the papers and instructions from the President I received an order from General Magruder to arrest one Louis Pless and send him, under guard, to his headquarters at Houston. Accompanying the order was a letter from General Magruder's adjutant, stating that Pless had stolen several hundred bales of Confederate cotton, and that he was in Piedras Negras, and it would be a feather in my cap if I were able to arrest him, even, if I had to get him out of Mexico, and that I was authorized to expend a reasonable amount of gold to accomplish the arrest, for which I would be reimbursed.

"I also, at the same time, received a letter from Governor Lubbock, of Texas, urging me to make the arrest of Pless, and making similar suggestions. I had at that time an intelligent Mexican scout and guide. I ordered him to go on to Piedras Negras and ascertain if Pless was there. He soon reported to me that he was, but would leave for Monterey the following night in an ambulance with one

man and a driver. I then offered my Mexican agent \$100 in gold if he would place Pless on the Texas side of the river, so that I could arrest him, and suggested that some of my men might assist him, but that I would not order him to do so, nor did I wish to know how it was done, so it was done quickly.

"The following night the Mexican scout brought Pless to my headquarters and I arrested him. He was very much frightened and implored me to protect him, saying that he would willingly go to Houston. I sent him off that night, under guard, and he was safely delivered to General Magruder at that place.

"The Mexican authorities were indignant at what they deemed the invasion of the sacred soil of Mexico by Americans, and demanded the immediate release of Pless. This I refused, stating that I had arrested him in my headquarters in obedience to an order of my commanding general, and that he was at that time more than 100 miles on his way to Houston.

"On receipt of my refusal the commanding officer at Piedras Negras organized a blockade of the port; arrested all Americans that happened to be in Piedras Negras at that time, a few of my soldiers being among the number; sent out for reinforcements and announced his intention to attack my command. I at once ordered in what troops there were at Fort Clark and Inge and prepared for a strong defence. In the meantime communications, under a flag of truce, were passing two or three times a day between the Mexican commander and myself for four days, trying to amicably settle matters and to gain time for reinforcements to reach me. On the fifth day I was ready, and notified the Mexican officer in command that I had a strong force and that if the port were not opened in two hours and every American in prison released and allowed to return to the Texas side of the river, and an agreement to deliver to me the stolen stock, then a few miles above Piedras Negras, I would cross the river with my troops and take the town, and hold all the Mexican property I could find as security until the stolen property was delivered to me. I at once ordered my entire command to prepare to move. I had them mounted and formed in line on the banks of the river in full view of the Mexicans.

"Just before the expiration of the two hours the port was opened, and the Americans who had been detained released, and my adjutant brought me a note from the commanding officer, saying that he had just received a note from President Juarez authorizing him to make a treaty with me on the basis I had suggested, and asking for

a conference at his headquarters as soon as convenient. In order to conclude the matter I called on him at once, with the result that we made a treaty providing for the rendition of criminals and delivery of stolen property. The treaty was both fair and just to the Mexican and Confederate governments alike. Colonel Garza signed for Mexico, and I signed as lieutenant-colonel, commanding Fort Duncan, for the Confederate Government. The treaty was forwarded to President Juarez, who approved it. I also sent it to President Davis, with copies of all correspondence on the subject, a statement of the situation on the Rio Grande that caused me to take the responsibility I had, expressing the hope that my action in the matter would meet with his approval.

"President Davis acknowledged the receipt of the treaty, announced his approval, and paid me a high compliment for my efforts in the field of diplomacy.

"Immediately after signing the treaty the Mexican officers delivered to me over 5,000 head of cattle and horses that had been stolen from Pecos.

"Soon after this I received a letter from the Governor of Texas (Lubbock) that a party of seven men had murdered a family of four persons, on the road, who were returning from Eagle Pass to Fredericksburg, having sold their cotton. These men had stolen from the party \$1,500 in gold. The Governor said in his letter that he was advised that the murderers were in Piedras Negras, and requested me to demand their surrender under the terms of the treaty, and send them to Austin under guard. He sent me the names and descriptions of the seven men, and I at once crossed the river, showed the Governor's letter to the officer in command, and demanded that he deliver the seven criminals to me. The Mexican officers sent for the guard, and in about one-half hour had the men in the guard-house. I went with Colonel Garza to identify them. They acknowledged that they were the men described in the Governor's letter. I made arrangements for them to be delivered to me on the following day, the delivery to be made in the middle of the Rio Grande. There was a good deal of formality attending the delivery.

"I have since been informed that they remained in jail in Austin until the close of the war, and were then released by the Federal officers without even a trial.

"While in command at Eagle Pass I received a large amount of stock that had been stolen and carried across on the Mexican side.

"I was told by Jefferson Davis, after the close of the war, that this was the only treaty made by the Confederate Government and ratified by a foreign power."

---

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, May 6, 1900.]

## COMPANY D, FORTY-FOURTH VIRGINIA.

### A Brief History and Roster of the Command.

#### *To the Editor of the Dispatch:*

I herewith enclose roster of Company D, 44th Virginia Infantry, Colonel W. C. Scott, of Powhatan county, for publication in your Confederate column. I think it will be of interest at least to the surviving members of the regiment. This company was mustered into the service of the Confederate States on the 9th of June, 1861, as from Louisa. The men, in fact, were about in equal numbers from Louisa, Goochland, Hanover and Fluvanna. After drilling at Camp Lee a few weeks, it was ordered to reinforce General Garnett at Rich Mountain, W. Va. It arrived just in time to witness his defeat and death. It then fell back to a strong position, where the Staunton and Parkersburg turnpike crosses the Greenbrier river. Colonel Edward Johnson, of the 12th Georgia, and others, under command of General Henry R. Jackson, arrived and fortified this position. The Federals, under General Reynolds, advanced and fortified on Cheat mountain, about nine miles distant. The two armies remained inactive until the 3d of October, when the Federals advanced and attacked in large force the Confederate works, but were repulsed, with heavy loss. As the winter came on the Confederate troops fell back to Alleghany and Crab Bottom and fortified. On the 13th of December the Federals made a night attack on Colonel Edward Johnson's camp. They were repulsed with heavy loss. No more fighting occurred on this line during the winter. In the spring the company reorganized, and on the 12th of May was engaged in the bloody battle of McDowell. From this date it was a part of Stonewall Jackson's command 'till his death, and participated in all the great battles of the Army of Northern Virginia until the surrender at Appomattox.

## THE ROSTER.

Captain—Joseph L. Shelton, dead.  
First Lieutenant—John W. Graves, dead.  
Second Lieutenant—Thomas M. Fowler, wounded, lost arm.  
Third Lieutenant—John S. Fowler, killed.  
First Sergeant—Benjamin Turner.  
Second Sergeant—John Shelton Anderson, afterwards captain, killed.  
Third Sergeant—John Woodson.  
Fourth Sergeant—John B. Shelton, killed.  
First Corporal—A. V. Irby, wounded, lost leg.  
Second Corporal—John Butcher.  
Third Corporal—George Adams.  
Fourth Corporal—Zack Armstrong, dead.  
Commissary Sergeant—George A. Bowles, dead.

## PRIVATES.

R. C. Bowles; T. J. Bowles, wounded; John R. Bowles, killed; J. U. Bowles, dead; James Amos, dead; Thomas Amos, wounded; William Amos, dead; Richard Carter; Alex. Fleming, wounded, lost hand; George Fleming; Frank Fleming, wounded; John Gates, killed; Jack Gates; William Gammon, dead; Thomas Gammon, wounded; Jeff. Gammon; Benjamin Glass; Leonard Glass, dead; David Glenn, dead; Alonzo Glenn, wounded; Richard Hargrove, wounded, dead; Richard Holland, dead; Robert Holland; George Ham, dead; William Hall, wounded; Frank Gentry; David Gentry; Wash. Jennings, wounded; John Jennings, wounded; Nat. Jackson, killed; Thomas Johnson; Joseph Johnson; Zeno Jones; William Lowry, killed; Jack Morris; Fred Morris; Meredith Ogg; C. R. Perkins, dead; James A. Perkins, dead; Z. W. Perkins, wounded; John A. Perkins, dead; Samuel Payne, wounded, dead; Willie Payne, killed; Woodson Parrish, died in prison; Peyton Randolph, killed; Joseph Randolph, killed; Robert Richardson, wounded, dead; W. J. Richardson; Robert Turner; Tim Trice; Philip Trice; Alex. Thomas; Dick Thomas; Tip Cocke, dead; John Spindle, dead; Alphonso Grubbs, wounded; Bruce Haden.

RICHARD C. BOWLES,  
Company D, 44th Virginia Regiment.

Kent's Store, Va.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, April 12th, 1900.]

## THE BRUNSWICK BLUES.

WELDON, N. C., April 11, 1900.

I notice in a recent *Dispatch* notice of the death of Mr. Robert A. Goodwyn, at his home in Petersburg, a former citizen of Brunswick county, Va., who was a member of the "Brunswick Blues." There was a slight error in the report, however, which I am sure Mr. Goodwyn would wish to have corrected, were he alive. In order to do this I will give you a history of that famous company, as I am a native of Brunswick county, Va., and witnessed the departure of the company to war June 3, 1861.

The company was organized at Edmond's Store, Va., by Mr. Joseph Jones, who was elected captain. Dr. Thomas Wynn was elected first-lieutenant, and John Maddox second-lieutenant. The company was composed of the best young men of the county, and on the day for their departure a great crowd assembled at Trotter's Store, hundreds of ladies being present. A lovely flag was presented the company by the ladies of Brunswick, which was accepted by Captain Jones in a neat speech. Captain Jones was soon promoted for gallant service in the "Lost Cause" to lieutenant-colonel, and Dr. Wynn was promoted to the captaincy of the company. He served a short time and resigned, and John Maddox was elected captain. At the battle of Nottoway river, between Petersburg and Weldon, Colonel Jones was mortally wounded, and Captain Maddox also received his death wounds in the same engagement. W. F. Elmore was elected captain to succeed the lamented Maddox, and served as captain during the remainder of the war, and laid down his arms at Appomattox Courthouse. The company entered the war with ninety men; of this number there are now only fourteen alive. Rev. P. N. Stainback, of Weldon, is one of the survivors, and he has given me some interesting notes of the company. Mr. Stainback entered the company a private, and for bravery was made a lieutenant. He was with his company in every engagement, and followed in the march to Appomattox, where he laid down his arms. He was in the trenches around Petersburg and at the Crater that memorable Sunday morning. The late Robert A. Goodwyn was a



private in the company, but only remained with the "Blues" about one year. Captain Elmore is still living, and his post-office is Edmonds Store, Brunswick county, Va. While there are only fourteen of the brave "Blues" left, hundreds of *Dispatch* readers in South-side Virginia will know that what I have here written are facts, and they will recall some pleasant and also some sad memories.

D. E. S.

---

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, September 17, 1899.]

### THE CHARLOTTE RIFLES.

#### A List of the Members of This Company.

SMITHVILLE, VA., September 7, 1899.

*To the Editor of the Dispatch:*

Please publish the annexed roll of Company K. This gallant little company was the first from Charlotte county to volunteer its services in the late war. It was a part of the famous 18th Virginia Infantry, commanded by Colonel R. E. Withers until his disability at Gaines' Mill, and then by Colonel H. A. Carrington until the close of the war. It is proposed to record the roll as soon as the same can be as nearly perfected as possible. Any assistance from the survivors of the company in furtherance of this undertaking will be gladly received. Address either William H. Smith, late captain of company, or J. C. Carrington, Smithville, Va.

#### THE ROLL.

Roll of Company K, 18th Virginia Infantry, known as "The Charlotte Rifles:"

Ezekiel V. Adams; — Adkins.

William Dennis Bouldin, orderly, captured at Gettysburg; William H. Bailey; Dr. J. W. Brooks, G. W. Barksdale; W. G. Baldwin, lieutenant, died in service; ——— Brown; Jim Bailey; John Barksdale.

Wiltshire Cardwell, disabled in first battle of Manassas; George George Chappell; C. C. Chappell; John H. Cook, died in service;

M. L. Covington, second lieutenant and then captain, wounded at ———; James A. Calhoun; John Calhoun, wounded at Gettysburg; James T. Crawley, wounded at Gettysburg; J. J. Cook, wounded at Gaines' Mill; Thomas Carter; W. J. Chappell, killed at Drewry's Bluff; J. H. Cook; Thomas Cumby; Joseph Covington; George Covington, wounded at New Berne, N. C.; Shanghai Coleman, orderly (Louisiana Tiger); ——— Childress, fifer of company.

E. B. Davis; Winslow Dennis; Patrick H. Deanor; James Dickerson, wounded at Gaines' Mill; Robert Davis; R. P. Davis; Temple Davis, killed at Gettysburg; Francis Dean; Joseph W. Dickerson; ——— Dougherty, killed at Five Forks (Louisiana Tiger).

E. P. Evans; P. L. Evans; Thomas Elam.

A. T. Faris; Peyton R. Ford, wounded in arm at Frayser's Farm; Albert Foster, killed in battle of ———; John Foster, orderly sergeant; P. W. Fore; John J. Foster; James Ford; Phil. Ford; Sam Foster; John J. Franklin; E. W. Fore.

Walter L. Garden, wounded at Gaines' Mill; William E. Gaines; D. B. Garden; Thomas Garden; H. F. Gaines, killed in battle; Dr. John Garden; ——— Guggenheimer.

Charles Harvey, third sergeant; Samuel M. Hailey, wounded at Gaines's Mill; John T. Hagerman, lost leg at Gettysburg; S. Baxter Harvey, wounded at Frayser's Farm; R. F. Hutcheson, transferred to cavalry; Rich. Hammersley; John Harvey, killed at Gaines' Mill; Ro. Hudson; Charles W. Harvey, discharged from service on account of ill health; ——— Haynes.

William H. Jeffress, wounded at Williamsburg; E. M. Jackson, wounded at ———; Theo. M. Jones, sergeant from 1861 to close of war, wounded at Williamsburg, Sharpsburg, and Second Cold Harbor; William H. Jones; James A. Jackson; ——— Johnson, wounded at Hatcher's Run.

George Kesee, killed at Williamsburg.

John T. Lowry, wounded at Hatcher's Run; John Lawson; Thos. Lawson; George W. Lawson; Sandy Lyle, lost sight of after battle of Gaines's Mill; Mat. L. Lyle, second captain, killed at Gaines' Mill; Robert Lipscomb, killed at Gaines' Mill; John Ledbetter, wounded at Drewry's Bluff; W. J. Ledbetter; ——— Lindsey.

Dennis McNamara; A. C. Middleton, wounded at ———; Clem. Maloney, died at Point Lookout, Md., of wounds received at Gettysburg; David Morisette, died in service; Sam Morrison, killed in

battle around Richmond; John E. Moseley, killed at Seven Pines; Thomas Mack, orderly; Robert Moorefield; John Morrisette; William Morrison, died in service.

William Nowell.

James T. Overby, transferred to cavalry.

Edward Preston, died in service; Fletcher Preston; John F. Powers; Joseph Pollard; Asa C. Pugh; Presley A. Pugh; William W. Palmer.

Edward H. Reams; Elijah T. Roach, wounded at Gettysburg; William S. Roach, wounded at Gaines's Mill; Henry C. Ransom, wounded at ———; Henry N. Read.

T. J. Spencer, first captain; William H. Smith, lieutenant and third captain, wounded at second battle of Manassas and Drewry's Bluff; Branch Spencer; Robert S. Spencer; James Spencer; W. H. Shorter; Thomas Spain; James Spencer, killed in battle ———; Alexander Spencer, killed at Gettysburg; Daniel Spencer; Whitfield Spencer, wounded in battle ———; Robert Shepperson, second lieutenant, died in service; William Stith, lieutenant, wounded, arm shot off at Drewry's Bluff and died from effects; John E. Smith, lieutenant killed at Five Forks; S. D. Spencer, color-bearer, wounded at Gaines's Mill and Gettysburg; William Spencer, sergeant, shot in battle of Five Forks; Charles Snead; Samuel Spencer, killed at Gettysburg; John Dug. Spencer.

John H. Thompson; George Tunstall; James T. Tharpe; Robert Taylor, wounded at Williamsburg; James Thomas, killed at first battle of Manassas—first man killed.

——— Valentine, killed at Seven Pines.

Van Buren Watkins, badly wounded at Gettysburg; Luther C. Watkins; Samuel Weil, wounded three times; James Wilkes; Ham Wilkes, transferred to artillery; Thomas Wilkes; C. B. Wilkes; Joseph Wilkes, corporal; Calvin Wilkes; Charles Williams; Thos. C. Wilkerson, wounded in service; William C. Wilkerson, wounded in battle of Frayser's Farm.

[From the *New Orleans Picayune*, April 1, 1890.]

## THE BATTLE AT FORT GREGG.

### Louisiana Survivors Tell the Story of the Fight.

As there has been some misunderstanding about the battle at Fort Gregg, in front of Petersburg, Va., and doubts as to what Louisiana troops were engaged therein, the matter has been elucidated by reference to a diary which was very carefully kept by a member of the Donaldsonville Artillery, who was one of the occupants of the fort and a participant in the battle. That old veteran showed his diary to one of his comrades who was with him at the time, and the latter, with the data furnished him and the keen recollection which he has of the affair, has written the following statement of facts, which will interest all. In fact, it is a most valuable historical document:

On April 2, 1864 (thirty-five years ago to-morrow), Fort Gregg, situated on a hill at an isolated spot a little in the rear of the Confederate trenches, near Lee's dam (placed by our generals to flood the enemy in the front), about three miles to the right of Petersburg, was captured by a portion of General Ord's Corps. The original garrison of the fort numbered about seventy-five or eighty men, who had been detached from the artillery of General A. P. Hill's Third Army Corps some time after the battle of the Crater, July 30, 1864. On October 13, following, four men from the Donaldsonville Artillery, namely, C. J. Savoy, G. Charlet, O. Delmer and John S. Mioton, were ordered to report to General Walker, an artillery officer of Hill's Corps, the writer being one of the four. We were then sent to Fort Gregg, under the command of Captain Chew, of Maryland, with Frank McElroy, of the 3rd Company, Washington Artillery, as our lieutenant.

During our stay in the fort we were drilled as infantry by one or two officers of General Mahone's Brigade. Our winter quarters were just back of the fort—that portion being protected by a stockade—the front and sides being an earthwork, with a good sized ditch in front. There was no artillery in the fort at that time, but in constructing it provisions had been made for four guns.

Early on that memorable Sunday morning, April 2, 1864, Generals

A. P. Hill and Heth called and examined the fort and its garrison, and gave some instructions to our officers. About eight or nine o'clock A. M. General Walker called and we were ordered out and formed on the right of the fort, towards Hatcher's Run, the order being given to deploy as skirmishers and charge the federal pickets, which was accomplished; having driven the Yanks as far back as a farm, on which was a two-story dwelling, in which a good many United States pickets had taken shelter, and for a time the ex-artillerists tried their hands as sharpshooters. The order was then given to retreat into the fort. This was accomplished in a somewhat hasty manner, for the Yanks were getting very thick and the situation hot, to say the least.

On our return to the fort we found two guns of the Third Company of Washington Artillery, two three-inch Parrot guns, which had been stationed in our front, but not having the horses, they were rolled by hand into the fort. They occupied the position looking towards Hatcher's Run. We were also re-enforced by a portion of General Harris' gallant Mississippians, the 12th and 16th Regiments, about 150 men, under command of Colonel Duncan. The writer happened to be at what was considered the weakest part of the fort, in the angle where the stockade and earthworks met. He being a small man, was ordered to go elsewhere, so he took his position between the two guns. The assault began on our right flank. They came in three lines of battle, one behind the other, with their flags floating in the center, but it was only after the fourth charge that they succeeded in entering the ditch in front of the fort. For some time we could hear the federal officers ordering their men on the top of the fort; the officers several times got on the parapet, with their colors in their left hands and their revolvers in their right, and demanded of us to surrender; but many of those brave officers were slain before we turned our musket butts up. It was then that the brave and gallant No. 4 on the gun nearest the stockade, which was double-shotted with canister, was ordered by the federals, who had by then swarmed on the parapet, not to pull the lanyard which he held, but quick as a flash the brave Berry, of the Third Company, Washington Artillery, shouted back, "Pull and be d——d." Useless to say that all in front of that gun were swept off, and our gallant artilleryman was shot down at once, and thus the heroic Berry sold his life dearly.

After the garrison had surrendered, the federals were so elated at our capture that they discharged their muskets in the air, which

action led the Confederates on our left to believe that we were being given no quarter, and they began shelling poor and gallant Fort Gregg. After an hour's hard fighting the garrison of 160 Mississippians and 80 artillerists serving as infantry and two guns, assailed by one or two divisions of Ord's corps, inflicted a loss of about 1000 in killed and wounded. The loss in the fort was about 50 or 60 men.

After being removed from the fort we were taken near Grant's observatory, where each man's name and command was taken by a federal officer, seated in an open buggy, who, to say the least, was the biggest ruffian it was the writer's misfortune to meet. From there we were taken to City Point, and from there to Point Lookout, Md., and remained until the end of July, 1865, when we were paroled.

It is pleasant to say that after all these long years the four members of the Donaldsonville Artillery who were engaged in this desperate struggle are still living and in fair health, two residing in Assumption parish, one in Ascension and the fourth in New Orleans.

**A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CAREER**  
**OF**  
**HUNTER HOLMES MCGUIRE, M. D., LL. D.** ✓

---

**Surgeon, Physician, Teacher, Patriot.**

---

So faithful was the eminent surgeon and physician, Dr. Hunter McGuire, in execution of his conception of duty, and so signally worthy and useful in all that he undertook, that it might seem as if he were one appointed by the Divine Master for a life mission.

That he was a sincere patriot, every moment, quite, of his manhood and maturity, convincingly is in attestation.

His judgment and manual skill singled him as among the first surgeons of his era, whilst his essays in the broad field of the science of Medicine made him honored wherever his proficiency was known, and reflected lustre on not only the State of his birth, but on our nation.

He was broadly and comprehensively not only a Virginian in every ennobling characteristic, but he was loyal in every sinew and

fibre of his being; in every beat of his noble heart—in entire service, to what is held by the simply earnest and honest, as proper love of and duty to one's country—in what has been ever held to merit the appellation—patriot.

The regard in which he was so widely held has been given in evidence in the numerous tributes to his memory from societies and institutions of learning, and which have been published. The shadow of the grief which his death cast upon this community in which he had so endeared himself by his virtues, yet remains.

Not only in his exemplification as faithful citizen, and in tender performance in his professional ministration, but also in his association with the invincible chieftain of the Southern Cause, Stonewall Jackson—and his constant zeal for the truthful interpretation of constitutional right, and thus a typical exponent of justice and liberty, should some memorial of Dr. McGuire be preserved in the pages of the *Southern Historical Society Papers*. It would have been a great pleasure to have also thus embalmed the admirable report (so cogent in its presentation of fact) of Dr. McGuire, as Chairman of the History Committee of the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans of Virginia, made in 1899, had not the distinguished author—in his generous munificence—printed at his own cost and distributed so large an impression of it. Its timely influence has been constantly and convincingly manifest.

Dr. McGuire, in the full exercise of his gifted faculties, and with broader plans of beneficence to his fellow beings in progress toward maturity, was suddenly stricken with paralysis on March 19, 1900. He lingered, his condition gradually growing worse, until relief from suffering mercifully came on the morning of September 19, 1900, at his country home in Henrico county.

The funeral services were held at St. Paul's church, Richmond, two days later.

The sketch of his life, herewith, is taken from the columns of the *Richmond Dispatch* of September 20, 1900.—EDITOR.

---

Dr. Hunter Holmes McGuire, M. D., LL. D., was born at Winchester, Va., October 11, 1835. He was the son of Dr. Hugh H. McGuire, an eminent surgeon and physician, and of Anne Eliza Moss, his wife, the family being directly descended from Thomas More McGuire, Lord, or Prince, of Fermanage, Ireland, born in 1400, and died in 1430. Dr. McGuire's scientific studies were

directed by his father, to whom the development of his mind and his skill as a surgeon were largely due. He received his medical education at Winchester Medical College, whence he graduated in 1855, and soon afterwards he left for Philadelphia, where he entered as a student of medicine at the University of Pennsylvania and Jefferson College, Philadelphia, and matriculated at both in 1856; but, being seized with a violent attack of rheumatism, he was compelled to return to his home, in Winchester, and, consequently, was unable to graduate. He was Professor of Anatomy at Winchester Medical College, 1856-'58, and in the latter year, feeling the need of greater clinical advantage, he resigned his chair and went to Philadelphia, where, assisted by Drs. Lockett and W. H. Pancoast, he held a very large "quiz" class—a private class in operative surgery. He attended, also, the regular lectures at Jefferson Medical College.

When the body of John Brown (of the Harper's Ferry infamy) was taken through Philadelphia a great outcry was raised against all southern people, and popular feeling running very high against them, all the southern students proposed to return to the South, and Dr. McGuire telegraphed to Richmond to know upon what terms the Medical College of Virginia would receive them. The authorities replied that no fees would be demanded, and that all expenses would be paid. Upon this, in December, 1859, Dr. Hunter McGuire started from Philadelphia with over 300 students. He had saved nearly \$2,000 by teaching, and with this money he paid the fares of the students from Philadelphia to Richmond. The students marched to the place of their departure in a body. All were armed, for they had been led to fear violence on account of threats.

On their arrival they were received with great demonstration, during which Governor Henry A. Wise made a stirring speech and the city refunded the railroad fare of all the students. Drs. Lockett and McGuire finished the course with the students at the Medical College of Virginia in March, 1860, when Dr. McGuire went to New Orleans and established another quiz class. Upon the secession of South Carolina, seeing the inevitability of war, he hastened home to offer his services to Virginia. Dr. McGuire volunteered in Company F, 2nd Virginia Regiment, and marched with the regiment from Winchester to Harper's Ferry, on April 17, 1861, the day Virginia seceded. He was commissioned May 4th of the same year as surgeon in the provisional army of the Confederate States, and was immediately assigned to duty as medical director of the Department of Harper's Ferry, known as the Army of the Shenandoah, and



then under the command of General T. J. Jackson (Stonewall). When General Joseph E. Johnston took command, Dr. McGuire served under him until July 1st, 1861, when General Jackson, having organized the 1st Virginia Brigade (the future Stonewall Brigade), requested that Surgeon McGuire might be assigned to him as brigade surgeon, which was done.

Dr. McGuire soon proved that he possessed the requisite qualifications for his position, for besides his personal skill as an operator he possessed equally the essential power of organization and the ability to select competent men to carry out his plans. Never shirking work himself, he demanded the same zeal from his subordinates, and the Medical Department of Jackson's army soon became famous for its promptness and efficiency.

At the first battle of Manassas, July 21st, 1861, when General Jackson made the celebrated charge with his brigade which turned the fortune of the day, he raised his left hand above his head to encourage the troops, and while in this position the middle finger was struck by a ball and broken. He remained upon the field 'till the fight was over, and then wanted to take part in the pursuit, but was peremptorily ordered back to the hospital by the general commanding. On his way to the rear the wound pained him so much that he stopped at the first hospital he came to, and the surgeon there proposed to cut the finger off, but, while the doctor looked for his instruments, and for a moment turned his back, the general silently mounted his horse and rode off to Surgeon McGuire, who was then busily engaged with the wounded. He refused to allow himself to be attended to until "his turn came." By judicious treatment the finger was saved, and in the end the deformity was very trifling. Surgeon McGuire remained as brigade surgeon from July to October, when General Jackson took command of the Army of the Valley District, of which McGuire became Medical Director.

#### IN THE VALLEY CAMPAIGN.

The Valley campaign commenced January 1st, 1862, and included the battles of McDowell, Winchester, Cross Keys and Port Republic, after which the army joined General Lee during the celebrated Seven Days' fight against General McClellan. After this came the fight at Cedar Run against Pope, followed by the Second Battle of Manassas against Generals Pope and McClellan. During the battle, General Ewell received a wound which caused the amputation of his leg by Dr. McGuire.

Then followed the campaign in Maryland and battle of Sharpsburg (Antietam), and the battle of Fredericksburg, closing that campaign. At all these engagements Surgeon McGuire was present, never missing a battle where the troops were fighting.

#### JACKSON'S DEATH WOUNDS.

At the battle of Chancellorsville, May, 1863, General Jackson received his death wounds, and being placed upon a litter, was passed on as rapidly as the thick woods and rough ground would permit, when, unfortunately, one of the bearers was struck down, and the General was thrown to the ground, but was again placed on the litter, when he was met by Surgeon McGuire, to whom he said: "I am badly injured, Doctor; I fear I am dying."

His clothes were saturated with blood, his skin cold and clammy, his face pale, fixed and rigid, and his lips compressed and bloodless, showed that his sufferings were intense. His iron will controlled all evidence of emotion.

On reaching the hospital he was placed in bed, and was told that amputation would probably be required. He was asked whether if it was found necessary it should be done at once, he replied promptly: "Yes, certainly, Dr. McGuire. Do for me whatever you think best."

Chloroform was administered, and as he began to feel its effects and its relief to the pain he was suffering, he exclaimed: "What an infinite blessing!" and continued to repeat, "blessing," until he became insensible.

The round ball (such as used for the smooth-bore Springfield musket), which had lodged under the skin, on the back of the right hand, was extracted first; it had entered the palm about the middle of the hand, and had fractured two of the bones. The left arm was then amputated about two inches below the shoulder. There were two wounds in this arm, the most serious dividing the main artery and fracturing the bone. Throughout the whole operation, and until all the dressings were applied, the patient continued insensible. Two or three slight wounds of the skin of his face, received from the branches of trees when his horse dashed through the woods, were also dressed. As there was some danger of capture by Federal troops, it was decided to remove him, and Dr. McGuire was directed to accompany and remain with him, and his duties as medical director were transferred to the surgeon next in rank, although General

Jackson had previously declined to allow the Doctor to accompany him, as complaints had been so frequently made of general officers when wounded carrying off with them the surgeons belonging to their commands. Whilst Dr. McGuire was asleep, he directed his servant, Jim, to apply a wet towel to his stomach, to relieve nausea. The servant asked permission to first consult the Doctor, but the General refused to allow him to be disturbed.

About daylight the Doctor was aroused, and found him suffering great pain, and examination disclosed pleuro-pneumonia of the right side, which the Doctor believed was attributable to the fall from the litter the night he was wounded, and thought the disease came on too soon after the application of the wet cloths to admit of the supposition, once believed, that it was induced by them. Dr. McGuire continued, in conjunction with other physicians summoned to assist him, to minister assiduously to his beloved leader until his death.

#### HONORED BY JACKSON.

It was, therefore, a great honor in itself to have served satisfactorily on the staff of such a commander; but a higher meed of praise than this belongs to Dr. McGuire. He possessed Jackson's entire confidence, his warm friendship, and received his highest commendation. The sword presented by Jackson to his surgeon at the battle of Winchester, 1862, could only have been bestowed on one possessed of indomitable energy, transcendent skill, and unflinching fidelity. Associated as closely and conspicuously as it was possible for a surgeon to be with the greatest war ever waged in America, following the standard of the most brilliant military genius developed in the struggle and aiding with all the resources of his and that intrepid brigade whose name has become immortal—the fame of its surgeon is inseparably united to that of the heroic band that stood “like a stone wall” in the face of assailing hosts.

After the death of General Jackson, Surgeon McGuire served as chief surgeon of the Second Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, under Lieutenant-General Ewell. After defeating Milroy at Winchester they were engaged at Gettysburg.

Surgeon McGuire afterwards acted as Medical Director of the Army of the Valley, with Lieutenant-General Early, to Lynchburg, and the campaign of the Valley down to Frederick City and Monocacy and almost to Washington, and then at Winchester, Fisher's Hill and Waynesboro', where Dr. McGuire was captured, and paroled for fifteen days and then released. He rejoined the 2nd Corps under

General Gordon, and remained as Medical Director till the surrender at Appomattox.

#### SOME NOTABLE INNOVATIONS.

In May, 1862, at the battle of Winchester, Va., Surgeon McGuire inaugurated the plan of releasing captured medical officers. Eight federal surgeons were set free upon the simple condition that they would endeavor to procure the release of the same number of Confederate surgeons. Afterwards General Jackson himself approved of this action. A few weeks after this, all of the medical officers who had been confined by both parties as prisoners of war were released and returned to their respective commands. Although this plan of exchanging medical officers as non-combatants was interrupted by some disagreement between the Commissioners for the Exchange of Prisoners, yet Dr. McGuire continued to release surgeons whenever it was in his power. As late as February, 1865, he liberated the Medical Inspector of General Sheridan's army. When Surgeon McGuire was himself captured at Waynesboro', in March, 1865, General Sheridan showed his appreciation of Surgeon McGuire's action by immediately ordering his liberation.

Surgeon McGuire was the first to organize Reserve Corps Hospitals in the Confederacy, in the spring of 1862, in the Valley campaign. About the same time he succeeded in perfecting the "Ambulance Corps."

#### HIS LIFE IN RICHMOND.

The war being ended, Dr. McGuire, in November, 1865, removed to Richmond, having been appointed to fill the chair of surgery in the Medical College of Virginia, made vacant by the death of Dr. Charles Bell Gibson. This position he held until 1878, when the demands of an extensive practice compelled him to resign it, the College conferring upon him in 1880 the title of Emeritus Professor. In his new home he rapidly acquired an extensive practice, both medical and surgical. His remarkable successes in lithotomy, lithority, ovariectomy, etc., placed him in the first rank of civil surgeons. As a teacher, he was fluent, lucid and impressive, and as a writer had contributed many instructive and interesting articles to Northern and Southern journals.

In 1883 Dr. McGuire established St. Luke's Home for the Sick—a private infirmary for the accommodation of his surgical cases. The institution has grown until now it contains between fifty and sixty

beds, and is one of the largest and most successful sanitariums in the country. Dr. McGuire was founder, and at his death President and Professor of Clinical Surgery in the University College of Medicine, in this city, and also President of, and one of the surgeons to, the Virginia Hospital, an institution which, largely through his influence, was established for the sick poor of the State.

His abilities have been recognized both at home and abroad in a most flattering manner, and he has received many honorary degrees and held many positions of eminence. The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him in 1887 by the University of North Carolina, and in 1888 by the Jefferson Medical College, of Philadelphia. He was President of the Richmond Academy of Medicine in 1869; of the Association of the Medical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in 1875; of the Virginia Medical Society in 1880; of the American Surgical Association in 1886; of the Southern Surgical and Gynecological Association in 1889, and of the American Medical Association in 1892. He was Vice-President of the International Medical Congress in 1876, and of the American Medical Association in 1881. He was Associate Fellow of the College of Physicians, of Philadelphia. He was also Honorary Fellow of the D. Hayes Agnew Medical Society, of Philadelphia; of the Obstetrical Society of Philadelphia, and of the medical societies of various States, among which may be mentioned Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, and Texas.

He was the only surgeon in this country who ever tied the aorta. He operated fifty-seven times for stone in the bladder after his return to Richmond. He had contributed numerous articles to various journals on gunshot wounds, diseases of the bladder, ovariectomy, etc., besides a detailed account of the "Last Wound of General Stonewall Jackson; His Last Moments and Death."

#### WORK FOR TRUE HISTORIES.

Dr. McGuire's service to the Confederacy did not end with Appomattox. He had lately distinguished himself as Chairman of the History Committee, having succeeded Colonel W. L. Royall about two years ago.

During the past three years Dr. McGuire had done a very fine work in behalf of fair school histories. As Chairman of the History Committee of the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans he presented a report at the meeting of the Grand Camp of Confederate

Veterans, at Pulaski, last October, which attracted widespread attention.

General John B. Gordon, general commanding the United Confederate Veterans, issued a special order, commending in highest terms, the report of the History Committee.

#### LEAVES A LARGE FAMILY.

Dr. McGuire married Mary Stuart, daughter of Hon. A. H. H. Stuart, of Staunton, Secretary of the interior under President Fillmore. He is survived by his wife and nine children—Dr. Stuart McGuire, of this city; Dr. Hugh McGuire, of Alexandria; Mrs. Edward McGuire, of Richmond; Mrs. William Law Clay, of Savannah, and Miss Francis B. Augusta, M. Gettie, and Margaret, and Mr. Hunter McGuire.

Dr. McGuire's reputation was not local, nor was it even national, for he was known and honored and beloved in Europe as well as in this hemisphere.

He was frequently honored by the societies of his profession. At different times he filled the following offices:

President of the Medical Society; President of the American Surgical Association; President of the Association of Medical Officers of the Army and Navy, Confederate States; Vice-President of the International Medical Congress; Vice-President and President of the American Medical Association, and President of the Gynecological Association in 1889.

#### DR. FOY'S TRIBUTE.

Dr. George Foy, F. R. C. S., a distinguished physician and writer on medical subjects, who had visited Dr. McGuire, dedicated a fine work on anæsthetics to his host. The dedication read as follows:

"To Hunter McGuire, M. D., LL. D., Fellow and Past President of the American Association of Surgeons, Late Medical Director of the Stonewall Jackson Corps (Second), Army of Northern Virginia, C. S. A.

"Those numerous, brilliant and successful operations, many of which he performed under great difficulties, have made his name honored and esteemed in two hemispheres. This book is dedicated as a mark of respect for his great ability, as a token of personal friendship, by the author."

**AS SURGEON AND TEACHER.**

Dr. McGuire's work as a surgeon can be accurately measured only by one of his profession. He had performed operations which, to almost any other man, would have appeared impossible.

In addition, he had read a large number of papers before the Virginia Medical Society, which have not only proven of value to the profession of this State, but have been widely printed, and are regarded as the final word, in so far as they relate to the subjects of which they treat. He also collaborated upon several standard textbooks of surgery.

Dr. McGuire was the first surgeon who ever performed the operation of suprapubic cystotomy. His discovery of this operation gave him an international fame. He performed it in a very great many cases, generally successfully.

Dr. McGuire also had the distinction of being the only surgeon who ever ligated the aorta. This apparently impossible feat was performed under circumstances which seemed to make it absolutely necessary. The patient was bleeding to death from a wound in the aorta, which almost severed it. But Dr. McGuire was undismayed and determined that if the man died it should not be until a last desperate effort had been made to save him; such an effort as had never been made before, probably, certainly not successfully. He cut into the artery, found it had been nearly severed, and in a few minutes bound the edges of the wound together, and the blood went coursing along the great channel once more.

Dr. McGuire was not fond of writing. He loved to lecture to his classes, but his hand was far fonder of the operating-knife than the pen. Still, he leaves many valuable papers to attest his learning and skill. He was the author of the chapter on Intestinal Obstruction, in Pepper's System of Medicine, and of the chapter devoted to Gunshot Wounds, in Holmes' System of Surgery. Both works are the recognized authorities.

The following papers read before the Virginia Medical Society have been very widely published: Gunshot Wounds of the Peritoneum, Choice of Anæsthetics, Nervous Disturbances Following Urethral Stricture, Formation of Artificial Urethra in Prostatic Obstruction, Gunshot Wounds of the Belly, Relief of Prostatic Obstruction, Twenty-One Cases of Supra-Pubic Cystotomy and Results, Chronic

*Cystitis in the Female, Drainage in Obstinate Chronic Cystitis in the Female, Last Wound and Death of Stonewall Jackson, &c.*

Since 1889 Dr. McGuire had given every year a prize of \$100 for the best essay by a member of the Virginia Medical Society on an annually announced subject.

Dr. McGuire was a great teacher. He loved teaching. He began his career as a professor in the Winchester Medical College, and then as a quiz-master in Philadelphia. He entered it as a Professor of Clinical Surgery in the University College of Medicine, after having been for years the occupant of a similar chair in the Medical College of Virginia. He delivered his last lecture on the 10th of March, when lectures were suspended for examination. On that occasion he called the attention of his class to the fact that during the entire session he had not missed a lecture, nor had one of the many patients which he had brought before the class in that time failed of recovery.

Dr. McGuire was a superb teacher. His direct manner, his simple, lucid style and his thorough grasp of every phase of his branch enabled him to impart knowledge with wonderful facility. His students honored him as one of the greatest of his profession, and loved him as a man who knew so well the difficulties of the road along which he led them, and who was always ready to sacrifice precious time if thereby he might help them onward.

---

## DR. MCGUIRE IN THE ARMY.

### THE TRIBUTE OF REV. JAMES P. SMITH, D. D.

It would be difficult to find a veteran of the Confederate army who rendered a service as loyal, as efficient, as valuable to the Confederacy as Hunter McGuire. If his service was rendered at the camp and in the hospital, rather than on the battle line, there was yet no greater devotion and no more zealous and able discharge of the duty assigned him. His service as surgeon and medical director of an army corps was felt on the battle line, in the care of the health of the camp, and in the lives that were saved for service at the hospitals.

When he came to Harper's Ferry, at the very outbreak of the war, he bore the first commission of surgeon given by the State of Virginia. He was so young and so youthful in appearance that



General Jackson thought it incredible that he was sent to be chief surgeon of his command. The interview of the evening removed from Jackson's mind all doubt, won a confidence that was never lost, and opened the door of his heart to the coming of a new friend.

There devolved on this young surgeon an extensive and difficult work of organization. For an army, growing every day, in constant motion, and almost daily battle, there were appointments to be made, instructions given, supplies to be secured, medical train to be found, hospitals to be established, and all this with difficulties to surmount which made the task almost hopeless. To this administration he gave himself with energy, promptness, and command. And in all this he won the entire confidence and approval of his chief.

#### SURGEON OF GREAT SKILL.

As General Jackson's command grew to be a brigade and then a division, the surgeon's rank and responsibility were advanced. From the Army of the Valley General Jackson's command became the Second Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, and in all these changes, by Jackson's wish, Dr. McGuire went with his General.

He was found to have the skill of a great army surgeon where his personal attention could be given, and the ability to direct the practice and operation of a great body of surgeons. And there was developed an administrative capacity so efficient and successful that the anxious and watchful General was more than satisfied. Into all this administration of the medical department of his army General Jackson went with the most scrutinizing inquiry every day. Each day he knew of its condition and its wants. No higher encomium can be placed upon all this period of Dr. McGuire's work than that Jackson knew of all and was satisfied.

He was a favorite companion of the General about the camp fire, at the meal table, and on the march. The General found him intelligent beyond men of his class, of notable intellectual brightness, with a fine knowledge of men, and most genial social qualities. Many honors have come to Hunter McGuire in the long, strenuous years of his successful life. Many friends have been gathered from among all classes, at home and abroad; but no honor has ever been his that is equal to this—that he had the personal confidence and friendship of Stonewall Jackson.

## JACKSON'S CONFIDENCE IN HIM.

When at Chancellorsville Jackson fell mortally wounded, he looked to Dr. McGuire for such treatment as he could give with entire confidence. When amputation was suggested, he told Dr. McGuire that he must do what he thought best. In the midst of the operation the sufferer spoke from under the influence of chloroform, and said: "Dr. McGuire, you must do your duty, sir; you must do your duty." With fidelity and tenderness all care was given to the great General on the day of his passing away by his faithful friend. Perhaps there was no man to whom Jackson gave as much of the opening of his thought and of his love as he gave to Dr. McGuire. As long as Stonewall Jackson's name shall live among men, the name of Hunter McGuire will be linked with his in unfading honor.

After the death of Jackson, Dr. McGuire served with the same loyalty and the same success under General Ewell and under General Early. By General Lee he was known and trusted in the highest degree. Throughout the Army of Northern Virginia he was known with a rising fame, and admired and trusted by a great company of officers of all grades, and by a greater company of those noble men, the private soldiers of the Confederacy. To many he had given relief by his skill, and many by his care had been removed to health again. To the end of the war, and since the end, he was the same large-hearted friend of all Confederate soldiers, and the same loyal Confederate himself.

Of the staff of General Jackson, Major Jed. Hotchkiss, the topographical engineer, died in the last year. Now the great surgeon and friend has passed away. There remains of those regularly commissioned, who had service with General Jackson, Colonel Henry Kyd Douglas, of Maryland; Captain Joseph G. Morrison, of North Carolina, and myself.

**THOMAS R. R. COBB.**

---

**Member of the Secession Convention of Georgia, of the Provisional Congress, and a Brigadier-General of the Confederate States Army.**

---

**EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO HIS WIFE, FEBRUARY 3,  
1861—DECEMBER 10, 1862.**

---

**Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.**

---

The following appeared in the columns of the Athens, Georgia, *Banner*, during the months of February, March and April, 1897.

They were sent to us a little later by Mr. A. L. Hull, of Athens, Ga., who married a daughter of General Cobb.

Whilst the expressions of General Cobb are his own and may in no wise be endorsed by the editor, yet, from a man admittedly so able and fearless, and so thoroughly earnest and devoted, they have value in aiding in a clear analyses of the characters of the men of the period, and of their agency in determining its momentous events, as well as in definitely fixing these last.

General Cobb, a brother of the statesman, Howell Cobb, was born in Jefferson county, Ga., in 1823, and graduated from the University of that State in 1841.

Having been admitted to the bar, he was the Reporter of the Supreme Court of Georgia from 1849 to 1857. In 1851 he published a new "Digest of the Laws of Georgia," and in 1858, an "Inquiry into the Laws of Negro Slavery," a scholarly and extensive research.

He was a Trustee of the University of Georgia; was active in the cause of education in the State, and had a high reputation and large practice as a lawyer. An able and an eloquent member of the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States, he served in this body as Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs.

He was killed at the battle of Fredericksburg, Va., on December 13, 1862.—EDITOR.

---

The election of Mr. Lincoln so aroused Mr. Cobb to the dangers which threatened the South, that he urged by pen and voice, a separation from the North as the only course of safety. Chosen a

delegate to the State convention, he signed the ordinance of secession and thence went to Montgomery as a member of the Provisional Congress of the Confederacy.

From his arrival there until the fatal battle of Fredericksburg, Mr. Cobb wrote daily to his wife. This series of letters only interrupted by brief visits to his home, form a record of his life in which he freely expresses his opinion of the men and measures of the time. These letters first unfolded after a third of a century, breathe a spirit of deep devotion, of love of home and a desire for peace. The sharpness of their criticisms has been blunted by time and their confidential character robs them of their sting.

A. L. HULL.

---

MONTGOMERY, February 3, 1861.

We got here to-day two hours late, the delay caused by a bad smash-up on the train about three miles from the city. Mr. Chesnut said: "This comes of Sunday travelling." Toombs and Stephens met me at Union Point, Bartow joined us at Opelika. Judge Nisbet and Howell\* we found awaiting us here. The full representation from South Carolina are here, a few from Mississippi, and one from Florida. The commissioners from North Carolina are here and the commission from the city of New York. We will have a full representation to-morrow. The universal feeling seems to make Howell President of the convention. As to Provisional President of the Confederacy the strongest current is for Jefferson Davis.

February 7.—The chances are decidedly against war. There may be a little collision and much confusion, but no bloody or extensive war. The action of Virginia decides the question. Peace is certain on her secession.

February 9.—We are now in the presence of a large crowd, electing a President and Vice-President. \* \* \*

Jefferson Davis is elected President and A. H. Stephens Vice-President. The latter is a bitter pill to some of us, but we have swallowed it with as good a grace as we could. The man who has fought against our rights and liberty is selected to wear the laurels of our victory. \* \* \* Howell seized the Bible on which he swore the members, and says he intends to keep it. One man refused to kiss the Bible. It was Judge Withers, of South Carolina. He is an avowed infidel—one of the last of old Dr. Cooper's disciples.

---

\* His brother, Hon. Howell Cobb.

February 11.—On the night the Constitution was adopted and an election ordered for the next day at 12 o'clock, we had a "counting of noses," and found that Alabama, Mississippi and Florida were in favor of Davis, Louisiana and Georgia for Howell, and South Carolina divided between Howell and Davis, with Memminger and Withers wavering. Howell immediately announced his wish that Davis should be unanimously elected. When the Georgia delegation met, Mr. Stephens moved to give Mr. Toombs a complimentary vote from Georgia. I suggested that four States were for Davis, and it would place Mr. Toombs in a false position. Toombs expressed his doubt that four States were for Davis, and preferred they should be canvassed. Judge Crawford was commissioned to do so. Then came the question as to Vice-President. Mr. Toombs returned the compliment by suggesting Mr. Stephens. Kenan and Nisbet responded in favor of it, but a death-like stillness reigned as to the balance. We saw they had us, so after a few minutes Howell retired. Bartow followed him and I followed Bartow. I was told that no other word was spoken after we retired. When we reached the capitol, we heard that Georgia had presented Mr. Stephens. We placed ourselves right and then let it rock on. Stephens was very anxious to accept in a public speech at 1 o'clock to-day. The crowd of presidents in embryo was very large. I believe the Government could be stocked with offices from among them.

February 12.—I am hard at work on three committees, each of which is charged with important business. I tried to get the name of this republic the "Republic of Washington," but failed. The name now had, "Confederate States of America," does not give satisfaction, and I have no doubt will be changed for the permanent Constitution. I am disgusted with old Withers, of South Carolina. Rhett is a generous-hearted man, with a quantity of cranks. Barnwell is a gentlemanly man, full of politeness and modesty, and attracts my kind feeling. Memminger is very shrewd—a perfect McCoy metamorphosed into a legislating lawyer.

February 15.—I am sick at heart with the daily manifestations of selfishness, intrigue, low cunning and meanness among those who at this critical moment should have an eye single to the protection of their people.

\* \* \* The best friends of the Confederacy here are troubled at these continued rumors of President Davis being a reconstructionist. Many are regretting already his election. If he does not come out boldly in his inaugural against this suicidal policy we shall

have an explosion here, the end of which I cannot foretell. The most troublesome matters with us arise from the Forts Sumter and Pickens. Whenever a policy is settled I will write you.

February 16.—Stephens and Ben Hill have made friends and are as thick as brothers. When in Milledgeville a proposition for peace was made to Stephens, his reply was "If Mr. Hill will acknowledge that he told a lie as he did, then I will speak to him." I have received a long letter from Mitchell urging me to put in the claim of Athens for the capital of the Southern Confederacy.

I have had a hint of the Attorney-Generalship. I should promptly and unconditionally decline it if offered. The cabinet is beyond conjecture. Toombs is spoken of for the State department, but says he would not have it. Yancey and Benjamin have also been named but I think no one has the slightest intimation of the President's views.

February 17.—I have stuck to my homespun ever since I have been here. The President arrived here in a suit of homespun. I hope he will be inaugurated in it.

February 18.—The inaugural pleased everybody and the manner in which President Davis took the oath was most impressive. The scene was one worth seeing and I regret more than ever that Sally and Callie were not here. I have not yet called on the President. I hate anything that looks like toadyism.

We signed the enrolled constitution to-day and I have preserved my pen to be laid up again as an heir-loom for my children. They will have but few such memories of me.

February 19.—The President had a grand levee last night. Everybody and his wife were there, except me. I stayed in my room and worked hard on bills until past 1 o'clock. Various rumors are abroad about the cabinet. Mr. Memminger will probably be Secretary of the Treasury. The firm conviction here is that Great Britain, France and Russia will acknowledge us at once in the family of nations. As to the North, the 4th of March will determine its policy.

February 20.—The exciting question now is, "Who will constitute the cabinet?" It is understood that Yancey is to be Attorney-General, Captain Bragg, Secretary of War, and Toombs, Secretary of the Treasury. The State portfolio was offered to Barnwell and declined by him—so says Keitt. From five to twenty letters come to me every day, begging for office. Gwynn, of California, writes that Seward told him there would be no war.

February 22.—President Davis dines at our table every day. He

is chatty and tries to be agreeable. He is not great in any sense of the term. The power of will he has, made him all he is.

February 26.—An act was passed this morning, giving to each of the commissioners to Europe \$12,000 per annum. Yancey and Slidell are both mentioned. Henry R. Jackson is also spoken of, but Mr. Davis acts for himself and receives no advice, except from those who press their advice unasked.

February 27.—Henry Jackson stands no chance, for Stephens has the ear of Davis, and he will not forgive Henry soon.

March 1.—I declined two invitations to tea last night, and went to prayer-meeting instead, and from my heart I thank God that I went. It was a small company, but we were all melted to tears, and our Lord and Saviour was with us. It was good for us to be there. After the prayer-meeting my friend, Atticus Haygood came to my room, and we had a good religious talk. Yesterday I offered a bill closing our courts to Northern plaintiffs, and I intend to introduce a bill granting international copyright privileges to the authors of France and Great Britain. I am worn out and homesick and starved, and from my heart I can say I am sorry I ever came here. File this letter away, and read it to me whenever hereafter the silly notion takes my head that my services are peculiarly necessary to the safety of the republic.

March 3.—Last night I was summoned to the room of the President. He informed me that he had just received a telegram from Arkansas bringing a Macedonian cry for help; that on consultation they had agreed that I of all others could do most to save that State at this crisis; that a State hung on my appointment as envoy to the State of Arkansas and he begged me to go at once as the convention meets to-morrow. I confess I was nonplussed. I protested against the appointment and gave him three objections which were altogether insurmountable.

We shall adopt a flag to-morrow and raise it on the capitol at 12 o'clock, the hour when Lincoln is to be inaugurated. Our news from Virginia is more promising, but I have no hope of her coming now.

March 4.—The question of pay to members is being discussed. It will settle down on \$8 per day and 10 cents mileage. This will pay me the enormous sum of \$300 for which I have lost I doubt not in my private business \$3,000. I am urging Congress to take no pay and set an example of patriotism. The nomination of Mr. Mallory

as Secretary of the Navy was confirmed after a struggle. His soundness on the secession question was doubted.

March 5.—The President appealed to me again to go to Arkansas but I positively refused. This morning he and Mrs. Davis took their seats by me at the breakfast table and were very affable.

A telegram from Washington City just received says the universal feeling there since Lincoln's inaugural is that war must come. I don't believe it yet, though I confess the document is a bolder announcement of coercion than I had expected. Well, I am not afraid of the issue. Last night we passed a bill raising a regular army of 10,000 men and authorizing the President to receive into the service of the Confederate States 100,000 volunteers.

Montgomery, Ala., March 5, 1861.—The Texas members here are a very conceited crowd with very little of statesmanship among them. The weakest delegation here is from Mississippi, Wiley P. Harris is the only man of talent among them.

March 6.—I found out yesterday why George N. Sanders was here. He is an agent from Douglas and is working to keep out of the Constitution any clause which will exclude "Free States." The game now is to reconstruct under our Constitution. There will be a hard fight on this question when we reach it. Stephens and Toombs are both for leaving the door open. Wright goes with them and Hill also we fear. Kenan is with us and thus gives Howell, Nisbet, Bartow and me a majority in our delegation. Confidentially and to be kept a secret from the public, Mr. Davis is opposed to us on this point also and wants to keep the door open. The Mississippi delegation are wax in his hands. I am much afraid of the result. I struggled hard this morning to place in the Constitution a provision which would stop Sunday mails but failed.

His work in the Presidential Congress having been concluded, Mr. Cobb returned to his home in Athens, Georgia. The capture of Fort Sumter, the wild excitement which followed the organization of volunteers and preparations for war filled the interval until the re-assembling of Congress at Montgomery in April.

Montgomery, April 19, 1861.—The atmosphere of this place is positively tainted with selfish ambitious schemes for personal aggrandisement. I see it, hear it, feel it, and am disgusted with it. But I would rather tell you of my journey here. At Maxey's, George Lumpkin's company was drawn up, and would have a speech from me. At Union Point we met the "Young Guards," and again I had to make a little speech. At Greensboro Oscar Dawson told



me he had raised in two days a company of eighty men, and they wanted to be on the field in one week from the day he began. At Conyers they have raised the sixth company in Newton county. In Merriweather they raised three companies of eighty men in three days and \$7,000 to equip them. Similar news comes up from the whole country.

At West Point yesterday afternoon a large crowd assembled at the cars, and had speeches from Keitt, Brooks (of Mississippi), Ben Hill and Gus Wright. They called on me, but I declined on the ground it was Sunday, and took occasion to give them a five minute's lecture on Sabbath-breaking. It was the only speech that was not cheered. There is a good deal of talk about going to Richmond. I would not be surprised if the whole Government were moved there as soon as the Virginia delegates arrive and join us. The President favors it decidedly. I sent you a copy of his message. It is a capital document.

The opinion is pretty general here that we shall have to take Washington City, but many are of the decided opinion that there will be no war. Howell insists that this is the true view of the matter.

Frank Bartow says the Savannah companies are outraged at Governor Brown, who refuses to call any of them into service. They are offering themselves direct to Davis, who has agreed to accept them and put them into the field. Bartow wants to form a regiment and lead them himself. Henry Jackson wants to do the same. He is determined to go into the war. I am trying to get the Secretary of War to order the Troup Artillery away from Tybee before the summer begins. Here, again, Brown interferes, in refusing to permit the cannon to leave the State. Davis holds Brown in great contempt. He says he is the only man in the seven States who has persistently thwarted him in every endeavor to carry out the policy of the Government. Howell has written positively refusing, under any circumstances, to accept any civil office.

April 30.—Yesterday I signed the permanent Constitution of the Confederate States of America, and have thus perfected my "rebellion." I trust that my children may hereafter recur with pride to it, whether by others I am canonized a saint or hung as a traitor.

The Secretary of War is filling the army with inexperienced boys while he is disgusting the real military men of the country. General Walker, of Augusta, has written saying he couldn't stand on military etiquette any longer and authorized me to tender his services

for any appointment. I am going to see the President for him after dinner. Wigfall, of Texas, is here. He promises to be as troublesome to us as he was to the Congress at Washington.

May 3.—We have in the Confederate States at least 100,000 stand of arms and ample ordnance for our necessities. We have powder enough to furnish our troops for a year's active campaign and 2,500,000 percussion caps. Governor Brown did a dirty trick in Georgia.

The convention ordered the arsenal at Augusta and the arms in it turned over to the government. Brown secretly sent Rockwell up to Augusta and shipped all of the good arms to Savannah before the agent of the government could get there. Under other circumstances it would be wrong, but at present it was disgraceful.

We have delayed declaring war for two days, waiting for the Virginia commission. I wanted to act yesterday. As soon as Congress adjourns Howell says he is going into his old district and raise a regiment for the war.

May 4.—Well we have cast the die and accepted the war forced upon us by Lincoln and the Abolitionists. The bill was passed unanimously and wants only the signature of the President to become the law. The issue is with God. He knows how earnestly I have enquired of him for guidance in this hour of trial. There will be no fight at Fort Pickens for three weeks yet. Some of the most rabid secessionists here counsel delay in making another attack in order to let the fever at the North cool off. Our people are becoming daily more satisfied that they must sustain the government. Leroy Napier took \$40,000 in the Confederate loan and gave \$10,000 to the volunteers and their families. This is but an index of the popular feeling. We may have a long and hard fought war, but I do not believe it.

May 6.—I made the acquaintance of General Beauregard this morning. He is decidedly Frenchy in his appearance; a small thin man, slightly gray and very pleasant in conversation. Why he was called here is left a secret to the administration.

May 7.—The Virginia delegates who were sworn in to-day have given us more confidence in that State. She is in earnest. In addition to this the good news of the secession of Arkansas and Tennessee have kept the cannon booming all day.

If we could only get rid of Lee Walker and Mallory\* and the Lord would kill off Governor Letcher and his General Gwynn at

---

\*The Secretaries of War and Navy.

Norfolk, I should feel like shouting to-night. I am satisfied that General Scott will make no attack on Virginia.

May 10.—Would to God that I could infuse some of my restless energy into these executive departments. They move too slowly for me.

Mr. Hunter came last night. He speaks hopefully but urges strongly that we move the government at once to Virginia. He says Letcher is an imbecile with but half a heart in this cause, and this government must be where it can overlook him.

May 11.—There are strong anticipations of an attack on Virginia in the next ten days. This we think is one reason of Scott's concentration of troops at Washington. The points of attack will be Harper's Ferry or Norfolk. He cannot and dare not attack Richmond. Congress passed a resolution to-day to adjourn on the 20th and to meet again on July 20th in Richmond. But this was done in secret session and you must keep it closely to yourself.

There was no application for the Commissary department so the secretary asked us to make recommendations to him. In view of the breaking up of the college, Howell and I at a venture put in Rutherford's name. To my surprise I hear this morning that he is appointed and his commission sent to Savannah. He ranks as Captain.

May 15.—I am more and more satisfied that old Scott is afraid to attack us and is looking for an attack on Washington. Frank Bartow leaves to-morrow. Everybody is preparing to take the field.

May 16.—Governor Brown is interfering again. He refuses to allow any volunteer companies to take their arms out of Georgia unless they are first accepted by him.

Richmond, Va., July 21, 1861.—Nobody here fears anything from an approach of the enemy. Beauregard has plenty of men to repe them.

Rumor says President Davis went to Manassas to-day. The soldiers are pouring in here. I came from Petersburg with 600 and left 2000 waiting for cars to come in.

July 22.—The telegraph has informed you of our victory and our loss. For myself the former is swallowed up in the latter. Poor Bartow is gone. In the last interview I had with him he seemed deeply impressed with the conviction that he should fall in the first engagement. I tried to remove it from his mind, but he reiterated it to the last. His wife is in this house, but her brother has concealed the fact from her to this time. We have no particulars of the mode

of Bartow's death, and the accounts of the battle are very confused and contradictory. Toombs will resign as Secretary of State to-day and goes immediately into the field as Brigadier-General of Georgia forces. The Troup Artillery has been ordered off to the North West army, but Secretary Walker has promised me to attach them to my legion just as soon as I get into the field.

July 24.—I have made the circuit of the city to-day visiting wounded Georgians and answering telegrams from anxious friends. This with my congressional duties and fixing up my legion keep me engaged every hour. Ed. Hull is safe, but poor George Stovall is dead. Gartrell is not hurt, but his son is killed. Prof. Venable was in the fight and was wounded slightly. He was reported dead and had to go home to convince his wife that he was alive.

As the smoke arises from the field of Manassas I feel assured it will be estimated as one of the decisive battles of the world. Either Scott will concentrate an army of 100,000 men and try the issue again or the war will be virtually closed. If they are for another trial we shall defeat them again. The battle of Manassas therefore has secured our independence.

July 24.—I have just paid my last sad tribute to the remains of Frank Bartow, and followed them to the cars. \* \* \*

An Englishman named Byng, who was with the Yankees, gives a ludicrous account of the flight of the non-combatants at Manassas. Thurlow Weed's daughter was with the members of Congress on the field with a flag marked "Richmond" which she was to raise over the capitol here. Russell, the correspondent of the London *Times*, was with Scott's army as a looker on. The crowds from Georgia, South Carolina and Alabama coming in to look after wounded relatives is immense. They keep me going all day to get passports for them.

August 1.—If peace is restored by November as I believe it will be, the year which will have elapsed since Lincoln's election will be the most eventful in the history of America. Troops are coming in every day. I have no idea I will be ordered out of Richmond before September.

August 3.—The news of McCullough's victory in Missouri came to-day. If it is not exaggerated I look upon it as the finishing stroke of this war.

Richmond, January 12, 1862.—Stephens is openly opposing the administration and trying to build up an opposition party.

January 14.—By appointment I spent two hours with the President to-day. He was very cordial. We did not speak of his West Point appointments, especially Harry Wayne. It made my blood boil when I heard that fellow had been made a Brigadier-General.

January 17.—Wayne wrote the President a most insulting letter, refusing contemptuously his commission as Brigadier-General and berating him for not appointing him Major-General. I hear this confidentially and don't want you to speak of it out of the family.

January 18.—The sudden death of Ex-President Tyler has caused an adjournment of Congress. He was a remarkable man and had filled every State and national office. The impression is gaining ground that the Burnside fleet is intended for Savannah. If it proves successful I do hope there will be found patriotic hands enough to set fire to the city and let the enemy be received in a heap of smouldering ruins.

January 22.—I met and was introduced to Governor Wise to-day. I confess I was disappointed in him. He wants stability and solidity in his appearance, while he is almost brilliant in common conversation.

January 24.—We are all depressed this morning over the disaster at Somerset last Sunday. It is attributable entirely to a drunken, Godless general, who in a spree on Sunday morning led our troops to their destruction. Zolicoffer was a noble man and a fine officer. In the effort to redeem the day, I doubt not, he lost his life. Will the President learn wisdom from this? I doubt it. He is as obstinate as a mule. Mr. Davis has lost his power in Congress, but Howell, Toombs and I have agreed that we will boldly condemn his errors but generously uphold him when he is right. Stephens on the contrary, a poor selfish demagogue, is trying to ride on the wave of popular clamor and create factious opposition to everything.

January 26.—A grander rascal than this Jew Benjamin does not exist in the Confederacy and I am not particular in concealing my opinion of him.

January 27.—Scarlet fever is prevalent here. General Longstreet's family reached here ten days ago. Two of his children are to be buried to-day and another is at the point of death.

January 28.—Among the guests at Toombs' I met Prince Polignac who holds a commission as lieutenant-colonel in our army. He seems to be a clever little fellow, but lowers ones opinion considerably of a Prince of one of the noblest houses of France.

February 2.—General Longstreet buried his third child to-day, a boy of twelve summers—all victim's of scarlet fever. Although a stranger to him I felt acutely which carried me to join my sorrow with his stricken heart.

February 13. Lanier, who kept the hotel at Athens, was taken prisoner at Hatteras and died in Fort Warren. The *New York Herald* says the rebellion must be crushed in the next thirty days or the Northern government is bankrupt. If so we may expect a struggle by McClellan at every point. The spring campaign will evidently settle the issue of this war.

March 16.—Davis vetoed the bill making a commanding general yesterday on constitutional grounds and it is raising a perfect storm in Congress. I heard last night that the House of Representatives were debating secretly the propriety of deposing him. He would be deposed if the Congress had any confidence in Stephens. General Lee is acting as commanding general and is doing good. He seems determined to concentrate our forces, undertake less and do it better.

March 20.—Kellock Davenport is reported to have been on the Cumberland and to have gone down with her. I can't say I am sorry; I have more feeling against Georgians who have decided against us than I have about the Yankees. General Lee is showing considerable activity in his new office, and I have great hopes of him.

Lee's Mills, April 13, 1862.—General Joe Johnston came last night, and is passing down our lines. It is said he comes to supersede Magruder.

April 15.—The conscription act is raising a stir among the twelve months' men. The date of service of Cash's South Carolina regiment expired to-day. More than three hundred of them wanted to go home with the enemy in our front, The Troup Artillery, to a man, said they would stay.

Dam No. 2, April 19.—The enemy has kept up a constant fire for six days along our lines, and several of my men have been killed. General Johnston is very taciturn, and keeps his counsel to himself, so I do not know whether I may be ordered to cross or to commence a retreat.

April 28.—The colonel who led the assault on us the 16th is named Lord, the son of Professor Lord, of Dartmouth College, who has written so much in favor of slavery. These people are incomprehensible to me.

April 30.—The reorganization of the regiments under the conscription act is working better than we feared, but the men have defeated almost every good officer, and elected privates and corporals to their places.

If McClellan opens by land and water on Yorktown that place is obliged to fall. But don't tell this as coming from me.

May 1.—Poor Frank Cone was killed in the trenches to-day by a sharpshooter. He and Oscar Dawson came to see me last night. I mourn the loss of such men.

On the Chickahominy, May 10, 1862.—We have been drawn up in line of battle all night, expecting an attack.

May 12.—To every argument to reunite my legion, the President and General Lee replied with State reason of "military necessity," and now the cavalry is at Guinea depot, forty-five miles from Richmond, the artillery away, and the infantry with me.

May 13.—Everybody is running away from Richmond. The destruction of the Merrimac has dispelled all hope of saving the city.

Camp one mile from Richmond, May 23.—I am again face to face with the enemy. Their camp fires are on the opposite line. They opened fire with six guns on one of our pieces this afternoon. Mr. Davis and General Lee had ridden over and we witnessed the duel without being within range. Some of the balls passed over their heads and the papers will no doubt make much ado about the President being under fire.

May 30.—For two days and nights my men have been ready awaiting an order to march. Stovall has resigned and Delony becomes Major and Young, Lieutenant-Colonel; Williams and Ritch will be Captains in Delony's Old Squadron; John Rutherford remains Adjutant of the Legion.

June 5.—Since Johnston was wounded Lee is in command, and he is as reticent as Johnston.

June 10.—The papers say that Andy Johnson has been killed. Righteous death! And that Butler has been assassinated. Glorious if true! Would that it were by the hand of a woman. Did you think I could ever rejoice in an assassination? Yet it is true and I think I can meet my Maker with my justification.

Nine Mile Road, near Richmond, June 13, 1862.—Seven generals have visited this point to-day and each brought his train and stayed from one to three hours. They were Lee, Hill, Magruder, McLaws, Jones, Toombs and Semmes. I don't like Hill, much to my surprise, for I was ready to love him for his Christian character. There

is much bad blood among these high officers, jealousies and back-bitings. I never heard Magruder abuse but one man and that was Hill.

June 17.—I am sick of the despicable favoritism here. My cavalry are doing nearly all the picketing, but when Stuart wants to make a brilliant and daring exploit he takes some of the Potomac pets and never lets us know his intentions until he returns in triumph to Richmond.

June 21.—Brisk cannonading has been going on from both sides. Eight men in the 8th Georgia Regiment were sitting around playing cards when a shell fell in their midst, killing four and wounding three others. Generally shells do little harm. Several bursted over me this afternoon as I returned from Stuart's headquarters, but did not even frighten my horse.

June 21.—Wright has been made Brigadier-General. Hal Billups becomes Lieutenant-Colonel of the 3rd Georgia. Wright deserves the promotion and I am glad he got it.

June 24.—Affairs are drawing to a crisis here. A general battle cannot be postponed long. There is no doubt that Stonewall Jackson's army is near Richmond to join us in the attack.

(The seven days' fight occurred at this time.)

July 3.—I got hold of a Yankee candle and camp candle-stick to-day, and though I am very tired, I don't know when I will get another chance to write. The battle is about over. The enemy has retreated in good order. Their loss is very heavy. Their army is whipped, but not cowed. They fight well to the last, and their discipline is admirable. My battalion brought in fifty prisoners and a great number of arms. It is nine days since we left our camp. We have had a hard time of it—sometimes thirty-six hours without a morsel to eat, and all the time nothing but what we captured from the enemy. So it has been a feast or a famine.

July 5.—Evidences of the retreat of the Yankees are very profuse all along the road—dead horses, broken wagons, cast-off arms and clothing, sick soldiers deserted, strew the way. I have had about 2,000 guns picked up and sent to Richmond, and there are wagon loads of ammunition, engineering instruments, tents, knapsacks, etc. We have captured hundreds of horses and mules, and are picking up stragglers every day. Old Magruder made no reputation in this battle. He lost rather than gained. He was depressed, and I fear was drinking.



July 8.—I have just rejoined my infantry. A good Providence has watched over my command of the artillery. John Lauson, Columbus Wilkerson and John Edwards were wounded. Three of my cavalry were wounded and one taken prisoner. The only two charges made during these battles by cavalry were made by my men under Delony and one under Wright. I was shocked to hear of the death of Willie Billups in the hospital. The last I heard of him he was much better. Willie Whitehead, too, was among the killed in the battle.

July 16.—Yesterday Colonel Benning got into a controversy with General Lee and Secretary Randolph about the conscript law, Benning saying it was unconstitutional, and refused to obey orders based upon it. He was about to be placed under arrest, and his men about to mutiny. He came to get my advice and counsel. In the point at issue, Benning was right. I agreed to go and see Randolph, which I did, finding him, as usual, reasonable and courteous. After presenting my views, I succeeded in convincing him, and am happy to believe it will ward off a bitter war between Georgia and the Confederacy, for Brown was backing Benning.

Toombs challenged D. H. Hill, who refuses to fight, and a bitter correspondence is going on. Hill did most wantonly charge Toombs with cowardice to his face. He now makes many excuses for not fighting him. Toombs is denouncing Hill as a poltroon. I don't know how it will end, but I think you will hear that Toombs is under arrest in less than a week.

July 23.—I went this afternoon to pay my respects to the old lady near whose house I am camped, and whose husband has been very kind to me. She told me she despised soldiers and hated the sight of one—that she hoped she never would see another, and was for stopping the war any way, so she got rid of soldiers. At the same time she was selling tomatoes to the men at \$1 per dozen.

(General Howell Cobb having gone home on furlough, Colonel Cobb was placed in command of his brigade.)

Near Richmond, July 28, 1862.—General McLaws reviewed Howell's brigade to-day. I confess I was a little annoyed this morning by the announcement of the promotion of Fitzhugh Lee to be brigadier general of cavalry. I suppose in a few days we will see the balance of the Lees promoted also. This man has been colonel about three months. Now I am to be under him whenever I go out with my cavalry.

July 30.—Large reinforcements are being sent to Stonewall Jackson, and I shall look anxiously for news of an engagement with Pope. Would it not be glorious if God would so order that this man of faith should be our chief deliverer?

August 4.—To-day, as General McLaws and I were about to inspect the camps, General Lee rode up. I asked him to accompany us. He replied: "Colonel, a dirty camp gives me nausea. If you say your camps are clean I will go." I said: "Using the words of a better man, come and see." The legion's camp was very nice. The 24th Georgia was swept as clean as a parlor, and the others were very good. General Lee was high in his praises. Returning to headquarters, I found a jug of buttermilk which had been sent me. Taking the jug, I told the General that it was said drinking was the curse of the army, and I supposed I must fall in and offer him a drink. The old fellow laughed and drank a tumbler full. While we were riding I had a singular conversation with General Lee. He commenced by saying he relied on Howell and me more than any two officers in the civil part of the army. He then asked me why I did not raise my legion to a brigade—that he was troubled at its separation, but it was impossible to keep it together, and he would be delighted if I would raise it to a brigade. I listened to him, but shook my head and said: "General, six months ago I did that very thing under authority of President Davis, and he repudiated it. I cannot go through that again." "But," said he, "there is no objection now. There was a difficulty then—Governor Brown claimed your regiments. The President told me so." I replied: "General, the President was not candid with you. My regiments went into the Governor's camp by his express permission. The President did not give you the true reason. He gave me a very different one. It was my brother's appointment." The conversation was interrupted here and was not resumed.

August 6.—The Yankees have retaken Malvern Hill and the object of this expedition seems to be to drive them away. General Lee and General Stuart have both written very complimentary letters about the manner in which my cavalry behaved.

August 7.—Last night we were ordered out to advance on Malvern Hill. We were on the right flank and our column was the only one which engaged the Yankees. They soon skedaddled and we took possession of the hill. There were 20,000 of them on the hill. They left in such a hurry that our men found a good quantity of crackers which is all they have had to eat in two days.

August 10. Toombs came over to see me yesterday. He is very smart and amused me much by his pungent remarks. I was congratulating myself on not being bothered by an engineer in fortifying my position. He joined in and expatiated on their limitless ability to find more digging to put the troops to work at. He finally swore he believed one engineer could find work for all the men that had been sent to hell since Adam sinned, "and according to scripture, Tom," he added, "that is a big pile."

(Colonel Cobb was granted leave of absence to visit his home. While there the battle of Sharpsburg occurred. Cobb's Legion was actively engaged in this battle and afterwards suffered severely at Crampton's Gap.)

September 24.—I have just heard from one of my men who was paroled that poor Jeff. Lamar is dead. He died the second day of a wound in the groin. He was a noble man, and his last words were cheering on his men. I mourn every time I look at my infantry. I estimate the killed at fifty; wounded, eighty-five to one hundred; taken prisoners, fifty—but these were the flower of my battalion; my best and truest men, never sick, never off duty, always ready. One of my cavalymen with a squad of thirty men charged a Yankee regiment, captured the Colonel, ran his sword through a Captain so he could not draw it out, then got another and killed two other men. This man was a private. Stuart told General Lee that my cavalry was one of the best regiments he had and objected to their being taken away. We are now under Jackson, whose headquarters are about two hundred yards from mine. Belle Boyd, the celebrated girl, is at an adjoining house.

October 2.—General Jackson told one of his aides the other day that he was anxious to make my acquaintance, so I went yesterday to see him. He was extremely kind and pleasant and made a very agreeable impression on me.

Howell found Joe Keno in one of the camps near him and took him for his cook. Charley said he had a French dinner yesterday.

October 7.—General Lee complained the other day of being unable to get any vinegar, and expressed a wish for pickles. I told him I would send him some that you had sent me. He objected, and said I must not do so. Nevertheless, I sent them, and in reply received the enclosed note. It is very clever, is it not?

October 9.—I have in my pocket General Lee's order to transfer my legion to Georgia for the winter. Generals Hampton, Longstreet, Stuart and McLaws all joined in cordially endorsing my ap-

plication, and General Lee was exceedingly kind and complimentary. The order is to take effect as soon as the present campaign is ended, which, General Lee says, cannot extend beyond December 1.

Let me but get away from these "West Pointers." They are very sociable gentlemen and agreeable companions, but never have I seen men who had so little appreciation of merit in others. Self-sufficiency and self-aggrandizement are their great controlling characteristics.

My friend, General Garnett, was not killed, but is commanding Mahone's brigade, in which are the Athens Guards.

Winchester, October 10, 1862.—I have been appointed president of a court-martial, which is sitting here. The town is so crowded that for thirty-six hours I could not find a lodging place. Yesterday I took the streets in desperation, determined to ask a shelter in every respectable lodging-house until I found one. At the second house an elderly lady—a Mrs. Seevers—cordially welcomed me. General Banks made this house his headquarters, when he was occupying the same room I have. My hostess gave me an amusing account of how the Yankees scattered when old Stonewall attacked them here. General Williams dropped his hat in the retreat, and would not stop to pick it up, but galloped out of town bareheaded.

October 13.—I went down to camp to-day. Stuart has gone into Maryland with 1,000 troopers. He sent for 150 of my men, but Jackson had them all out scouting. General Lee has taken pains to show and express his confidence in me as an officer, and personally he has been as kind as I could ask or desire. He has ordered me to take command of Howell's brigade on a march this morning. My impression is that we are about to fall back towards the Rappahannock.

October 20.—The returned prisoners give a glowing account of their treatment in Baltimore. They came back loaded with presents from the ladies and clothed anew from head to foot. I still hear some news of our casualties in battle. Ben. Mell was not killed, and is still alive. He was severely wounded, and is in the house of a clever family in Maryland. I do hope he will recover. Reuben Nisbet was not killed, as reported; only slightly wounded.

McLaws told me his report of Howell's Brigade in the fight at Crampton's gap would be satisfactory to him. The truth is McLaws didn't know there was such a gap until after the battle.

October 27.—Harry Jackson came to the camp to see me to-day. He is a fine youth, intelligent, quick, brave and frank, and made a

very favorable impression on me. On dit, General Lee wishes to cross into Maryland. The army are unanimously opposed to it. The men say they have had enough of Maryland.

November 5.—Howell has been ordered to duty in Georgia and has telegraphed for all his staff and horses. A camp rumor that I had been appointed Brigadier-General over this brigade has annoyed my men no little, but I assured them that Mr. Davis would never tender me the appointment. General Barksdale came to see me a few days ago and said it was a shame that the President had not promoted me to the rank of General, and he and other officers were going to protest against the injustice. I begged him to say nothing about it, but to let the matter drop.

November 8.—I was notified to-day of my appointment as Brigadier-General.

November 10.—In spite of General Lee's assurance my men seem to think my appointment will prove their disappointment. I have not as yet sent in my acceptance and think I will withhold it awhile to see how things work.

November 14.—One of my couriers brought me a sweet potato the other day. I roasted it last night and found it a great treat after a diet of beef and liver. I could not help thinking of Sumter and the English officer and envying Sumter his luxurious living. Did you see that Henry Jackson's piece to his wife and child is published and attributed to old Stonewall?

November 12.—My cavalry suffered nothing in the last skirmish. Deloney behaved most gallantly in the first. He was in considerable peril at one time. He was rescued by young Clanton, of Augusta, who was afterwards severely wounded. I fear that Jack Thomas, of Augusta, will die. I shall make Willie Church adjutant of the Cavalry, and I have forwarded a recommendation of Camak to be made major of infantry.

November 14.—I was surprised to-night by the appearance of General Wm M. Browne. He came to see General Lee on business and makes my camp his home while here. He has strong hopes of intervention. I do not look for it myself. Captain Berrien brought me a cap from Richmond, for which he had to pay the nice little sum of eighteen dollars. I hear that A. P. Hill whipped the Yankees at Snickersville yesterday.

November 15.—We are speculating on the consequence of McClellan's removal. It will demoralize to a great extent the army of the Potomac, with whom McClellan was a great favorite. I should

not be surprised if Burnside would attempt a dashing movement on Richmond. If he does we may have a heavy battle. General Longstreet feels perfectly confident of the result and so does General Lee. This morning I was petitioned to delay the drill for an hour to which I consented. When I was called to dinner, instead of the usual repast of bread and liver, imagine my surprise to see a splendid turkey with oyster sauce, a nice piece of shoat, stewed oysters, fried oysters, fine pickles, sauces and preserves with potatoes, served before me, and afterwards a magnificent pound cake—all brought from Richmond. The mess had prepared this dinner in honor of my promotion. It gave me more sincere pleasure than the promotion itself.

November 17.—Browne told me that Joe Davis, the President's brother, had been made a Brigadier-General. The senate rejected him but Ben Hill got the vote reconsidered provided Joe Orr would be made postmaster at Athens. Don't mention this as it would get Browne into trouble.

Near Fredericksburg, November 22, 1862.—My camp is on the hills immediately in the rear and west of old "Federal Hill." I can see the house plainly about one mile and a half distant, there being a level plain between it and my headquarters. In that house my mother was born and was married.

The abolitionists gave notice last night that they would shell the city at nine o'clock this morning. Consequently during the entire night the women and children were thronging the road to Richmond. It was a pitiable sight—gentle ladies dressed in furs trudging through the mud, poor little children huddled in go-carts and ox-wagons, many with little bundles of valuables leaving their homes, expecting them soon to be in flames. The time was extended this morning to three P. M. and this scene of distress has continued all day.

We are camped just behind our line of battle. The balance of Longstreet's Corps has come up and we feel fully able to cope with the enemy. I believe my brigade can whip ten thousand of them attacking us in front. We have a magnificent position, perhaps the best on the line.

November 24.—The Yankees seem to be moving away from Stafford Heights across the river. I think this campaign is closed. There will be a good deal of manœuvring, some skirmishing, but no other great battle before spring in this State.

November 27.—My brigade was ordered into Fredericksburg last night to do picket duty. Nothing separates us from the Yankees

but the Rappahannock. Their pickets line one bank while ours occupy the other. During the day the men walk about in plain sight of each other, but by tacit consent there is no firing. I heard that Burnside is over the river in person seeking a place to throw across a pontoon bridge. This looks more like an attack than anything heretofore.

November 28.—I do not think the present state of things can last ten days longer. Burnside must attempt an advance unless his army is demoralized. Jackson is in supporting distance of us and I feel certain we can whip them.

November 29.—Both armies are in statu quo. I find that Lieutenant-Colonel Ruff, of the 18th Georgia Regiment, married a Miss Varner, who is related to you. I was much surprised at the reputation which tradition in Fredericksburg gives to the mother of Washington. It represents her as much inclined to the Tory side and as saying "George had better come home and attend to his business or the British will catch him and hang him." The poetry which has invested her memory with the American people is not felt by the descendants of her neighbors here. I confess this was painful to me. The halo around the memory of Washington's mother was a sacred thing to me and I grieved to have it dispelled.

November 30.—I heard directly from Joe Gerdine and George Atkisson yesterday. They were so much improved that they intended leaving for home soon. The General and Mr. A. are still with them. I incline to think, from certain movements of the artillery, that the Yankees have sought in vain for a crossing above, and intend to try forcing a crossing at the city. If they attempt it poor old Fredericksburg is doomed.

December 2.—I have been hard at work to-day preparing my lines for any attack by the enemy. General Pendleton visited my works, and was very much pleased. Though we have no tents, and the men are poorly clothed, we have very little sickness among them. Did you read the New York *Post's* article about exterminating the negroes? Was there ever such shameless meanness?

December 6.—I returned from picket last night in a beating snow storm, and reached my camp half frozen. My men, God bless the brave fellows, came in with a cheer, and not a murmur was heard from them. The snow this morning was four inches deep, and to-night it is bitter cold. Yet, we are all cheerful, and the health of the troops is good. For this we thank God.

December 8.—We have had two nights of intense cold. The

snow lies on the ground unmelted, and what is worse, the commissary department has failed to furnish any rations for two days, except some flour. The river is frozen over here, and in two days more the Yankees will not need pontoon bridges.

December 10.—I do not now anticipate a battle at this place, at least for some time. Do not be uneasy about my being "rash." The bubble reputation cannot drag me into folly. God helping me, I will do my duty when called upon, trusting the consequences to Him. I go on picket again to-morrow, and hence cannot write regularly.

Three days later the attack was made. Standing behind the stone wall in the Telegraph road, General Cobb was struck by a shot fired from a gun in the yard of "Federal Hill," placed, it was said, beneath the windows of the very room in which his mother was married. The femoral artery was severed, and death soon ensued.

---

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, August 12, 1900.]

## WASHINGTON ARTILLERY HEROES.

---

### The Camp Desires to Perfect the Record of the Dead.

---

Washington Artillery Camp, No. 15, United Confederate Veterans, has resolved to keep a memorial record of all veterans of the Battalion Washington Artillery who were killed or died in service; also those who have died since the war. They desire friends to furnish the date, place of death, and age of the following comrades of the battalion:

#### FIRST COMPANY.

Harry L. Allen,  
J. H. Berthlott,  
W. H. Blunt,  
Ed. A. Cowen,  
Wm. T. Cummings,  
R. W. Davis,  
Pat. Eagan,  
Joseph Hanlan,

William Moran,  
H. N. McNair,  
W. T. Normant,  
N. Byron Phelps,  
Chs. Peychaud,  
J. G. Pierson,  
John N. Payne,  
L. Parsons,



Wm. H. Holmes,  
 Sidney Harrison,  
 J. D. P. Jones.  
 Dave C. Johnston,  
 J. S. Lehman,  
 Monroe Mount,  
 John P. Manico,

F. A. St. Amant,  
 H. W. Spencer,  
 W. T. Saul,  
 Thos. S. Turner,  
 Charles H. Waldo,  
 E. V. Wiltz.

## SECOND COMPANY.

Steve Britton,  
 John A. Coakley,  
 Hy. Carey,  
 Thos. O. Dyer,  
 C. A. Duval,  
 Geo. W. Humphreys,  
 Lieut. Sam Haines,  
 J. L. Hock,  
 Oscar Jewell,

R. C. Lewis,  
 Louis Miller,  
 Wm. Mills,  
 John R. McGowan,  
 Geo. G. Strawbridge,  
 C. Carter Twitchell,  
 Robt. Urquhart, Jr.,  
 Philip Von Coln,  
 T. H. H. Walker.

## THIRD COMPANY.

J. D. Blanchard,  
 M. Napier Bartlett,  
 Thomas Ballentine,  
 Robert Bruce,  
 George Bernard,  
 M. Burke,  
 Richard Bryant,  
 Michael B. Cantrell,  
 J. H. Colles,  
 John W. Dempsey,  
     artificer;  
 Gen. Jas. Dearing,

A. E. Grimmer,  
 Stringer Kennedy,  
 R. H. Kitchen,  
 George H. Meek,  
 C. B. Marmillon,  
 P. W. Pettis, serg't;  
 James W. Price,  
 Wm. H. Pinckard,  
 Frank Shaw,  
 Wm. S. Toledano,  
 Ralf Turnell,  
 Jake White<sup>d</sup>,

F. P. Foucher.

## FOURTH COMPANY.

Lieut. H. A. Battles,  
 Steve Burke,  
 C. C. Bier,  
 Jos. W. Burke,  
 Dennis J. Cronan,

James W. Dearie,  
 Sgt. John S. Fish,  
 Sgt. Sylv. T. Haile,  
 Jos. W. Lescene,  
 Albert Norcourt,

L. P. Callahan,  
    artificer;  
Thos. H. Cummings,  
William Cary,

A. Soniat,  
A. T. Vass,  
Geo. W. Wood,  
Geo. W. Wilkinson.

**FIFTH COMPANY.**

A. Arroyo,  
Thomas C. Allen,  
James Adams,  
Alfred Bellanger,  
Jas. M. Browning,  
Jesse A. Bryan,  
J. J. Boudreaux,  
Philip Capon,  
N. Commander,  
Paul Conrad,  
P. Clere,  
John Dooley,  
S. H. Davis,  
P. W. Engman,  
P. H. Flood,  
E. C. Feinour,  
Hy. Ferand,  
James F. Giffin,  
George Giles,  
R. C. Giffin,  
Robert Gibson,  
Octave Hopkins,

Curtis Holmes,  
Chas. M. Harvey,  
L. M. Kennett,  
Minor Kenner,  
Hy. Lackie,  
Hy. I. Mather,  
John Metzler,  
D. C. Miller,  
Adolph Rost,  
D. A. Rice,  
Ed. Ruffier,  
Warren Stone, Jr.,  
J. Slaymaker,  
M. Sheredan,  
John B. Sebastian,  
Richard B. Salter,  
William Steven,  
E. K. Tesdale,  
Hiram Tomlin,  
Chas. W. Witham,  
Tim White,  
C. S. Wing.

Captain Louis A. Adam, Washington Artillery Camp, No. 15,  
United Confederate Veterans, post-office box 375, New Orleans,  
La., has charge of the memorial.

---

**A CONFEDERATE AIRSHIP.**

---

**The Artis Avis Which was to Destroy Grant's Army.**

---

A few days ago a person who had been reading an account of an experimental trip of Count Zeppelin's airship remarked that in a few more years people will travel in the air instead of on the solid earth.

Iron and steel rails will lose their value, because railroads will go out of use. The new mode of travel will be more pleasant, for there will be no dust, and, by rising higher, as necessity may require, the happy traveller may keep cool.

Travelling in the air by means of balloons is not of very remote date. The first successful experiments in this line were made in France, about 1783, when the balloon sailed across the Seine and a part of Paris, remaining in the air twenty-five minutes. A balloon was used for military observation at the battle of Fleurus, fought in 1794.

A great deal concerning ærostation can be found in books and newspapers, but there is one experiment that seems to have escaped the notice of the curious.

In the winter of 1864-'65, General Robert E. Lee and his army were defending Petersburg, Va. The troops were stretched out along the lines perhaps at the rate of one to every one hundred yards.

McGowan's Brigade held the works not far from battery forty-five (or the Star Fort), and near where the great dam was built. One cold, raw day the brigade was called out, without arms, to hear a speech from a scientific personage, who was introduced as "Professor" Blank. The old soldiers crowded around and took their seats on the ground and he unfolded his scheme for demoralizing and driving away Grant's army. He had just invented an airship.

In shape it was something like a bird, and for that reason he had called it "Artis Avis," or, "The Bird of Art," which was the meaning of the two Latin words. The frame was made of hoop-iron and wire. It was covered with white-oak splints. It was to be run by a one-horse-power engine, and one man to each bird would be sufficient. The engine was to be in the body of the bird and to furnish power for keeping the wings in motion. A small door at the shoulder was opened or closed to control the direction of the Bird of Art. A door under the throat was opened when it was desirable to descend and a door on top of the neck when the operator wished to go higher. There was machinery by which the tail could be spread out or closed. In the body of the bird there was room for a number of shells, and the operator, by touching a spring with his foot, could drop them upon the enemy from a safe distance.

The "Professor" said that he had completed one bird and made a test of its speed and how it would work. He tied it to a flat-car, which was coupled to a fast engine. It was attached to the flat-car

with a long, strong rope. The word was given, and the railroad engine started off at great speed. The Bird of Art did the same, and had no trouble in keeping up with the iron horse without pulling on the rope.

The "Professor" concluded his remarks by saying he needed a little more money to make birds enough to destroy Grant's army, and asked the old soldiers to contribute one dollar each to the cause. Many of them did, and the "Professor" moved on and disappeared.

No doubt many of the survivors have forgotten this incident, but not long ago the writer met John W. Butler, a commercial traveller, who belonged to the 14th South Carolina Volunteers, and asked him:

"Did you ever hear of the Artis Avis?"

He replied: "I certainly have heard of it, for I gave a dollar to it."

—*Charleston News and Courier.*

---

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, February 3, 1901.]

## **SOME NOTES OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES NAVY.**

---

### **Unofficial Letter from Lieutenant Minor.**

---

#### **THE TREACHERY OF A CANADIAN.**

---

#### **He Weakened and Betrayed the Cause.**

---

NAVAL ORDNANCE WORKS,  
Richmond, Va., March 23, 1864.

My Dear Sir: \* \* \* There is but little navy news afloat. Captain Page was selected, I hear, by the President to command all the heavy batteries at Mobile. You know that he has been made a Brigadier-General, I suppose. S. S. Lee gives up Drewry's Bluff to Major Territt, of the Marines, and takes Page's place at Charlotte. I hear he does not fancy it much. The sailors from the bluff will man the iron-clad *Fredericksburg*, commanded by Frank Sheperd. She is now fitting out at Rocketts. Wood will probably see service in her, with other vessels under his command. His last af-

fair at New Berne was the feature in the attack, and though not attended with all the results he had cause to expect, still it was a gallant act, well planned and boldly executed. He is surely one of our rising men, and I say Godspeed to him. "Dave" made an attempt on the *Minnesota* not long since with his torpedo, but failed, though it was not his fault. Webb, Read, Alexander Gassell, and some of our other fellows are looked for by the next flag of truce. They have had a hard time of it, and I hear that Gassell was at first rather harshly treated. You know that he has been made a commander, and deservedly so, I say. John Wilkinson has charge of the blockade runners at Wilmington. Lynch and Whiting, you know, had a blow up there, and I hear that the President had them both here for awhile. Bad boys, to be growling in school! Ben Loyall commands the ironclad *Neuse*, of two 6.4s, at Kingston, N. C. Cooke has the *Albemarle*, a similar vessel, at Halifax, N. C. No one has yet been ordered to the *Virginia* here. She will soon be ready for her officers and is perhaps the best and most reliable ironclad in the service. If you were not on more important duty, I am inclined to believe that you would have command of her. Captain Matthew Maury writes to me, under date of January 21st, that we have nothing to look for from England that money can't buy. His letter is rather gloomy in its tone. Charley Morris has the *Florida*, Barney being sick. William L. Maury had asked to be relieved from the *Georgia* on the score of ill health. Bulloch is still doing good service in England and France. Bob Carter lately brought the navy steamer *Coquette* into Wilmington with a cargo composed of two fine marine engines, etc. He goes out in her again to Bermuda. Maffit commands the blockade (runner) *Florrie*, but I see by a late Northern paper that he had to put into Halifax, N. S., for repairs. Murdaugh at last accounts was in Paris.

Speaking of Halifax reminds me of our late expedition, which, I suppose you have heard, failed through the treachery of a Canadian who was in our secret. We worked hard and had victory, and such a victory, almost in our grasp when the chicken-hearted fellow, alarmed at the ultimate bearing which our success would have on his individual fortunes and fearing to lose his high position, with exile and perhaps a long imprisonment, informed on us, and just as we were about to embark for Johnson's Island to board the *Michigan* and under her guns to compel a surrender of the garrison, with afterthoughts of a short but very brilliant cruise on the lake, the storm burst over us, and with Yankees and John Bull both on the lookout

for us, our raid was over, and our poor fellows still hard and fast in the bay of Sandusky!

Van Zandt is here, en route for Selma. Where we are to get officers for the ironclads is beyond my ken. Tidball says we will have to organize the Provisional Navy, but this will hardly officer the ships. There is no talk of promotion, and very few officers seem either to think of or care for it. All hands seem to look forward to an early peace (though I can hardly see a glimmer of it) for the creation of a Navy, forgetting that war is the time to create a love for the service which will make it popular in peace, and I begin to fear that our opportunity has passed and unimproved, though I hope not, for we have the elements of a splendid Navy in the Confederacy, and it only requires zeal, pluck, and dash to bring it to the surface.

\* \* \* \* \*

Very truly yours,

R. D. MINOR.

Commander Catesby ap R. Jones.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, February 3, 1901.]

## THE SHARPSHOOTERS OF MAHONE'S OLD BRIGADE AT THE CRATER.

WELDON, N. C., January 30, 1901.

*To the Editor of the Dispatch:*

Referring to your editorial of the 29th with reference to the Battle of the Crater, etc., I would say the battalion of sharpshooters was made from a "detail" from all regiments of Mahone's (old) brigade—or D. A. Weisiger's brigade—and was as strong, numerically, as any regiment in the brigade.

The evening before the Battle of the Crater the Sixth Virginia Regiment relieved the sharpshooters, and the sharpshooters filled the gap at Wilcox Farm vacated by the Sixth Virginia Regiment. Next morning—or the day of the Battle of the Crater—we were rushed from Wilcox's Farm and took position in front of the Crater, in brigade reverse form—that is to say, the Twelfth Virginia Regiment took the ground nearest shore, and the brigade was filed

in until the sharpshooters occupied the extreme right of the brigade—when, in natural order, the Twelfth Virginia should have gone head foremost, and should have been on the extreme right. As it was, the sharpshooters were on the extreme right of the Sixteenth Virginia Regiment. I was the sergeant-major, and was next to the sharpshooters. We had no order to charge that I ever heard; but, seeing a column of negro soldiers being pushed over the breast-works and lodged in a ditch, we, one and all, said that if we did not go now we would all fall later, and we started in zig-zag shape. Soon all minor officers said forward, and we rushed up to the Crater. We were not long enough to cover the whole ground, but the sharpshooters lodged half-way around the Crater, and the Sixteenth Virginia was next on their left. As sergeant-major of the Sixteenth Virginia Regiment, I counted and reported ninety-six men in line, and when the battle was over we had forty-eight men. Captain Wallace Broadbent, Company E, Sixteenth Virginia Regiment (Sussex Rifles), Mahone's old brigade, was commander of the battalion of sharpshooters. He was killed by twelve or fifteen bayonet wounds through his body at the Battle of the Crater, and a more loveable man never lived. Ten days before this battle Captain Broadbent asked the writer to resign his place as sergeant-major of the Sixteenth Virginia Regiment and become adjutant of his battalion. This was under consideration when he went into the Battle of the Crater. The Sixteenth Virginia Regiment captured eleven flags, and the writer took from the body of a dead Federal officer a very handsome sword and gave it to General Mahone. The General had come into the trenches, and seemed to be about the happiest man I ever saw, for all things were going his way splendid. Handsome Wallace Broadbent, of Sussex county, Va., was commander of General Mahone's battalion of sharpshooters, and was killed by bayonet wounds at the Battle of the Crater. I feel sure I am right, and hope some Sussex old boy will help me out.

I have never heard of the escape of any member of the sharpshooters unhurt before. It was common property that all of them were killed or wounded. It was a bad day to get off unhurt, or out sound and well, for human blood was half-shoe deep in the trenches.

W. R. S.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, June 12, 1900.]

## THE PHI GAMMA IN WAR.

---

### A Federal Officer Speaks of Incidents of Great Struggle.

---

#### DENUNCIATION OF GENERAL SHAW.

---

#### The Speaker Condemns the Utterances of the G. A. R. Man at Atlanta—Instances of Restoration of Good Will and Fraternity.

---

A Virginia reader of the *Dispatch*, who heard Colonel James M. Wells, of Toledo, O., deliver an address at the fifty-second annual convention of the Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity at Niagara Falls, July 28th, was so pleased with the sentiments of the former Union soldier that he secured the manuscript and sent to the *Dispatch* for publication.

The address will be read with interest by the thousands of Phi Gams. of the South. It will be especially interesting to Confederate veterans, in view of Colonel Wells's denunciation of General Albert D. Shaw, of the Grand Army of the Republic, for his recent attack on the Southern soldier in a speech at Atlanta. Colonel Wells, by the way, fought under Sherman, and placed the first Federal flag on the City Hall in Atlanta when that place was captured.

Colonel Wells's speech was in response to the toast, "The Phi Gam. in War." He said:

On July 21, 1861, at Bull Run, Va., while the battle raged, a Federal soldier lay in the burning sun, sorely wounded, thirsty, faint from loss of blood, racked with pain, and almost famished. His regiment had moved to the right, and he was alone.

Out of the woods near by stepped a stalwart Confederate, with blood on his face and a handkerchief bound about his head. He approached the wounded Federal, stooped over him, and said: "Hello! Yank; be you wounded, be you much hurt?" The Yank, rousing himself from his drowsiness and stupor, looked up into the bronzed and kindly face above him and said: "Water." "For suah!" said the Confederate, and water came to the lips of the Federal, and he drank, and drank, and drank, while his head lay upon the arm of the Confederate. As he ceased drinking, the Confederate said: "Drink more, Yank, you need it." "No, thanks, sir,"



said the Federal, "I'm full and sleepy," and he slept, his head resting on the kindly arm of the Confederate, his dream of home, his safety assured—yea, thrice assured—for above him and beneath him were the face and the arm of a brave and generous and gallant foe. He waked and found himself beneath the branches of a giant tree, whither the Confederate had borne him, his head resting in the lap of his foe; his face fanned by that foeman's hat. He looked up and smiled, and received a pitying, kindly smile in return, accompanied by more water.

On the breast of the Federal was the pin of a Phi Gam. Touching the pin tenderly with his finger, the Confederate said; "Phi Gam?" The Federal answered with glad eyes: "Yes, Phi Gam." Grasping the hand of the Federal in warm embrace, the Confederate said, as his glad glance met the glad glance of his foe: "I am a Phi Gam, too." With their hands clasped, the palm of each in the palm of the other, forgetful of the battle which had brought to both of them wounds and pain, they talked confidently and lovingly of the ties of Phi Gam. Rising, the Confederate placed beneath the Federal's head a carefully-folded blanket, gave him another drink of water from his own canteen, placed a well-filled canteen of water within easy reach of him, looked wistfully and lovingly into his pallid face, touched the pin, pressed his hands again, said: "God be with you, Phi Gam," turned away, and disappeared.

Thirty-nine years have passed since that meeting and that parting. Somewhere they—Federal and Confederate—will surely meet again.

---

During the battle of Chantilly, Va., fought on September 1, 1862, amid thunder and lightning and pouring rain, at sore cost of life to both North and South (the gallant Phil Kearney died there), a Federal passing from the right to the left of his line hit his foot against the body of a wounded Confederate, who lay in the mud, moaning with pain. "Give me water, please," said the Confederate, "I am wounded through the chest and must die." The Federal knelt at the side of the wounded soldier, lifted his head upon his hand and arm, put a canteen of fresh water to his lips and bade him drink. He drained the canteen of its contents, and said: "I thank you, sir; God bless you, Yank," and continued to moan.

Soon he spoke again and said: "This rain is very severe, and I have nothing to cover me." The Federal, deeply touched, instantly took his own gum-blanket from his shoulders, spread it over the face and body of the Confederate, sat down beside him, and held it

there in place. It was nearly morning. Darkness was struggling with dawn for mastery. The battle had ceased. The Confederate moaned and talked to "mother," and "father," and "little sister," and "dear old mammy."

In his delirium he repeated the line of Horace: "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." "When did you read Horace?" asked the Federal. Rising to a sitting posture, he answered: "When I was first a Phi Gam." "I am a Phi Gam," said the Federal, with choking voice. Reaching his trembling hand up to the face of the Federal, the dying soldier tenderly stroked it for a moment, and then fell back, while his soul went up to God. The rays of the early morning sun of September 2, 1862, caressing the manful, white face of that dead Confederate, clothed it with beauty not easy to describe. Wrapping the dead soldier in the gum-blanket, which had protected him, the Federal scooped out a grave, kissed the forehead and the hair of his brother Phi Gam, lowered his body into the grave, and tenderly covered it with the soil of Virginia.

On November 24, 1863, as Hooker's men charged and captured Lookout Mountain, with its beetling crags, the right of the charging line passed over many wounded men lying on the rocky mountain side. One of these, a fair-haired, blue-eyed Confederate, looking up into the face of a Federal officer charging by him, said: "Please, sir, my left leg is shot and broken, and I need some water. I am so thirsty, sir; can you give me some water?" The Federal tore his canteen from his side, handed it to the Confederate, said to him, "Drink, Johnnie, drink," at the same time putting a knapsack beneath the Confederate's head, and moved on with his men.

Immediately after the mountain had been captured, the Federal went back to the wounded Confederate, found him sleeping, gently wakened him and gave him another canteen of water, which he eagerly and quickly drank, lifted him in his arms, bore him down the side of the mountain, and laid him on the bank of Lookout creek, at the foot of the mountain. Calling his brigade surgeon to him, he earnestly requested him to care for, and immediately treat the wounded Confederate. This the surgeon did. He frankly told the Confederate that his leg must come off. Looking up into the Federal officer's face, he said, with tears running down his cheeks, "Must I lose my leg, sir? It is hard; very hard, to lose my leg." The Federal, with choked utterance, could only say, "Yes." The surgeon's lantern (it was evening and somewhat dark) was just then

turned toward the Federal, and the rays fell upon a Phi Gamma pin fastened to the breast of his coat.

With a glad cry the Confederate placed his hand upon the pin and said: "And you are a Phi Gam! My father, dead now, was a Phi Gam. I am a Phi Gam. How fortunate!" More fortunate, indeed, than he knew. Turning to the surgeon, whose flushed and sympathetic face betrayed his interest in the scene, the Federal said: "Doctor, this is my brother; as you value my friendship, deal gently and uprightly with him. Give him your best attention, your best skill." "He shall be carefully treated and carefully nursed," answered the surgeon. Turning to the wounded soldier, then resting in his lap, the Federal pressed his hand, bade him be patient and cheerful, commended him again to the surgeon, and said "Good-bye, Phi Gam.," left him, and returned to his men.

In January, 1895, this same Federal officer stood in the railroad station at Chattanooga, Tenn., and was explaining to a large number of Confederate veterans how Lookout Mountain was won. As he talked, one-legged, grizzled Confederate edged up to his side and gazed into his face wistfully, eagerly and with emotion so strongly portrayed in his face and his movements as to rivet the attention of all present. When the Federal had ended his explanation the Confederate, dropping his crutches, placed his hands on the shoulders of the Federal and said: "I believe I know you, sir. I know your face and your voice. God grant that I am not mistaken, sir. As your forces charged along the side of Lookout, a Federal officer gave a wounded Confederate a canteen of water, told him to drink, put a knapsack under his head, and then rushed on with his men. That evening he came back to the wounded Confederate, found him asleep, woke him up, carried him down the mountain side, laid him on the bank of Lookout creek, called a surgeon, pledged him to care for and treat the Confederate, and then went back to his men. Do you know anything about that officer, sir?" Hope and the dread of possible disappointment in his quest made his tones and words touchingly pathetic.

Trembling with emotion he could not conceal the Federal said: "I am that Federal, and you —" He could get no further. "I am that Confederate, sir," said the man, and winding his arm about the Federal, he kissed him and wept. The Federal wept with him, and the gray-haired Confederate veterans near, wept also. Gathering about the two, they joined their hands and arms, formed a mighty shield of loyal and loving hearts and sang:

“Long may our land be bright,  
With freedom's holy light  
Great God, our King.”

These grizzled veterans of the “Gray” and the “Blue” stood and sat and chatted of the old days, and sang till the light of morning warned them of the fleeting hours. Then, standing close together, shoulder to shoulder, in a ring, surrounding the Federal, the Confederates and the Federal sang, “Should auld acquaintance be forgot,” shook hands in loving friendship, and went their different ways.

---

These, my brothers, are some of the sacred memories of a “Phi Gam in War.” Very many scenes like these graced and glorified Southern battlefields during the great war. Such was the spirit that moved and controlled the men, Federals and Confederates alike, who stood on the fighting line and did their duty there. Such was the spirit that animated them as they assembled at Appomattox, Va., April 9, 1865, the veterans of the North silent, expectant, glad in the assured hope that peace was near, gazing with sympathy and profound respect upon their foes—the veterans of the South, in torn and ragged battalions, stacking and surrendering their arms, forever folding their battle torn colors, and turning, proud and self-reliant, toward their homes, there to take up the struggle for bread.

Such has been the spirit—generous, manly, considerate—that has marked the behavior of the worthy veterans of the “Blue” and the “Gray” toward each other since the war, and has made and kept them friends, steadfast and sincere. Silenced and detested be the tongue that utters one word to weaken or mar this friendship. Born of mutual respect and esteem begun on the battle-field, it has stood the test of years, growing more loving all the time. It is the cement that binds together the granite blocks of our governmental power. It is the hope of this republic. Touch it not.

I protest that the words of Albert D. Shaw, at Atlanta, Ga., July 20, 1900, in referring to the sentiment and belief taught in the South, were uncalled for and unwise. Strange indeed must that man be, who, having espoused a cause, having honestly defended it and bravely fought for it for four years, turns about and says that his cause was wrong. Stranger still, detestable must that Confederate be, who, surrounded by the graves of his comrades who fought and died at his side for that same cause, turns about and says: “The cause

for which they died was wrong." The sons and daughters of the South rejoice with us to-day that slavery has been swept forever from American soil, that the American Union was saved, and made forever secure. They reverence, as they should, the memory of their heroes, "who died hopelessly but unfearing in defeat;" and to ask them to turn any away from that memory is to ask them "to sacrifice that without which no people can be steadfast or great." Only the inconsiderate and the craven ask the sacrifice.

---

### **MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS.**

---

#### **Visit by Ex-Congressman Curtis to Confederate President's Widow.**

---

General N. M. Curtis, of Ogdensburg, was a guest of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, on Monday.—*Canton Plain Dealer.*

When shown the above item and asked to give something for publication regarding his visit, General Curtis said:

"Yes, I was in Canton on Monday, and had the pleasure of calling on Mrs. Jefferson Davis. She is a most interesting woman, and one who has kept well informed upon all public matters for the last half century, both relating to our own and foreign countries, and she takes the liveliest interest in stirring events of the present as well as those of the past. It was the first time I had had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Davis, although I had for many years known some of her intimate friends.

"I have been interested in Mississippi since 1850, when my brother, Andrew Jackson Curtis, settled in Vicksburg, where he lived until failing health compelled him to return to St. Lawrence county, where he died in July, 1858. He was a personal friend of Mrs. Davis, and among my brother's papers were several letters from him relating to political affairs in Mississippi.

"On my entering Richmond, April 12, 1865, I became a guest of James H. Grant, whose house adjoined the Davis mansion, and Mrs. Grant was one of Mrs. Davis' intimate friends. At that time Mrs. Grant related to Mrs. Curtis and myself many incidents of

Mrs. Davis' kindness to the soldiers and afflicted people of Richmond.

"I came to know at the close of the war many Mississippians, every one of whom I have been able to count my friend. In my congressional service I was fortunate in having the support of the Mississippi delegation, as I did generally those of the South for every measure I introduced, and I was glad to assure Mrs. Davis of my appreciation of the action of her friends, which aided me in the passage of many measures calculated to promote the interests of my district.

"I was also glad of the opportunity to tell her how much she has, by her influence and power, contributed, through her acquaintance in the North, as well as the South, to bring about the harmonious relations which now happily exist among the people of all sections of the country. The St. Lawrence University, and the people of Canton, in June, 1899, testified in a most impressive manner their liberality and generous sentiments toward the people of the South in conferring upon Colonel Lamb, one of her most active and distinguished soldiers and civilians, the honorary degree of LL. D. During the vacation season that Mrs. Davis may spend in Canton she will be enabled to contribute much in creating and extending those feelings of good citizenship which grow out of friendly association.

"Those of our people who meet Mrs. Davis will carry away the most agreeable impressions of an interview with a highly-cultured and refined woman, who has passed through the most important and interesting half century of our country's existence, and who speaks interestingly of every public event, and leaves the impression that after more than seventy years of acquaintance with public characters of this and European countries, she is in full possession of all those qualities which dignify her sex, and feels the keenest interest in every measure relating to the public welfare of the country, which is to her, as to them, the best and most beloved.

"I have replied to your inquiry, with many misgivings regarding the propriety of answering the request lest I might trespass upon the private rights of one who, however conspicuous her position in public life has been, has for years avoided the public gaze and modestly devoted herself to the task of brightening and cheering the lives of those who suffered on either side in the great national conflict. It would not become me to enter upon any details of those personal qualities which distinguish her in private circles and cause her to be

so much sought and admired by the young. Those who possess an intimate acquaintance with this kind woman are most fortunate."

Mrs. Davis's home is still in Mississippi, although she spends much time in New York city. She is a warm personal friend of the family of Justice Leslie W. Russell, in Canton. Miss Winnie Davis made her last visit before the fatal trip to Atlanta at the house of Judge Russell, she being a close friend of Mr. and Mrs. Hartridge. She stood as godmother to Mrs. Hartridge's child, Harriet.—*Ogdenburg (N. Y.) Journal*.

---

### WHAT IS A CONFEDERATE VETERAN?

---

The definition of a Confederate veteran has been very concisely and beautifully given by Judge Robert L. Rodgers, the gifted historian of the C. V. A., of Fulton county, Ga., as follows:

"In taking an account of ourselves as Confederate veterans we need not speculate about the facts before the war. A Confederate veteran was not a fact before the war. We frequently hear of things which existed 'before the war.'

"Some people were rich before the war. Some people were slaves before the war. Some men were born and lived before the war who are living yet. There were governors, senators, judges, and 'militia majors,' but never was a 'Confederate veteran' before the war.

"A Confederate veteran is to-day a unique figure in life, and will ever be unique in history.

"Unique? Yes, sir, that is the single word which may define him, signifying incomparable, alone!

"Nothing else, and nobody else, on earth to-day like a Confederate veteran. He is an evolution of a revolution—a relic of the 'Lost Cause.'

"In the sorrows and ruins of his defeat he stands like Napoleon, grand, gloomy, and peculiar, though the veteran is not by any means a fossil.

"A Confederate veteran to-day is a living and active factor in public events. Coming as a result or product of the war, he is grand

in his heroic courage, gloomy in defeat and wreck of fortune, and peculiar in being solitary in his own generation. Having no predecessor of his kind, he likewise can have no successor.

“‘A Confederate veteran’ is a rank and position of distinction. It is an honor which no power on earth can take away.

“Confederate veterans are one by one passing away, and as each goes out we gather at the bier to give a final farewell, to drop a tear as we listen to the dull thud of the clods upon his coffin, and are reminded of the fact that we are one less in our numbers.

“Fewer and fewer they become as we leave them in their graves, and we feel sad to contemplate that soon the last one must go from earth, and then there can never be another ‘Confederate veteran.’

“The last one must be the last of the kind. Holding firmly and conscientiously, as we do yet, to the correctness of the principles for which we fought, in our great defeat there must ever be with us a shadow of that heavy sorrow which ‘never flitting, still is sitting,’ in our households; but we may take such consolation in our ‘Lost Cause’ as we may find in praising the valor and cherishing the memories of those who died to make it otherwise, and realizing the consciousness in those who yet live of having done their duty as well and as fully as they could.

“Giving honor to whom honor is due, too much praise cannot be given to our braves who died in the din of battle, yielding up dear life as a holy sacrifice to the principles of freedom for which they contended, and in which they honestly and conscientiously believed they were right.

“Aye, indeed they were right! It was the right they dared to defend and maintain, and for which they died willingly with an approving conscience, sealed with their blood, and sanctioned in high heaven.

“O! if there be on this earthly sphere  
A boon, an offering heaven holds dear,  
’Tis the last libation Libery draws  
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause.”



**GEN. P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.****His Comprehensive and Aggressive Strategy.****DREWRY'S BLUFF AND PETERSBURG.**

**An Address of Gen JOHNSON HAGOOD at the Beauregard Memorial Meeting at Charleston, S. C., December 1, 1894.**

Following is the admirable address of General Johnson Hagood at the great Beauregard memorial meeting in Charleston, S. C., December 1, 1894. It is a graphic story of three engagements, or rather series of engagements, in the defence of Richmond. South Carolinians had a leading place in the picture, as their brigade commander and General Beauregard attest:

The winter of 1863-'64, with its comparative quiet, had closed, and the Federals and Confederates were concentrating and marshalling their forces for a more vigorous and decisive campaign than had yet marked the history of the war. Virginia and Tennessee were respectively in the East and West, the theatres upon which the opposing banners were unfurled, and it was evident that around these two centres would be collected in hostile array all the strength that either party possessed.

Gilmore, with the bulk of his army, had early in April been transferred from South Carolina to Virginia. Beauregard had been assigned to the department of North Carolina and Southern Virginia—a territorial command which was made to extend from Wilmington to Richmond. Of the infantry under his command at Charleston, Wise's and Walker's Brigades followed him; soon after Hagood's Brigade, and a week later Colquitt's. Hagood's Brigade was concentrated at Wilmington by the 4th of May, whence it was directed to report by letter to General Beauregard's headquarters, at Weldon. On the 5th of May it received orders to proceed by rail to Petersburg.

Some reference to the general strategy of the Virginia campaign is here necessary. Grant, made commander-in-chief of all the armies of the United States a few months before, had made his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac, numbering 140,000 men, and lying behind the Rapidan, sixty miles north of the Confederate

capital. It was confronted by the Army of Northern Virginia, under Lee, numbering about 52,000 men of all arms.

The city of Richmond was Grant's objective, and he proposed to move upon it by the direct overland route, while Butler, moving from Fortress Monroe up the James, was to secure a point at its junction with the Appomattox from which to operate on the southern communications of Richmond. There was also to be made from the Valley of Virginia a co-operative move against the western communications of Richmond, while in Tennessee and elsewhere in the West, a heavy and continuous aggressive move was to be taken in order to keep reinforcements from Lee. The movement from Fortress Monroe was, however, the most important and immediately threatening diversion in the programme of the Virginia campaign, and, with something over thirty thousand men and a large naval armament, was entrusted to General B. F. Butler.

On the 4th of May Grant crossed the Rapidan and commenced his overland march. On the same day Butler commenced ascending the James. On the night of the 5th he debarked at Bermuda Hundred, the peninsula made by the confluence of the James and the Appomattox. Richmond and Petersburg are some twenty miles apart, and the point of Butler's debarkation was within three miles of the railroad and of the turnpike parallel to it, which were the direct communications between the two cities.

General Beauregard's troops in the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida were much scattered over his extensive department, pending the development of the enemy's designs. The largest portion were under General Hoke, who had been dispatched upon certain offensive operations in Eastern North Carolina, devised by the authorities at Richmond prior to General Beauregard's assignment to command. Very few troops, other than local militia of an inferior military character, were under General Pickett, commanding at Petersburg. A division of some five thousand troops under General Robert Ransom was at Richmond, beyond the James, but not under General Beauregard's orders. It was to meet and delay Butler's assumed advance upon Petersburg, that Beauregard, still at Weldon, in North Carolina, pushed forward Hagood's brigade, which, from its locality, had railroad transportation, while he got the remainder of his force in hand, and drew reinforcements from points further South. The immediate danger to Richmond, apart from that to which Petersburg was subjected, aroused the apprehensions of the War Department to such an extent that Hagood's brigade was ordered by it to

push straight through to Richmond, and not to stop on the way. General Beauregard, by telegraph, insisted upon, and succeeded in having this order revoked. Results showed he had correctly assumed the purpose of General Butler.

#### HOW HAGOOD SAVED PETERSBURG.

The leading detachment of Hagood's Brigade, under Colonel Graham, consisting of his own regiment (21st South Carolina), and a part of the 25th South Carolina, under Major Glover, in all some 600 men arriving at Petersburg, was sent forward towards General Butler by General Pickett, and at Walthall Junction, on the evening of the 6th of May, encountered and repelled the brigade of Heckman, supported by artillery, which had been sent by Butler against the railroad at that point. Graham's loss was two killed and thirty-one wounded; the Federal loss, nine killed and sixty-one wounded.

During the night General Hagood reached Graham with the 29th regiment and the remainder of the 21st regiment; at daylight Colonel Gaillard with the 27th regiment of the brigade, arrived, raising his command to 1,500 men. General Bushrod Johnson, at Drewry's Bluff, a few miles beyond, hearing Graham's firing, had marched to his aid also, and arrived during the night, with his brigade of 1,168 Tennesseans.

On the morning of the 7th General Butler sent forward against the Confederate advance at Walthall a division under General Brooks, of five brigades, with the usual proportion of artillery, and supported by cavalry. The action that ensued was open-field fighting and severely contested. Hagood's command of 1,500 men lost: 22 killed; 132 wounded, and 13 missing; Bushrod Johnson's loss was slight—7 men wounded from shell fire. Before dark the enemy withdrew to their now fortified base at Bermuda Hundred, and the Confederates slept upon the field. Of the affair at Walthall General Beauregard subsequently was pleased to say: "Succeeding in having the order for General Hagood to be pushed on to Richmond without an instant's delay rescinded, he was thus enabled to baffle General Butler's forces on May 6th and 7th, in their assault upon the Richmond railroad above Petersburg. General Bushrod Johnson, who had hurried from Drewry's Bluff to take part in this action, was of material assistance, although, from the point he occupied with his troops, his services were less conspicuous.

"Petersburg would inevitably have fallen into the hands of the

enemy had not General Hagood been halted there at that most opportune hour. \* \* \* He and his command were justly looked upon as the saviors of Petersburg upon that occasion."

But the crisis had not yet passed. It was for three days yet in the power of General Butler, by a determined advance, to brush the handful of Confederates from his path and march into Petersburg. His strength and position were now, however, fully developed by the Confederates, and before day on the morning of the 8th, General Pickett, at Petersburg, ordered the force at Walthall Junction to withdraw into the Northern lines, on the south side of Swift Creek, nearer to the city.

An advance party of Hagood's Brigade held the field at Walthall until the morning of the 9th, when Butler again advanced, but now with his whole army. By midday he had it in position before the Swift Creek line. These were ordinary breastworks, and were now held by the brigades of Bushrod Johnson, some 1,100 strong, Hagood, reinforced by the arrival of his remaining regiments, to 2,400 officers and men, and Colonel McCanthen's 51st North Carolina Regiment, unattached, probably less than 500 strong, making in all something like 4,000 infantry. There were eighteen pieces of field artillery, being the batteries of Owens, Payne, Hancken and Marten. Twenty-two men of Johnson's Brigade were detailed to work, under Captain Marten, the heavy guns of Fort Clifton, situated near the debouchment of Swift creek into the Appomattox, and controlling the navigation of that river.

#### BUTLER'S TWO BLUNDERS.

Upon the deployment of Butler's army in front of the Swift Creek line, a rapid artillery engagement ensued, together with severe infantry skirmishing, the latter continuing well into the night. Co-incident with his advance, five gunboats attacked Fort Clifton, and after three hours' fighting, retired, with the loss of one of their number. With this ended the opportunity at this time of taking Petersburg by a *coup de main*. The next day Beauregard had arrived with sufficient troops from the southward to make it safe from assault.

On the 10th all was quiet along the Swift Creek front, but General Ransom, with Barton's and Gracie's brigades, and perhaps some other troops from the Richmond garrison, assailed Butler's rear, near Chester Station, with some, but not decisive, success. It is

said that Butler had intended to cross Swift Creek on the 10th, and make a determined effort at the capture of Petersburg, but deceived by tidings from Washington, received on the night of the 9th, that Lee was in full retreat before Grant, he determined to turn north and assist in the capture of Richmond. Instead, however, of pressing at once upon the latter place, with its meagre garrison, on the evening of the 10th, he withdrew aside into his entrenchments at Bermuda Hundred, leaving the road open for the transfer by the shortest route of the bulk of the troops now at Petersburg into the southern defences of the Confederate capital at Drewry's Bluff, and did not move upon the latter place until two days later, Beauregard, himself remaining at Petersburg for the further organization of his assembling force, promptly availed himself of the opportunity, and sent forward along the open pike a column under General Hoke, of six brigades of infantry, with eight batteries of artillery, in the afternoon of the 11th, which arrived and took position at Drewry's Bluff on the morning of the 12th. Soon after this force was in position at Drewry's, on the 12th, the enemy appeared, skirmishing commenced, and was maintained, with more or less vigor, during that day and the next. Towards evening of the 13th, some advantage was obtained by the Federals on our right, and Hoke withdrew before day on the 14th to our second, or interior line of defence.

#### DEWRY'S BLUFF AN ENTRENCHED CAMP.

The lines of Drewry's Bluff were in the nature of an entrenched camp. Starting at the bluff, they ran first south and then westwardly, crossing the pike and reaching the Petersburg and Richmond railroad, then bending back they returned to the river James, about a mile and a half north of the bluff. From Fort Stephens—a bastioned work on the lines east of the pike—another line of slighter profile branched off in a curve still more to the southwest, forming an advanced line, with its left running into Fort Stephens, and its right resting "in air" near the railroad. It was this last line that Hoke abandoned on the night of May 13th and 14th.

At 3 o'clock in the morning of the 14th General Beauregard arrived at Drewry's by a circuitous route from Petersburg, bringing with him two regiments—about 1,200 men—of Colquitt's Brigade, and Baker's Regiment of Cavalry. Before assuming command or seeing General Hoke, who expecting another attack from Butler, was then engaged along his lines, he met and held a conference with

Colonels Harris and Stephens, of the engineers. They acquainted him with the exact state of affairs in our front, and also gave him a succinct account of the last engagements up to the 12th, between Grant and Lee, with the then position of those armies. Instantly devising a scheme for the co-operative action of his own and General Lee's army, Beauregard dispatched Colonel Stephens to Richmond for the purpose of submitting it to Mr. Davis and asking his permission to carry it out. Mr. Davis could not be seen, but General Bragg, then occupying the position of Chief of Staff, came immediately to Drewry's for conference upon the subject, and gave the scheme his unreserved approval, while stating that he could not command its execution without first consulting the President.

#### DAVIS DISAPPROVES BEAUREGARD'S SCHEME.

Mr. Davis arrived in person at Drewry's between 8 and 9 o'clock that morning, and giving grave attention to the proposition, disapproved it. Observing that General Lee, now at Guinea Station, above Richmond, and himself, at Drewry's, below, occupied the interior line, Beauregard's plan was that General Lee should fall back upon the defence of the Capital; that 10,000 of his men should in the meantime be swiftly transferred to Drewry's, together with the 5,000 now at Richmond under Ransom; that upon the arrival of this reinforcement, raising his command to 25,000 effectives, Beauregard should at daybreak on the 15th, attack Butler on his right flank, so as to cut him off from his base at Bermuda Hundred; while General Whiting with some 4,000 men moving simultaneously from Walthall Junction, should strike Butler's right rear, and pressing him back upon the James, force a surrender. Beauregard should then, by a concerted movement, throw his victorious force across the river, and strike Grant upon his left flank, while General Lee should attack him in front. The feasibility of these movements seem to have been conceded. The moral effect upon the people of an apparent retreat by Lee, and the impairment of the prestige of his heroic troops, were considerations urged against the manœuvre. Beauregard claimed that it was better for the army to take a voluntary temporary step rearward, in order to foil the design of its adversary, as proposed, than to passively maintain the strategic defensive, and follow the movements of the enemy without making any possible headway against him.

It is generally useless to speculate upon the "might have been,"

but this suggestion of Beauregard's is noteworthy. It brings forward in strong relief the bent of his military genius—a consummate master of the engineer's defensive art, in strategy his views were comprehensive and essentially aggressive.

#### WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Again, it was a campaign similarly devised that had signally defeated McClellan before Richmond two years before. The Confederates had fallen back to the immediate defences of the city, over a greater distance without an effort at decisive resistance, and then assumed a determined offensive, aided by Jackson's wide-swinging flank movement. Jackson, to disengage himself from the enemy in his front, had harder fighting to do than Beauregard, with the reinforcements asked for, would have needed to dispose of Butler; and then had to encounter more of the contingencies which in military affairs attend time and distance, before he could place himself in position for the supreme co-operative effort. With Grant along the Chickahominy, but a few hours were needed for Beauregard, moving from Drewry's to be in actual conflict upon his flank. More than twenty years afterwards a distinguished military critic, General Wolseley, of the British army, in a study of the Virginia campaign of 1864, said of Beauregard's proposal: "As far as one can judge, it was then the scheme most likely to give a brilliant result. \* \* If vigorously carried out, there does not seem any reason to doubt that it would have been big with great results for the Confederacy." But the President, commander in chief of all the armies on the spot and in person, had decided. It was the prerogative and responsibility of his high office.

Beauregard promptly addressed himself to the work before him with the means assigned. Ransom's Division from Richmond reached him on the evening of the 15th and at daylight on the 16th the battle was delivered.

#### BATTLE OF DREWRY'S BLUFF.

The trend of the river from the fort at the bluff, where the left of our lines rested, was for half a mile or more nearly due eastward and then southeast. Kingland creek, coming from the west, passed the fort at the bluff, probably six hundred yards to the South, and continuing its eastern course reached the river after the southward bend of the latter had been made.

Our lines were drawn directly south from the bluff to the southern bank of Kingland creek, where Fort Stephens was placed. At this point, now nearly a mile from the river, they turned westward, as previously stated, 'till the railroad was reached; then bending back, finally again rested upon the river above the bluff. The direction of the river road, the turnpike and the railroad was north and south, and in proximity to the river came as named. Proctor's creek crossed these avenues about three-fourths of a mile south of the Confederate lines. Hoke's Division, which at first constituted Beauregard's whole army, it will be remembered, occupied the southern front of our entrenched camp, from Fort Stephens westward. Directly in his front, at a distance of some four hundred yards, was the William Gregory woods, between which and the river eastward was an open plain.

Butler's efforts had been diverted to turning our right flank. His line was now unduly extended, its right resting in the eastern edge of William Gregory's woods, and overlapping Hoke's left but little. From thence to the river the open space was watched by a small force of negro cavalry. Upon the night of Ransom's arrival he was placed along Kingland Creek, outside of our entrenchments, and confronting this unguarded space on Butler's right.

#### RANSOM AND WHITING TO BLAME.

Beauregard's plan of battle was the same as indicated in his proposition to the President on the 14th. He had now, however, to execute it against Butler's 30,000 with 19,000, including Whiting's co-operative force, instead of 29,000 effectives asked, but the plan was well devised and such was the disposition of the Federal army, its substantial destruction would in all probability have followed, had not two of the Confederate division commanders failed in the parts assigned them.

Our army was organized into three divisions, right and left under Hoke and Ransom, and reserve under Brigadier-General Colquitt, while a co-operative column of 4,000 men, under Major-General Whiting, was got into position upon Butler's rear. Ransom was instructed to turn Butler's weak right and double it back upon the centre, at the same time seizing the crossing of Proctor's creek by the river road, which was Butler's shortest line of retreat. Whiting was ordered on hearing the opening of the engagement to advance boldly and rapidly, and attack the enemy in rear and flank. Hoke



was to advance with skirmishers as soon as Ransom was fairly engaged, and afterwards in force, and occupy the enemy, to prevent his reinforcing his right, without, however, prematurely seeking to force him back before Ransom could completely outflank him, and Whiting close up in his rear. These instructions, carefully and explicitly prepared, were reduced to writing, and impressed upon subordinates. The shortcomings of Generals Ransom and Whiting in their execution are noted in General Beauregard's official report. The first failed to carry out his instructions with vigor, and made strangely inaccurate reports of the condition of things in his part of the field. General Whiting did not move at all, notwithstanding his previous instructions and reiterated and imperative orders sent him during the action. Thus the conceptions and provisions of genius failed of fruition, and Butler, out-manceuvred and environed by his adversary, instead of being forced to surrender, was merely pushed back upon his fortified base at Bermuda Hundred. After the war, the Federal General Ames told General Hagood that during the evening and night of the 18th, when Butler's routed and disorganized column was defiling within a mile of Whiting's 4,000 men of all arms, but a thin skirmish line intervened between them and destruction.

#### BEAUREGARD'S STORY OF THE BATTLE.

The details of the battle are given in the words of General Beauregard, in the *North American Review*, March, 1887:

"Ransom moved at 4:45 A. M., being somewhat delayed by a dense fog, which lasted several hours after dawn. This division consisted of the following brigades, in the order mentioned, commencing from the left: Gracie's; Kemper's, commanded by Colonel Terry; Bartow's, under Colonel Fry, and Hoke's old brigade, under Colonel Lewis. Ransom was soon engaged, carrying the enemy's works in his front at 6 A. M., with some loss. His troops moved splendidly to the assault, capturing five stands of colors and some five hundred prisoners.

"The brigades most heavily engaged were Gracie's and Kemper's, opposed to the enemy's right, the former turning his flank. General Ransom then halted to reform, reported his loss heavy and troops scattered by the fog; his ammunition short, and asked for a brigade from the reserve. Colquitt's brigade (two regiments) was sent him at 6:30 A. M., with orders to return when it ceased to be indispensable. Before either ammunition or the reserve brigade

had arrived, he reported the enemy driving Hoke's left, and sent the right regiment of Lewis' brigade at double-quick towards the supposed point of danger. This held the enemy long enough for the reserve brigade to arrive, charge and drive him back from the front of our left centre, where the affair occurred, over and along the works to the turnpike. It will be seen from a subsequent part of this report that one of Hagood's advanced regiments had unexpectedly come into contact with the enemy and been ordered back, it not being contemplated to press at this point until Ransom should swing round his left, as directed in the battle order. This possibly originated Ransom's impression as to the condition of Hoke's left, which, in fact, had steadily maintained its proper position.

"At 7:15 A. M., Colquitt's brigade of the reserve was recalled from Ransom, and a slight modification of the original movement was made, to relieve Hoke, in whose front the enemy had been allowed, by the inaction of the left, to mass his forces. Ransom was ordered to flank the enemy's right by changing the front of his own right brigade, to support it by another *en echelon*, to advance another to Proctor's Creek, and to hold a fourth in reserve. Upon receiving this order, he reported a necessity to re-form and straighten his lines in the old position near the breastworks he had stormed. Here his infantry rested during the greater part of the day. Duno-vant's cavalry, of his command, dismounted, and were thrown forward as skirmishers towards a small force which occupied a ridge in the edge of George Gregory's woods, near Proctor's Creek. This force, with an insignificant body of negro cavalry, and a report of threatening gunboats, were the only menace to our left, as since ascertained.

"At 10 A. M. I withheld an order for Ransom to move until further arrangements could be made, for the following reasons: The right was heavily engaged; all the reserve had been detached right and left at different times; a dispatch had been sent to Whiting at 9 A. M., which was repeated at 9:30, to press on and press over everything in his front and the day would be complete; and Ransom had not only reported a strong force in his front, but had expressed the opinion that the safety of his command would be compromised by an advance. On the right Hoke early advanced his skirmishers.

"The fog temporarily delayed the advance of his line of battle. He was soon hotly engaged. Hagood and Bushrod Johnson were thrown forward, with a section of Eschelman's Artillery (Washington), and found a heavy force of the enemy, with six or eight pieces

of artillery, occupying our outer line of works across the turnpike, with his own defensive lines beyond. Our artillery engaged at short range, disabling some of the enemy's guns and blowing up two limbers. Another section of the same battery opened from the right of the turnpike. They both held their position, though with heavy loss, until their ammunition was spent when they were relieved by an equal number of pieces from the reserve under Major Owens. Hagood, with great vigor and dash, drove the enemy from the outer line in his front, capturing a number of prisoners, and in conjunction with Johnson's five pieces of artillery, three twenty-pounder Parrots and two fine Napoleons.

#### HAGOOD'S BRIGADE'S SPLENDID WORK.

"It was afterwards claimed, and General Hoke confirmed the claim, that Hagood's Brigade alone, with the assistance of no other command, captured these five pieces of artillery, the only ones taken by our troops from the enemy on that day."

He then took position in these works, his left regiment being thrown forward to connect with Ransom, in advancing this regiment encountered the enemy behind their second line in the woods, with abbattis interlaced with wire. Attack at this point not being contemplated, it was ordered back to the line of battle, but not before its rapid advance had caused it considerable loss. This circumstance has been referred to before, as the occasion of a mistake made by Ransom.

#### BUSHROD JOHNSON'S HEAVY LOSS.

Bushrod Johnson had meanwhile been heavily engaged. The line of the enemy bent around his right flank, subjecting his brigade for a time to a fire in flank and in front. With admirable firmness he repelled frequent assaults of the enemy, moving against his right and rear. Leader, officers and men alike displayed their fitness for the trial to which they were subjected. \* \* \* The brigade, nobly holding its ground, lost more than one-fourth of its entire number. I now ordered Hoke to press forward his right for the relief of his right centre. He advanced Clingman and Corse. They drove the enemy with spirit, suffering some loss. \* \* \* But afterwards withdrew, not quite as far back as their original position. The enemy did not occupy the ground from which they had driven them before their retreat.

In front of Hagood and Bushrod Johnson the fighting was stubborn and prolonged. The enemy slowly retired from Johnson's right, and took a strong position on the ridge in front of Proctor's creek, massing near the turnpike, and occupying advantageous ground at the house and grove of Charles Friend. At last Johnson, having brushed the enemy from his right flank in the woods, with some assistance from the Washington Artillery, and cleared his front, rested his troops in the shelter of the exterior works. One of the captured pieces having opened on the enemy's masses, he finally fell back behind the woods and ridge at Proctor's creek, though his skirmish line continued the engagement some hours longer.

Further movement was here suspended to wait communications from Whiting or the sound of his approach, and to reorganize the troops, which had become more or less disorganized. \* \* \* At 4 P. M. all hope of Whiting's approach was gone, and I reluctantly abandoned so much of my plan as contemplated more than a vigorous pursuit of Butler, and driving him back to his fortified base. \* \* \* The more glorious results anticipated were lost by the hesitation of the left wing, and the premature halt of the Walthall column before obstacles in neither case sufficient to have deterred from the execution of the movements prescribed.

#### RANSOM NOW ASSISTED HAGOOD.

An incident mentioned in the foregoing report requires comment. It is stated that information from Ransom's division was received that about 7 A. M., after some preliminary effort by the right regiment of Lewis' brigade, the reserve brigade arrived, charged the enemy, and drove him back from in front of Hoke's left, over and along the works to the turnpike. This movement at the time stated and in its consequence is simply a myth. The writer avers most distinctly that no part of Ransom's division ever came to the assistance of Hagood's brigade in the assault it made, or afterward. Late in the afternoon, when the enemy had retired upon Proctor's Creek, that division moved along the line of the enemy's abandoned works in Hagood's front to and beyond the turnpike. One of Hagood's regiments was thrown out to make the right in this march. General Hoke, who was in person upon his line of battle during the whole day, says officially: " \* \* \* I cannot refrain from calling the attention of the commanding general to the fact that his desire to relieve my command of the necessity of a front attack by the flank

movement of Ransom's division was on no portion of my line accomplished." And again: "\* \* \* In the meanwhile, the enemy made two charges upon Hagood and Johnson, but were repulsed, and with the assistance of the artillery the pike was cleared of the enemy before the flanking column reached that point."

Some 1,400 prisoners and five pieces of artillery were taken by the Confederates. The total Federal loss is stated by Swinton at 4,000. The Confederates' killed, wounded and missing was about 2,800.

#### BERMUDA HUNDRED.

During the evening and night of the 10th Butler retreated upon Bermuda Hundred. On the 17th Ransom's Division was recalled to Richmond, and Beauregard, with the remainder of his troops, moved in pursuit, Whiting's force joining him upon the march. About 3 P. M. our advance encountered Butler's pickets, in front of his entrenched position. The column was at once deployed, skirmishers thrown forward and engaged. The position at Howlett's house was seized after dark; the two twenty-pound Parrott's captured at Drewry's Bluff were put in position, and manned by infantry from Hagood's brigade. The James, running southerly from Richmond, encounters at Dutch Gap a considerable ridge, which it passes by a detour of perhaps a mile and a half to the west, and returning, after making almost a complete loop, resumes its general course. Howlett's house was on the western bank of the river, at the bend of the loop, and situated upon a high bluff. Some three hundred yards below it the river narrowed greatly, affording a good place for obstructions under the guns of a battery, and immediately spread out into a wide reach, as it progressed again towards Dutch Gap. In this reach were congregated a number of gunboats and transports, upon which the two Parrotts opened in the morning, driving them beyond range.

This position in the re-arrangement of the defences of Richmond that ensued during the campaign, became its "water gate," a description applied by Beauregard to Drewry's Bluff in the original plans of fortification. It was afterward made very strong, and the desire to get up the river with their gunboats without encountering its guns and obstructions, inspired Butler's famous canal across the ridge at Dutch Gap. The battery was named by General Beauregard in honor of Colonel Dantzler, of South Carolina, who was killed a few days afterward in fighting near this point.

Beauregard's attention was now given to establishing the shortest practicable line across the neck and entrenching it, so as to hold with the fewest number of troops General Butler in the *cul de sac* to which he had retreated. His purpose was accomplished in the next few days in a series of actions rising almost to the severity of battles. After each he advanced and straightened his lines, until commencing at Howlett's, on the James, they ran in a line more or less direct to Ashton Creek, near its junction with the Appomattox.

Butler, says Swinton, was now in a position "where if he was secure against attack, he was also powerless for offensive operation against Richmond—being, as he himself said at the time, 'bottled up and hermetically sealed.' " And General Badeau in his military history of U. S. Grant says "an end had absolutely been put to Butler's campaign."

The recital of events preceding the battle of Drewry's Bluff, as well as the description of that successful onslaught by 15,000 hastily assembled men (excluding Whiting's 4,000, which never reached the field, or was near enough to exercise even a moral influence), upon an army in position of full twice its numbers shows how much was due to the foresight, the skill and the devotion of the Confederate commander. It is a brilliant page in military history.

#### THE BATTLE OF PETERSBURG.

Let us turn now to another—to that which records later the three days' fighting before Petersburg.

While Butler's co-operative move was being foiled, Grant was urging his sanguinary way from the northward to the vicinity of Richmond. He was now approaching the Chickahominy, upon the banks of which the fate of the Confederate capital was once more to be submitted to the issue of direct assault. To reinforce Lee, Beauregard was depleted until he had, including "the old men and boys" of Petersburg, but 5,400 troops with which to hold Butler off of the Southern communications of Richmond and to protect Petersburg itself.

Butler's force had also been depleted by drafts from Grant, but he still retained over ten thousand men. He was but seven miles from Petersburg, and while his forward advance was obstructed, it was open to him by a flank movement across the Appomattox, where his passage could not be opposed, to throw his force swiftly upon the almost undefended eastern lines of that place. Beauregard had been

invited by Lee to accompany the bulk of his forces, and take command of the right wing of Lee's army, but he unselfishly preferred to remain with the handful of troops left him at what his military instinct pronounced the tactical point of danger to the defence of Richmond. At any time in the campaign of 1864, as afterward in 1865, the abandonment of the Capital would have promptly followed upon the fall of Petersburg.

Grant essayed the last desperate effort of his overland campaign in the murderous assault at Cold Harbor. Sore at his repulse, he lingered upon the northern front of Richmond for ten days, and then, in determining to transfer the operations of his army to the south side of the James, assumed the line upon which Butler's co-operative effort had been directed. Until he had crossed the James, it was open to the Federal general to turn again directly upon Richmond, in continuance of the idea which had dominated his advance from the Rapidan. Lee followed upon his right flank, interposing against such a purpose, but with the coup d'oel which was his own, had on the 14th placed Hoke's division near Drewry's Bluff on the eastern side of the river where it was in a position to go to Beauregard or to act as a reserve in his own operations. Beauregard, while Grant was still at Cold Harbor, had, in communication with the War Department on the 7th and again on the 9th, forecasted Grant's strategy to be the move against which General Lee was now guarding (or preferably operations on the south side). He had called attention to the defenceless condition of Petersburg and urgently asked for the return of his troops which had been detached to Lee. Grant's movement from Cold Harbor was executed with skill and despatch, and his real purpose was not immediately divined by his adversary. The movement was commenced on the night of the 12th. By noon on the 15th General Smith, with his corps, was before Petersburg. At 1:15 P. M. on the 16th General Lee asked in a telegram of Beauregard: "Have you heard of Grant's crossing the James river?" and on the following day, the 17th, at 4:30 P. M., again telegraphed General Beauregard: "Have no information of Grant's crossing James river, but upon your report have ordered troops up to Chaffin's Bluff."

It was thus the fortune of war for Beauregard once more to stand in the breach before Petersburg and save her for the time. It was the three days' fighting that ensued from the 15th to the 18th instant, covering the attempt to carry the place by storm, and preceding the

regular siege, which was called the battle of Petersburg, and it is of this that it is proposed to speak.

In response to Beauregard's urgent calls, Hoke's division was ordered to him on the 15th, and marched 12 M. Gracie's Brigade was dispatched later. These were his own troops which had been sent to Lee. At Chester Station, Hoke found partial transportation by rail, and sent forward first Hagood's Brigade, then Colquitt's, while the remainder of his division continued the forced march along the pike.

When Smith, with his corps, 22,000 strong, had arrived before Petersburg at noon that day, the three miles of entrenchments threatened, were held by Wise's Brigade, some detached infantry, the local militia and Dearing's Cavalry—in all about 2,200 effectives of all arms. After consuming the afternoon in reconnoissance and preparation, Smith, at 7 P. M., assailed with a cloud of skirmishers, and carried the lines in his front. Just after this success, Hancock's Corps arrived, doubling the Federal force present; but the enemy, instead of pressing on and seizing the town, which now lay at his mercy, determined to await the morning before making his advance. Hagood's Brigade reached Petersburg at dark, and while the men were being gotten off the cars and formed in the street, its commander reported for orders at Beauregard's headquarters. Beauregard was on the lines and Colonel Harris, of his staff, was instructing Hagood where to take position, when a courier arrived, announcing that the enemy had carried our works from Battery 3 to 7, inclusive, and that our troops were in retreat. Hagood was then hastily directed to move out upon the City Point road, uncovered by this success, to check the enemy's advance, and to take a position upon which a new defensive line might be established.

It was a critical moment. The routed troops were pouring into the town, spreading alarm on every side, and there was no organized body of troops available at the time to check the advance which the enemy was even then supposed to be making, except this brigade and Tabb's Regiment of Wise's Brigade, which still held the left of our line. It would be daylight before Hoke's Division could all get up, and the main body of Lee's army was miles away. In this emergency Beauregard determined upon the bold expedient of imperilling his communication with Lee by the withdrawal of the troops along the Bermuda Hundred lines and their transfer to the south side of the Appomattox. Finding these lines abandoned, Butler next day took possession, and even attempted a further advance,



but with the arrival of the main body of Lee's army, he was without much trouble, remanded to his original limits. It was after dark when Hagood received his orders, and being unacquainted with the localities, as well as unable to learn much from the confused and contradictory accounts of the volunteer guides who accompanied him when the fork of the City Point and Prince George roads, just beyond the New Market race-course, was reached, he halted his column, and leaving it under Colonel Simonton, rode forward accompanied by two of his staff, to make a personal reconnoissance. He encountered the enemy's pickets on the latter road at the ford where it crosses Harrison's Creek, inside of the original line of defences. The reconnoitering party had nearly ridden in it when they were warned by a wounded Confederate on the roadside. Turning across the field toward the City Point road, Hagood was opportunely met by a courier with a map from Colonel Harris, who had also the foresight to send a bit of tallow candle and matches. With the aid of this, and in conjunction with General Colquitt, who had come up ahead of his brigade, General Hagood determined upon the line of the creek he was then on, and put his men in position. Harrison Creek, running northward, emptied into the Appomattox in rear of Battery 1, and its west fork across the Southern lines, at Battery 15. The creek was, therefore, the chord of the arc of our captured and abandoned works, and the line taken for the most part had very good command over the cleared and cultivated valley in its front. Tabb, holding Batteries 1 and 2, was relieved, and by the time Hagood was well in position, with his left on the river, Colquitt's Brigade coming up, prolonged the line. The remaining brigades of Hoke arrived during the night, and Johnson's Division, from Bermuda Hundred, at 10 A. M. next day. The Confederates now numbered 10,000 men behind their hastily entrenched line, and Burnside's corps coming up at noon on the 16th, raised the Federal forces to 66,000.

The morning of the 16th was spent in skirmishing and artillery fire. In the afternoon General Hancock, now in command, assailed with all his force. The contest was kept up into the night, and some advantage was obtained over our right.

#### NINETY THOUSAND AGAINST TEN THOUSAND.

Warren's corps had now come up raising the attacking army to four corps, numbering at least 90,000 men, and no reinforcements

for Beauregard. The battle reopened on the 17th at noon. Three times were the Federals repulsed, but as often resumed the offensive. About dusk a portion of the Confederate lines was wholly broken, and irreparable disaster impended. Gracie's Brigade fortunately arriving from Chaffin's Bluff at this moment, was thrown into the gap, and restored the fight. The conflict raged until 11 o'clock at night. In the meanwhile Beauregard had determined to take a shorter and more compact line of defence than the one now occupied. It was some 800 yards nearer the city, and, like the first taken was also a chord of the arc of the original eastern fortifications, still more of which was now abandoned. It was this last line which was held during the siege that ensued. Accordingly, after midnight the Confederate General executed the delicate operation of withdrawing from the close proximity of the overwhelming force in his front; and by daylight on the 18th was in his new position.

The line had been partially prepared for occupation. In some portions a slight trench had been constructed; in others the line was merely staked out by the engineers. Shortly after daylight on the 18th the enemy advanced upon our old works, and finding them abandoned came on with vociferous cheers. As soon as their skirmishers encountered ours in their new position, the line of battle halted and heavy skirmishing commenced. This continued until about 3 P. M., the skirmishers alternately driving each other. Kershaw's Division, the first of General Lee's army that arrived at Petersburg, reached Beauregard early in the morning of the 18th. Field's Division followed two hours afterward. They were placed on the right. Beauregard had now 20,000 men against 90,000. About 3 P. M. a general and final assault was given. It was urged with the same pertinacity and resisted with the same determination as those that preceded. Before dark it ended in complete repulse, and in the language of the Federal historian, "in another mournful loss of life." The same authority places Grant's losses in these three days of battle at 15,000 men—a number half as large again as Beauregard's entire force until the arrival of Kershaw at the close.

#### BEAUREGARD URGES FIGHT.

General Lee reached Petersburg during the 18th, followed on the 19th by the two corps which constituted his army. Upon his arrival General Beauregard no longer in chief command took him to an eminence within our lines, which commanded a view of the field, and

proposed that upon the arrival of these corps an attack of all the Confederate forces upon General Grant's left flank and rear should be made. Weighing the revived spirit of our united and reinforced troops against the undoubted depression of the Federals, he deemed the chances of victory with us. General Lee refused assent, on the grounds that his troops needed rest and that the defensive having been thus far so advantageous to him north of the James and to Beauregard at Petersburg, it was wiser to continue the same mode of warfare.

But Grant's sledge-hammer tactics were expended. He gave no more straightforward blows. Afterwards the attention of his numbers and superior resources was directed along the line of siege operations in front, with such turning movements in the field as were necessary to the investment of the place and cutting its communications. It was before this method of attack that near a twelvemonth afterward Petersburg fell. I have told the story of Drewry's Bluff and Petersburg without comment. The narrative itself is an immortelle, and I reverently lay it on the tomb of Beauregard the soldier.

---

## **CRENSHAW BATTERY, PEGRAM'S BATTALION, CONFEDERATE STATES ARTILLERY.**

---

**Graphic Account of the Effective Career of this Gallant  
Organization.**

---

### **HIGHLY INTERESTING DETAILS.**

---

**Hanging of Webster the Spy. Battles of Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mill,  
Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, Bristow Station, Centreville, Sharps-  
burg, Chancellorsville, Wilderness, Marye's Height, Gettys-  
burg, Burgess' Mill, Hatcher's Run and Five Forks.**

---

**By Private J. C GOOLSBY.**

---

[The writer of the following interesting reminiscences, entered the service a boy of fourteen years, and was constantly present with his command to the bitter *finale* at Appomattox C. H. His commanders, by whom he was held in highest regard, attest his gallantry and fidelity. He is now the efficient manager of the printing and pub-

lishing department of the Everett Waddey Company, of this city.  
—EDITOR.]

---

At the suggestion of some of my old comrades I send for publication my recollection of the part played by this battery in our late war.

#### ORGANIZATION.

On the 14th day of March, 1862, on the Basin bank, in the warehouse of William G. Crenshaw, assembled a number of young men, middled-aged men and boys, all eager to do duty for the State in her defence. Well do I remember the means resorted to by some (at that period none but those who had attained the age of eighteen years were eligible) that they might overcome what they in their patriotism believed to be unjust in not permitting them to take up arms and march to the front.

This meeting resulted in the selection of William G. Crenshaw as captain, James Ellett as first lieutenant, who gave up his life at the battle of Fredericksburg, December, 1862; Charles Hobson as second lieutenant, who was, we believe, lost at sea, having been detached for special service, and A. B. Johnson as junior second lieutenant, with as bright a complement of non-commissioned officers as ever left Richmond—namely, Thomas Graves, who was afterwards transferred to another service; Thomas Ellett, who in time became its commander, and surrendered as such; Hollis, who afterwards became our first lieutenant; Allegre, one of the noblest and best of soldiers; Allen, there were two of them, Bill, who in time was promoted to the lieutenantancy, and Ralph, another one of that jolly throng; and Robert Ellett, that noble boy who gave up his life for the cause, and then, too, that modest, whole-souled soldier, George Young, another victim of that unequal struggle, who lost his life at Jericho Ford during Grant's flank movement from the Wilderness to the south side of the James; also the Smith boys, Hugh afterwards lieutenant, and Clinton, another one of the invincibles, with the Ratcliffe brothers, Walter and Willie.

This is, I think, about the make-up of the Crenshaw Battery—with about eighty men and boys, as we marched to Camp Lee, all in bright uniforms, to commence the actual duties of the soldier. And just here let me say that Captain Crenshaw will ever be remembered by the remaining few with the kindest of feeling for his thoughtfulness in connection with the battery. Especially do we remember

the winter of '64, spent in quarters near Hatcher's Run, where we received those boots—English boots—and then at such times! But stop; let us go to

#### CAMP LEE.

Here we were for the first time to do guard duty, drill, and here, too, we were to feel the iron hand of military authority. I can almost see our company—their appearance after their first night under the canvas—stretching themselves after a sleepless night—many of the boys staying awake much of the night in enjoying themselves as only young men can, who for the first time are freed, as it were, from those constraints which were a part of their natural condition.

Among the occurrences that were to cast a shadow over the then timid soldier boy, was the

#### HANGING OF WEBSTER.

This is one of the sad parts or results consequent upon being in the army. Well do I remember the expressions when it was announced that at a certain hour during the day—I don't remember the hour—that a Yankee spy by the name of Webster, would be hung in the enclosed grounds, and that the soldiers were to turn out and witness the same. At the appointed hour the prisoner, escorted by a strong guard, entered the grounds, where, after a short delay, he mounted the scaffold and paid the penalty with his life. Such were some events which occurred at Camp Lee, and which will long be remembered by the writer.

Camp life to the novice, or rather, to the new soldier, has some pleasing sides, and yet, too, the young soldier-boy gets tired of the drill-ground, with the officer's command of load by detail, load, and so the boys were not sorry much when the orders came to pack knapsacks (we were at that time well supplied with linen—towels, brushes, combs, and everything to make and keep us neat and tidy)—what a contrast to that scene which occurred on the Potomac river some months afterwards, when you might have seen thousands of men stripped, washing their clothes, for we had not had a change since we started that old windy soldier, Pope, on the go at Cedar mountain, some time previous.

So after packing our knapsacks and haversacks we boarded the cars at the Fair Grounds and started for the field to join the forces near Fredericksburg, where we were to meet the Purcell and John-

son and Fredericksburg Batteries, with which in time we should become close companions.

Our camp was located near the Massaponax church, and many a pleasant day did we spend there, and nights, too, as we frequently visited the charming ladies in the near neighborhood, and enjoyed their hospitality, in which none others excel. But these days were soon to be over. Already that fateful day was dawning when we should bid good-bye to the hills of Spotsylvania and commence our

“ON TO RICHMOND!”

Already was being fought the great battle of Seven Pines, in which General Joseph E. Johnston commanded what was afterwards known as the Army of Northern Virginia, and in which he was wounded, and which subsequently, by the order of President Davis, was commanded to the end by General Lee.

We started on the march with three days' rations in our knapsacks and the sun shining as bright and the weather as pleasant as one could desire; but this state of things was not continued long, for soon the sun disappeared and then a gentle rain, in which the boys brought into use their oilcloths, and kept up cheerfully until we reached the slashes of Hanover, when it seemed that the road would become impassable. Rain! I never saw it pour so in all my life.

Marching all night, stumbling, falling down, not being able to see your hand before you. Now was the time the boys had rather been at home, and then, too, we were afraid that we would not get there in time to take a hand. I don't think I ever experienced such discomfort in all my life. At last the distant booming cannon told us that we were approaching the enemy—closer and closer we were getting, until we arrived in front of Richmond, after marching so near that we could see the spires of the churches, and here again we had to acknowledge a higher authority and remain in ranks. We at last reached the position that had been assigned us, and found next morning—for we marched all night—that we were on the farm of Dr. Friend, where we were to have the pleasure of an artillery duel, which, by the way, is one of the meanest fights that you can participate in.

#### BALLOON ASCENSION.

Among the numerous devices practiced by the Yankees in order to inform themselves of the status of our troops was a daily balloon

ascension, which we as distant spectators enjoyed very much, but which was sure to be followed by the belching forth of innumerable number of cannon as gentle reminders that the young Napoleon was still in the ring, and was monarch of all he surveyed. We remained here some two or three weeks, during which time we received many visits from our parents, friends and others, bringing boxes of food, clothing, &c. Minus the artillery duel, we were doing pretty well. But there is an end to all things temporal, and soon we received orders to cook three days' rations and take up the line of march, and after a short time we reached the road which leads to

#### MECHANICSVILLE,

where, after crossing the Chickahominy, we followed behind the troops of General Field—all Virginians—the Purcell Battery at that time being engaged heavily—the boys getting in their work with deadly destruction to the enemy. We laid under the fire of the enemy all that evening receiving it, but unable as yet to reply. There is nothing so demoralizing to troops as being compelled to remain quiet under the fire of an enemy, receiving his severe thrusts, and seeing their own men being killed and wounded. Such was the case at Mechanicsville. But we were to have our fire with our guns on to-morrow.

Next morning the battery pulled out of the field and started out in advance, passing through Mechanicsville, the cannoneers being mounted on their caissons and limbers, all eyes turned in the direction of

#### GAINES' MILL,

at which point was to be another struggle. And right here again we experienced another withering fire without being able to reply. Soon, however, we started forward in a gallop, the minie balls rattling through the trees, the woods on fire, and large stores (commisary) being scattered all over the road, and the air, the whole atmosphere, seemed filled with the odor of burning flesh, until we reached

#### COLD HARBOR

where we were to contend for the mastery of the field. Our battery consisted of six guns. Such was the number of guns and a sufficiency of men to properly man them. Just before we reached the field I saw General Lee. What a picture he was! I heard the command, fix bayonet, and with it the word, forward! unlimber!

commence firing! And fire we did, as rapidly as was ever done. But stop, just in my front the No. 2—poor Robert Hines—falls, having been shot through the temple; another man quickly fills his place at the gun. And right here the order to cease firing is heard. What for? Turning to look, you see that gallant old brigade—the 1st South Carolina—led by that hero, Maxey Gregg, pushing its way through the battery, many of whom will never return. What a shout went up as these noble Carolinians, with their old commander, passed through the battery in a double quick step. A minute or two elapses, when the field seems one living sheet of fire; we are at it again; now it is Sidney Strother, sergeant of the piece, who falls, mortally wounded. Such a scene I never before beheld; horses running hither and thither, many so shot as to be unfit for service again. The other guns also had suffered much, loosing many wounded, among them young Marion Knowles, shot in the knee, permanently disabled; Ben. V. Graves, who lost a leg; William B. Allen, M. A. Caldwell, Alonzo Phillips, and others, whose names I do not now recall. Such was the part played by this battery in this their first field fight.

Immediately after that battle such was the condition of the battery, that it was ordered to Richmond to refit. (We left three guns and three caissons on the field of battle, disabled.) And glad enough, too, were the boys to see and shake hands with their loved ones. For our tents were pitched on the hill near the intersection of Venable street with the Mechanicsville turnpike, where we were visited by our friends, besides permission being given some to go home on a pass of a few hours. But soon (I think we remained here about forty-eight hours, overhauling the battery, filling up the caissons and limber chests with ammunition, repairing harness, &c.), the bugle blew the assembly call, and we were notified to prepare rations and start for

MALVERN HILL,

where another desperate struggle was going on. This march was quickly made, and soon we arrived at the point assigned us, only to witness the withdrawal of the troops in our front, and in which we were destined to keep quiet, owing to the want of place to operate the guns. The scenes in the neighborhood of this famous battleground beggar description. Here it was that McClellan missed his forces for his final and supreme effort to repel the combined forces of Jackson and Lee, and here the two mighty giants locked arms in



a deadly embrace, in which our foes proved themselves an enemy not to be despised.

After the battle we took up the line of march, and soon we reached the vicinity of Tree Hill, where we went into camp—the army of McClellan having retired behind the gun boats, which ever and anon reminded us of their close proximity by sending forth as a greeting, what appeared to be a keg of nails, but which in reality was a large conical-shaped shell which meant death to all things with which it should come in contact.

Here, again, began that intolerable drill, guard duty, policing camp, &c., and here too, commenced for the first time the punishment of the men, confinement in the guard-house, &c., and this, too, just because the boys would “run the blockade” and steal into Richmond. Here it was also, that the famous

#### PEGRAM BATTALION

was formed, which afterwards played so conspicuous a part in the deadly and unequal struggle, and whose young commandant was to achieve almost immortal fame—whose bravery, coolness and self-possession under the most trying ordeals were such that commanded the love of his subordinates and the respect and admiration of the whole army—noble Willie Pegram! To live through all those hard-fought battles and then at the last—at Five Forks—surrender his young life upon the field of battle for his country.

The following companies composed the battalion: The Purcell, Captain McGraw; the Crenshaw, Captain W. G. Crenshaw; the Fredericksburg, Captain Carter Braxton; the Letcher, Captain Greenlee Davidson, and the South Carolina battery, Captain McIntosh, with W. Gordon McCabe, as adjutant.

After remaining in camp some two weeks or more, during which time the troops of Stonewall Jackson had embarked on the train for Gordonsville, we received marching orders, and took up the line of march to join the forces then gathering near Orange Courthouse, where we arrived in time to witness the fight of Cedar Mountain, in which the troops of General Pope were defeated, and where we remained until we commenced that remarkable flank movement in which that famous old braggart, the celebrated General Pope, “who had never seen anything but the backs of the rebels,” was now to feel the iron hand of old Stonewall.

The day after this battle, or rather the morning after, for it was

fought late in the evening—even into the night—a flag of truce had been displayed, which was a token of a cessation of hostilities in order that the dead might be buried and the wounded removed from the field; and now, right here occurred one of those ridiculous events in which confusion reigned supreme for a few moments. It happened somewhat in this way: In removing the wounded from the woods, some one, trying to secure as much plunder as he could carry off, came across a wounded soldier—a Yankee—and attempted “to go through him,” which resulted in his firing a gun, and which at once seems to have been taken up by others, resulting in the drivers of the wagons, which had been brought up in order that the ordnance might be distributed as well as the commissary wagons, turning around, perfectly frantic, whooping, and belaying their teams, which in turn, became unmanageable.

The woods, which at this time were filled with the wounded, were soon cleared, and every one that could walk, it would appear, was seen moving rapidly to the rear. Our guns, which lay a short distance in the rear, were ordered forward and unlimbered, but did not fire a shot. It soon leaked out what was the cause, and there was much laughing over what at one time seemed to be so dangerous a thing.

But let us resume the march. After overcoming all obstacles in our front, the cavalry performing with remarkable faithfulness and diligence the double duty of protecting our flanks and screening us, as it were, from the enemy, we reached Paris, a little hamlet in Fauquier county, where we were made the happy recipients of a beautiful

#### CONFEDERATE FLAG

by the charming ladies of that village, which flag is, I believe, now in the possession of Captain Thomas Ellett, the last commander of this battery. After leaving Paris we pushed on in a gallop and reached

#### BRISTOW,

a station on the Manassas Gap railroad, where we had a pic-nic, for here it was that General Stuart, who was in the lead, after capturing the trains which were then approaching from Washington with provisions for General Pope, set fire to the commissary stores; and such a fire—well, just think of lobsters, canned goods of all kinds, fruits, &c., for boys who had been without anything to eat except green corn and green apples for several days, for we had no rear,

and no wagons accompanied us on the march. But suddenly we hear the words, "Cannoneers, mount! Forward; unlimber! Fire by prolong!" And right here let me say that this was the only occasion in which this character of firing was ever practiced by our battery. Well, we jumped up, and soon we saw our enemy, with glistening bayonets, as if on dress parade. We fired and the guns ran along a short distance and then fired again. They soon broke, proving to be nothing but a regiment which had been left there to guard the stores, and which had never seen or been under fire. We continued to go forward, and I verily believed that we would surely reach Washington. We arrived at

#### CENTREVILLE

late that evening and occupied the old breastworks, having crossed the stone bridge which is connected so intimately with the first battle of Manassas, little dreaming that on the morrow we would return by another road and there wrestle with the whole of Pope's army, which was at that time falling back, pushed by the main army of General Lee, Longstreet having arrived from below Richmond, where he had remained until the plans of the enemy had become known, and was now pushing his way through Thoroughfare Gap. But let us go back to Manassas, for somehow this place is vividly impressed on my mind, as it recalls the

#### OLD FIRST VIRGINIA REGIMENT,

and that heroic band, whose deeds will ever live in the memory of those who followed the starry cross, and what Richmond boy is there who does not refer with pride to it. Well do I remember when they left Richmond, many of whom gave their lives for the cause, among them Alfonza Figner and Ned Ferneyhough and many others. Here, too, was where Milton Barnes, in the first great battle of Manassas, yielded up his life. And, naturally, the writer felt an interest in everything connected with that noble band, for though too young and not permitted to leave school, yet he followed them in his imagination and was with them in spirit if not in person. And now we have here another demonstration of that truism, "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," for such had been the case with General Pope, for his wrath led him to relieve Fitz John Porter, the officer who made such a gallant fight before Richmond, and who was afterwards court martialed and disgraced for not doing what has

since been proven he did do in this campaign, in which those high in command in our army had indisputable proof. But, of course, some one had to be the scapegoat. We remained in Centreville only one night and moved next morning down the Warrenton pike, where we were soon to be engaged with the enemy.

After leaving Centreville, we fell back on the Warrenton pike some six or more miles, where we remained a short time, expecting to be ordered forward to battle at any minute, not being allowed to leave our guns. The army of Pope was then falling back, pushed by Generals Lee and Longstreet, and it seemed to me Jackson delayed giving battle as long as possible. However, this inaction was not to continue, for soon a courier with orders was seen coming, and we were moved forward and reached a position not far from the railroad cut, where the fighting of the infantry was, I believe, the severest of the war, and where, certainly, the heaviest musketry firing of the war occurred. It was here, when our battery was firing double charges of canister, that the gallant A. P. Hill rode into our battery and said to our captain that the Louisiana brigade, being out of ammunition, was holding the enemy in check with rocks.

We fought here until late in the night, driving the enemy, after a stubborn fight, into the fortifications at Centreville; and now being anxious to see the railroad cut and the result of the battle at that point, in company with John Gray, a member of our battery, who has since died, we started early next morning for this point, where, to my sorrow, I saw stretched out in death, as I entered the woods, the body of Edwin G. Rawlings, a lieutenant in old Company F, which at one time was the pet company of Richmond. But we pushed on and soon arrived at the cut, where I saw the wounded enemy and heard from their lips the confirmation of General Hill's statement. I believe this was one of the most desperately fought battles of the war, the field near the railroad cut being almost covered with the dead and wounded of both armies. Terrible as was this battle, it was not without amusing incidents, one of which I shall never forget. During the firing and before Longstreet came up, while Jackson was fighting Pope's whole army with his corps alone, one of our company, a tall country boy who had not been long with the battery, was heard to exclaim: "Longstreet! Longstreet! why don't you come on! I don't believe there is any such a man as Longstreet!" And right glad were we when we heard his firing on our right, and saw his approach, which soon had the effect of starting the enemy on the run.

After the battle we were hurriedly pushed forward, the rain of the previous night, together with the bad roads, making our progress not very rapid until we reached Ox Hill, or Chantilly, where although it was still raining hard, we came up again with the enemy, although we did not become engaged. Here it was that

MAJOR-GENERAL PHIL KEARNEY,

of the Federal army, was killed, in establishing, it is said, his skirmish line. His body falling into the hands of our troops, was afterwards sent by flag of truce through the lines. Here also fell General Stevens, of the Federal army. It is said that in this battle, when a certain brigade general reported to General Jackson that his ammunition was wet and he would be compelled to fall back—it was still raining and the roads were almost impassable, and blocked up with wagons, ambulances, etc.,—that old Stonewall sent him word to hold his position, that if the rain made his ammunition wet, it would do the same for the enemy.

After parking the battery for the night near the road and cooking rations, with which at that time we were very well supplied, the Yankee commissary leaving quite a large quantity behind, we started forward and soon reached Leesburg, in Loudoun county, a pretty village a short distance from the Potomac, where we were welcomed by the ladies in their most happy way. After bivouacking for the night we took up the line of march, and soon reached the Potomac, which we forded in our own peculiar way, each man for himself. (It is an amusing sight to see an army ford a river. Some would strip, holding their clothes over head to prevent wetting them, when suddenly they would step in a hole, and then down would go the clothes, the party falling striking out in the over-hand fashion way, &c.) We soon planted the Confederate banner on the shores of

“MY MARYLAND,”

whose citizens did not receive us with the enthusiasm we were led to believe they would. But of course I do not mean to say by this that we had not friends here. Oh, no! No better troops graced our ranks than the Marylanders, and no braver man was there in our army than Bradley Johnson, of the 1st Maryland, leader of the Maryland line, who as a soldier had no superior. After staying on the Maryland side of the Potomac for three days, the first being

spent in the river washing our clothes, as already alluded to, we moved on to Frederick City.

And right here, before going farther let me give you, as I saw it, the position of this famous city, made so by Whittier's poem,

BARBARA FRIETCHIE,

no such scene as this poem is founded upon ever having occurred; General Jackson never seeing or hearing of such a character, and the troops in our army not being given to insulting females, the school boys' declamation to the contrary notwithstanding. It is situated in a valley reaching from the Potomac to the Pennsylvania line, and is bounded on the east and west by the blue billows of the Catocton mountains, already famous in the war, and the Linganore hills. It is said that General Braddock stopped here on his fatal westward way to Fort Duquesne, but its chief glory lies in the fact that here was born

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY,

who gave us our great national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner," and whose remains rest here. But let us proceed on our march. After blowing up the Monocacy bridge we filed through the town and soon struck the Boonesborough pike. Here it was that our pace was quickened, no one being allowed to leave the road to forage. What a contrast was our conduct to that of the opposing army, whose boast it was to live off the noncombatants, and especially is this true of

PHIL SHERIDAN,

who said that "a crow would have to carry his rations in his journey across the Valley of Virginia," such had been the wanton destruction of the growing crops, barns, &c. But soon it leaked out that we were bound for

HARPER'S FERRY,

at which point some 11,000 men under command of General White were stationed. So after fording the Potomac again and reaching Virginia we pushed on, gaining the heights overlooking this historic town made famous by the

JOHN BROWN RAID

of Oct. 19, 1859, and witnessed the surrender of White's command, with 11,000 prisoners, seventy-three pieces of artillery, and all of his

arms and equipments, the captured troops marching up in regular Cornwallis style. The whole battalion was engaged on the Heights. But there! Stop! Soon we see a courier coming. Something is up! What's the matter? The "assembly" call is blown. Marching orders are received and soon we are on our way to

#### SHARPSBURG,

where we were to meet that gentlemanly soldier, General George B. McClellan, who was again in command of the Federal army, the high-sounding, blatant Pope, who came, who saw, and who had been disastrously defeated, having been recalled, and subsequently, we believe, sent out West to win fresh laurels by amusing the Red man on the plains, and then to lapse into that beautiful obscurity, in which he was destined ever to have a prominent place.

McClellan had by some means come into possession of General Lee's plans, possibly by capturing the courier who was sent to General D. H. Hill when at Boonesborough. Anyhow, such was the impression at that time, and my diary so records it. We soon arrived at the position assigned us and engaged in a severe struggle, in which it was our misfortune to lose another of our brave boys, Charles Pemberton, whose remains we buried near the Potomac after the fight. This it has been said was a drawn battle, but of course, I am not a judge. I do know this—that we returned in good order after the fight across the river, where we remained some twenty-four hours, before we started to fall back, reaching Martinsburg, the home of Belle Boyd, the famous Confederate spy. This was a strong Union city, but there were some patriotic citizens here who welcomed our troops as they passed through. From there we pushed on to Bunker Hill, a point famous in the war of the Revolutionary period, and which seems to have been a stopping place for both armies in their movements up the Valley, and there remained a short time, when we again struck out for Winchester where lived Ned Hollis and Tom Emmett, members of our battery. Emmett, poor fellow, brave as the bravest, lost his life in attestation of his loyalty to the cause he loved. We remained at Winchester several days before we took up the march, nothing occurring out of the ordinary routine of the soldier's life until we were brought up in front of Fredericksburg, where, General McClellan having been relieved, we were to meet General Burnside, who, having reorganized the Federal army, was to seize us by the collar and run over us to Richmond. But it had not been so decreed. The game was one at which two sides could play. So we were not sur-

prised when, after being delayed in crossing the Rappahannock on pontoons by the excellent marksmanship of

#### BARKSDALE'S MISSISSIPPIANS,

we next met the troops of General Meagher—the Irish brigade—as they advanced, followed by other troops, which after a stubborn fight, gave way, and retreated across the Rappahannock. And here again were we to suffer another heavy loss—this time our gallant first lieutenant, James Ellett, that noble, chivalrous soldier, then in command of the battery. His death cast a gloom over the whole battalion. His bravery and self-possession, combined with the polished manners of the gentleman, were such as to endear him to his company, as well as to a large circle of acquaintances.

And here too, fell Johnny Paine, another one of our Richmond boys, whose example in all those virtues that tend to develop the character of the Christian gentleman was such as to gain the love and esteem of his comrades.

The battery suffered severely in this fight in wounded, and I regret I have not their names to record here. But such calamities are incident to war, and the soldier boy has now become somewhat enured to such scenes. It was here, too, we were to meet that useful organization known as the

#### AMBULANCE COMMITTEE,

composed of some of our oldest and most respected citizens, whose deeds of kindness will ever be remembered by the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia.

The battle of Fredericksburg having been fought and the Federal army having been again defeated and sent bleeding back across the Rappahannock, the star of Burnside, which had reached its zenith, was under a cloud, and he had evidence of the unstableness of the plaudits of men, for soon he was to be relegated to privacy, there to ponder over the what-might-have been. Surely that army had good cause to be discouraged. There evidently was a dire want of cohesion, as was illustrated in the rapid cutting off of the heads of the commanding officers. At this period of the war the Federal army had had no less than four commanders—McDowell, McClellan, Pope, and Burnside—and the latter was now to give way to another general, Joe Hooker, known also by the euphonious title of "Fighting Joe." We will follow him later on.



After leaving the battle-field of Fredericksburg, the Crenshaw Battery moved down near Hamilton's Crossing, where we camped, snow then being on the ground, and soon we received orders to break camp and start for winter quarters, the spot selected being about one mile south of Bowling Green, Caroline county. Here we went to work to build quarters, the whole battalion doing likewise; and here it was we were to have guard-mounting, policing camp, &c.; and here, too, we commenced doing pickett duty, for once a week a detachment might be seen leaving camp, marching through the village of Bowling Green and on to the Rappahannock, where we would report to the officer in command, go to the position assigned us, and remain there six days watching the sluggish river, to see that it did not overflow its banks, for that is about all we had to do, the Yankees, although in full view, having no more desire to kick up a fuss than we had, the roads being simply impassable. The location of our camp, or winter quarters, was about as desirable as could be expected; and I shall always recur to it with pleasant recollections. It was here, too, that the boys ran the blockade to Richmond, and many an amusing adventure they had eluding the guard on the train after having fooled the officer in command of the company by various devices, among them asking for twenty-four hours' leave to forage, and then, with that liberty, starting for Richmond. But who could blame them? There was no danger of a fight; the roads were so bad that the enemy could not move, and we were glad of it. We had a pretty good time here, all the members of the battalion seeming to enjoy themselves. It was here that we perpetrated the joke of having a bogus election, and electing one of the men to a lieutenancy (the officers all seeming to enjoy the fun as much as the men), the poor fellow actually believing that he had been elevated to that position, to the great amusement of the whole company. Here it was that one of our company, who was formerly an actor in the Richmond Theatre, who, by the way, had an elegant voice, amused the boys with his recital of "Bingen on the Rhine," in his pathetic way, besides repeating to us in a masterly manner, many of Shakespeare's most instructive pieces. And then, too, the boys listened with much pleasure to that witty Irishman, Martin Delaney, of the Letcher Battery singing in his own inimitable way, "The Moon Behind the Hill," and other songs, in which he seemed to take a delight and which would always command the attention of a large number of the command.

After spending a very pleasant winter here, barring the picket duty,

as we were bountifully supplied with rations, we were loth to leave this camp to enter upon the spring campaign, but General Joseph Hooker, having relieved Burnside, had thoroughly reorganized the Army of the Potomac, as it was then known, and having started Averill on a raid as a preliminary step to his onward march to Richmond, we were ordered hurriedly to leave our quarters and start again to the front to meet the same old enemy. The April sun had dried the roads and we soon found ourselves once more in front of Fredericksburg, Hooker opposing us with an army about four times the size of ours, Longstreet being then on the Blackwater near Suffolk, having spent the winter there. And soon was to come another struggle and with it another exhibition of military strategy, in which the ever fertile mind of General Jackson was called into play. Major-General Sedgwick had crossed the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg to hold Lee in check, and Jackson had drawn up his corps there to meet him. It was soon apparent that this was only a ruse of the enemy to deceive our commander, and Jackson was ordered to leave one division behind and with the rest of his troops to move rapidly towards

#### CHANCELLORSVILLE.

Jackson moved at midnight and soon reached the Tabernacle church, where he was joined by a division and two brigades under General R. H. Anderson. Here he formed a line of battle across the plank road leading through the

#### WILDERNESS

and steadily advanced to assail the enemy. Hooker's position was almost impregnable. Such were the labors of his men that earthworks confronted us on all sides and the heavy undergrowth of this weird and wild looking country made it almost impossible for Jackson to go forward.

Hooker was in his stronghold, and Jackson, after making an ineffectual effort to drive him out, withdrew to await the arrival of Lee.

Here these two master minds in the art of war were to hold their last converse. What was said, or how it was said, we know not; but never since time began has there been such a meeting. I cannot picture the scene, but I can imagine possibly something that passed. It was perhaps here that Jackson suggested a swift and secret march by the right flank and an attack in the front at the same time. This

march is indelibly impressed upon my mind. The troops of Jackson consisted of A. P. Hill's, Colston's and Rodes' Divisions. "None better! No none!" We reached the open ground in front of the

#### CHANCELLOR HOUSE

about six in the evening—Rodes in front, followed by Colston, and Hill with the artillery in reserve. But there was to be no reserve. When the troops of Rodes struck the corps of Howard (this corps I believe was the one we struck first), their camp fires were burning brightly, and they were preparing their evening meal. Rodes' men went in with a yell, and so sudden and unexpected was the attack that Howard's Corps broke and ran in the wildest disorder, strewing the road with knapsacks. There was every evidence of a panic-stricken army. General Jackson then ordered a

#### GENERAL ADVANCE

of the whole corps—the artillery—the whole of our battalion pouring upon the fleeing enemy a deadly fire, which did not cease until we passed the Chancellor House. That night we spent on the picket line. Our guns were unlimbered in an open space, and the men ordered to lie down beside them.

It was in this night attack that Jackson received his mortal wound. We remained all night on picket, and early next morning advanced slowly through the dense undergrowth to cut a position for the guns—the enemy firing on us as we passed—feeling, as it were, for us—when we had the misfortune to have one of our men, Thomas Burroughs, shot, three shrapnel entering his side. We afterwards moved out into the open space, followed by the Purcell and Letcher Batteries, where we had a desperate fight, in which our artillery not only succeeded in driving the enemy from his guns, but also his support, thereby proving our superiority as artillerists. Here several caissons were blown up, first our own and then that of the enemy. And here it was that Horace Holland fell, shot through the head. Poor Holland! How it saddens me when I recall how joyous he was a moment before he met his death. Another one gone to his rest to be added to our long list. Here, too, it was that Greenlee Davidson, captain of the Letcher Battery, fell, giving his life for a cause which he early espoused. Our whole battalion suffered much in this battle.

Another stride is here made in the promotion of officers, and soon we see

## PEGRAM

with another star on his shoulder-strap, which means lieutenant-colonel's commission, much to the gratification of his men, who have recognized his inestimable worth and rejoice in his advancement. But the battle is over; we soon march to Guinea Station, on the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad, camp, and there, in common with the whole army, lament (as only those can who appreciate the gravity of the occasion), and weep tears of sorrow at what we believed to have been a great misfortune. The mighty Jackson has fallen, the silver chord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken. He whose very presence presaged victory, has given his last order. Slowly the curtain begins to fall. No more shall he hear the welcome huzza of the troops as he passed with hat uplifted until the head of the column was reached. Oh, cruel war! Other souls of fire and courage were left, but alas! the finger of fate pointed with no uncertainty to our utter and complete overthrow. Chancellorsville will ever be remembered as marking the advent of ill luck to the fortunes of the Confederacy. But this belongs to the historian.

There has always been and ever will be a diversity of opinion as to how General Jackson was wounded, some contending that he was killed by the enemy, he having advanced beyond our skirmish line, while others say that he was killed by our own men, being mistaken for the enemy.

But be that as it may, his death caused universal sorrow in our Southern country.

After a lapse of some ten days we are again moving, this time towards Fredericksburg, or rather the valley below Marye's Heights, where we remained some three or four weeks, during which time the Army of Northern Virginia underwent a thorough reorganization, and the result was that the army was formed into three corps. General Longstreet commanded the first (he having been recalled from the south side of the James, near the Blackwater); General Ewell, the second corps, and A. P. Hill the third, with a full complement of artillery and cavalry. The spring was now far advanced, the roads were dry, and General Lee conceived the idea of a bold advance into the enemy's territory in order to relieve our impoverished country from the feet of an almost countless enemy, as well as to let him have a taste, at least, of the presence of an armed foe. Then, too, Richmond was always safe as long as we had the enemy

on the north side of the capital, and a victory on their soil, with its attending advantages, might be the means of terminating this terrible and unequal struggle, and bring peace to our then unhappy country, whose people were already suffering untold misery. The army was accordingly soon preparing to make another invasion of the enemy's territory, there to again contend for those principles which will ever remain dear to our Southern people. The Army of Northern Virginia consisted of three corps, as stated above, when we left our camp and started from the green and now peaceful hills in front of Fredericksburg. Our soldiers were in the best of spirits, and the implicit confidence reposed in our officers and the justness of the cause combined to make heroes of even the most timid. And this confidence was fully shared in by the Confederate government, as was proven by the withdrawal of nearly all the troops around Richmond, and Lee's march far away into the enemy's territory.

#### ON THE MARCH.

After cooking three days' rations, the Crenshaw Battery moved out in the main road leading to Hamilton's Crossing, where we were joined by the other companies of Pegram's Battalion, and our march was then begun in earnest. We first crossed the river at Kelly's Ford, which place had already become famous on account of the numerous cavalry fights which had in part been settled there, prominent among which was the battle of the 17th of March, 1863, in which the gallant and much lamented young artilleryist, Major Pelham, received his death wound, after having arisen to the proud position of chief of artillery of "Jeb" Stuart's cavalry corps. This chivalrous young officer was known throughout the whole army and enjoyed the reputation of being a bold and courageous officer, whose example had the telling effect of making heroes of his very gallant command. Kelley's Ford was one of the first points seized by General Grant in his campaign against Richmond. And here looms up before me in quick succession Germania, Raccoon, and Ely's Fords. What soldier of the Army of Northern Virginia will ever forget these names? What stirring scenes have been enacted upon their now peaceful shores. No more will the waters of the Rappahannock, Rapidan, Robinson, Shenandoah, and Potomac become turbid by the feet of the soldiers of the lost cause. No more will the sound of the "foot cavalry," as was its wont, be heard in the now happy

valley whose hospitable and noble people had always a warm greeting for them.

But let us move on. Our order of march was thus: One battery would take the advance one day, then it would fall to the rear, changing thereby the advance company each day. Our trip up the Valley, on the whole, was very pleasant. General Ewell, who had preceded us, had swept the Valley of the enemy driving Milroy from Winchester, capturing many prisoners, arms, &c., and forcing that General to beat a hasty retreat into Harper's Ferry. After passing through Front Royal, Smithfield and Sheperdstown, we again forded the Potomac, reaching the Maryland shore late in the evening, passing on rapidly until we reached

#### HAGERSTOWN,

where we had the pleasure of seeing numerous Confederate flags displayed, which the boys greeted with loud bursts of applause. After camping awhile near the town, we broke camp and soon struck the Little Antietam stream, crossed it, and were soon in the land of milk and applebutter—Pennsylvania. What a sight greeted our eyes! This is a beautiful country, and we reached it at a season of the year when the whole earth was wrapped in nature's best attire—the velvet green. The roads were fine. We pushed on and soon struck the village of Waynesboro, where United States flags were displayed in great numbers, which, of course, we greeted pleasantly. Another day's journey brought us to the foot of Cash Mountain, where we had several men captured. Owing to the long and continuous marching of the battalion, the stock of horse flesh had been considerably reduced, and in order that the currency of the Confederacy might have a more extended and healthful circulation—that the miniature portrait of our beloved President might have more admirers—a party was made up headed by Lieutenant John Hampden Chamberlayne, of our battery, with Sergeants Smith, Newman and Mallory, besides several others of the battalion, and started out in the mountains to purchase horses. The party soon came upon the picket-post of the Jessie Scouts, of the Federal army, when Ham Chamberlayne picked out about half a dozen of the men who were armed with revolvers, put himself at the head of them and led a charge. The picket-guard fell back on the regiment, and the whole party were captured and sent to prison. We remained here two days, waiting presumably for our army to close up (it seems that our cavalry was

in a distant part of the country) when we were ordered forward, and soon reached the vicinity of

#### GETTYSBURG,

came up with the enemy, and went immediately into position, the Fredericksburg Artillery and Crenshaw's Battery opening fire almost simultaneously, and firing the first shots that were fired in the battle at Gettysburg. The infantry under General Heth soon engaged the enemy's advance under General Reynolds, and afterwards General Hancock, Reynolds having been killed early in the fight. Here it was that General Archer, commanding the Tennessee Brigade, was captured with most of two regiments. We had a good view here of Gettysburg. By night we had captured more prisoners it seemed to me, than we had men engaged. And how jubilant were the boys! Oh, for Longstreet to come up! what a pity we did not seize those heights which we had to battle for so unsuccessfully afterward. How we missed Jackson here! Even the obscure private appreciated this unfortunate circumstance. As soon as the firing commenced, the order, "Canonneers, mount," was given, and down we sped over the hard, smooth road, the horses in a gallop, and just before we reached the field (the enemy being already in position and firing upon us), a wheel of one of the guns rolled off right in the main road. This was an unfortunate time for an accident, but no one was hurt, and off we bounded into the field where the other guns were at work, meeting at the same time some of the wounded, among them Charles P. Young, and others. That night (this was July 1st) we moved around to the right, followed by the other companies of the battalion, and took a position on the line of what was once a stone wall, which ran for some distance on a hill which gave us a view of the valley beyond, above which the enemy were hard at work fortifying, which subsequently became famous as

#### LITTLE ROUND TOP.

We here engaged the enemy in one of the most terrific artillery fights of modern times, the whole of our battalion, as well as of the army, joining in the unhealthy chorus. This mode of warfare continued far into the succeeding day, when it seemed to me that the whole earth was trembling under the heavy and murderous fire of the two armies. And now the order to cease firing is heard. I walked up to the front of the guns, as did other members

of the battery, where I saw in my front the formation of the troops—the eye, as far as it could distinguish the glistening bayonets of

PICKETT'S MEN,

who are now marching up in good order, many of whom, alas, will never return. Presently the signal gun is heard on our right. The charge is on! Oh, what a scene! The troops have gained the heights. Little Round Top is in our possession! But stop! The enemy is strengthened from another point. Our ranks, already thinned by the heavy fire of the enemy, begin to waver. Then, oh then, for a Jackson with his noble band. But I must stop here. These are only my impressions as I witnessed the falling back of this Spartan band.

How many sad hearts! How many broken hearts! But, courage! Soon after the fight the rain came as a blessing to the noble fellows suffering upon the field, and it seemed as though a ministering angel had sent it to soothe the thirsty and parched tongue, and give relief to our now sorely distressed troops. The battalion upon the whole got off with only a slight list of killed and wounded. The army had been repulsed, but not discouraged—we still hoped on. After remaining here until the night of the 4th (July 4th), we silently withdrew from the heights and turned our faces towards Virginia. And now we find that the once imperious Hooker, too, has played his part and retired to more inviting pastures, and that Meade, another officer of the Federal army, was in command. It rained hard the night of the 4th of July as we started on our march, and everything looked terribly dark, but the troops were in good spirits, and though the Federal army had achieved their first victory, they had not the nerve to attempt to follow it up by an onward movement. They knew too well the troops they were opposing, and that Lee had taught them too often the necessity of prudence, which they were not slow in acknowledging at this time, as was illustrated in the quietude enjoyed by the Federal army, succeeding this great battle, as they never attempted to follow us until the next day, and then only with the cavalry, under Kilpatrick, who came up with our wagon train, attacked it, and was beaten off by Stuart. We moved on over the roads, which were in a horrible condition, the men discussing the battle and its effect, occasionally being interrupted by the report that the Federal army was marching to intercept us and cut us off from the main force, which was moving on another road.



We reached Hagerstown after a long and toilsome march, where we halted and awaited the approach of the enemy. The Potomac was swollen to a considerable height, occasioned by the heavy rains, which prevented our crossing.

It was while we were here that the news came—how, I know not—that the Confederacy had been recognized by France, and that other European powers were ready to do the same—that our ports were to be opened to the world and our independence was soon to be an assured fact. How joyous was this news, with what delight and pleasure was it told and retold by the men! Meade's whole army was now gathering thick and fast, flushed with victory, and just in our front were the angry, surging waters of the Potomac, leaping high in their endeavor to get over their banks—all nature seeming to conspire in our overthrow. Such, indeed, was the situation of our army at that time. But it soon became noised about that this unexpected joy was like the morning dew, to be dissipated by the first rays of the sun, and we soon learned that the report was untrue, which had, of course, the effect of causing the men to express their opinion on this very important subject in no uncertain way. How we needed help! Fighting the whole world—that was just about the size of it! Was there ever such a destruction of life—the very flower of the southern country—by such an unprincipled enemy as made up to a great extent the Federal army, many of whom could not speak a word of the English language, and were soldiers only for the thirteen dollars per month, and the bounty which at that time the United States government was dispensing with lavish hands! We expected here to have another tilt with the enemy, and were hastening our troops through Williamsport on the march to Falling Waters, the point selected for our crossing. But General Meade was too much in fear of Lee's troops to attack, and he only made an effort when he found our troops crossing the Potomac, where a sharp fight occurred, in which General Pettigrew, a gallant brigade general of Hill's corps, was killed before we succeeded in driving him back where he was glad to be out of our reach. It was said a council of war was called by General Meade while we lay near Hagerstown to discuss the situation, and it was decided not to hazard an attack. There were numerous cavalry skirmishes on our trip back to Virginia, but no general engagement by the army. Although our troops were still sanguine of the ultimate success of our arms, it was a dark hour for the Confederacy, for about that time came news of Grant's

capture of Vicksburg, and of Morgan's defeat in Ohio, besides the successes attending the naval forces of the enemy.

In looking over the results of this great struggle, I am struck with the fact that Lee's army, although it received its first check here, after beating its opponent in every previous battle, was ready again to meet the enemy, which it did in subsequent battles, and proved itself more than a match for them, thereby evidencing their entire confidence in General Lee, which they ever continued to have.

But we were soon in Virginia again, having crossed the Potomac for the last time, that is, our battalion never saw the Potomac again as an organization, and soon we were in the great Valley of Virginia, and after reaching Bunker Hill, and resting some three or four days, our march was resumed, and pushing on, we passed through Winchester, nothing occurring worthy of mention.

As the fall of the year was now at hand, it was soon apparent that we would spend the winter somewhere near the Rapidan. But we are suddenly interrupted by the report that the enemy were tearing up the railroad near Brandy Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and we were hurried forward to meet them, and a battle ensued in which we had several men badly wounded, among them Jack Moyers, who lost a leg. We succeeded in driving them back.

As winter was now approaching we were ordered to the south side of the Rapidan, and soon we were preparing for winter quarters, the selected spot being in the celebrated Green Spring neighborhood, of Louisa county, where we remained during the winter. It was here we went through the form of enlisting for the war. Our time was spent here very quietly—this being our second winter in the army. Thus ended the campaign of 1863.

In the meantime General Grant had been made commander of the United States forces, and was to take personal command of the Army of the Potomac, General Meade taking a back seat, or rather a subordinate position. Everything pointed to an early spring campaign and everything possible that was honorable was resorted to to strengthen our army, and we had a complete overhauling of our guns, repairing of harness, &c. Longstreet having been recalled from the South, where he had been sent by General Lee to assist that army, our troops were soon ready to again take the field. The winter was over, the grass again covered the ground and the air was redolent with the perfume of wild flowers with which this section of our State abounds, the buds were bursting from their long pent-up homes—everything conspired to cause one to exclaim with the

prophet of old: "The earth is the Lord's—he makes it to blossom and bring forth the harvest," and yet amidst these scenes so delightful to the senses, not far from us lay our cool, calculating enemy with whom in a short time we would meet in a death struggle, for at this time the roads were being filled up with troops as they hurriedly marched to Spotsylvania Courthouse, where Grant, after crossing the Rapidan, Warren in advance, would meet our troops with gallant A. P. Hill in the lead, General Lee having anticipated this movement, and there commenced a series of battles which lasted for days. General Grant had consolidated the numerous divisions into three corps—Hancock, a brilliant soldier, whom we met so often, commanding the Second Corps; Warren, who tried to run over us at Five Forks, with Sheridan's Cavalry, commanding the Fifth, and Sedgwick, a popular officer, whose fame was eclipsed at Fredericksburg, just previous to the battle of Chancellorsville, commanding the Sixth, with General Phil. Sheridan to manage the cavalry, and to do all the destroying of growing crops that he and his troopers could in the short space of time he was to remain in the Valley. It is said that Grant's army would fill any road in the State for more than a hundred miles with its soldiers, trains of wagons, &c. This was something like the force that the Confederate commander was to meet in the jungles of Spotsylvania in the early part of the month of May—about the 3d or 4th—and the Federal army, after occupying the whole night of the 3d in crossing the Rapidan at Kelly's, Ely's and Germanna Fords, was to seize our little army and strangle it and pass on to Richmond. But the ever watchful eye of Lee had arranged things differently, and the advance of Warren's Corps was met and repulsed by the troops of A. P. Hill. The Crenshaw Battery reached Spotsylvania Courthouse late in the evening and went into position just to the left and rear of that building for the night, when early next morning one section of the battery was ordered to move off to the right, Mahone at that time having gained a signal advantage over the enemy by a quick movement to the right, piercing his right center—capturing a number of prisoners. Here we had the limber-chests of one of the caissons blown up and had one man badly burned. After the return of this section to the line (for we had thrown up here a temporary line of breastworks) we remained in full view of the enemy until the quietness was suddenly broken by the wounding of William Ellis Jones by a sharpshooter, when again we commenced the same old unfortunate artillery duelling, in which we again were to suffer by the shells of the enemy, striking

the front of one of our pieces, bursting and wounding three men—Sergeant Jeff. Thomas, who was shot in the face and painfully wounded; Alonzo Phillips, also shot in the face and dangerously wounded, and Richard Seeley, whose face was so badly cut that he never returned to the battery. It now became apparent to General Grant, who had been butting up against our earthworks, that his famous declaration of "fighting it out on that line if it took all the summer," was not to be fulfilled. After several brilliant charges on the part of both armies, notably the one of the Second Corps (Hancock commanding), in which our General Edward Johnson was captured, with a large number of his men, which gave to the enemy only a temporary advantage, as our works were speedily retaken, the Man of Destiny started on another flank movement, and soon both armies were manœuvring for position, this time to halt near Hanover Junction, where Grant attempted to cross the North Anna river, the outcome of which was the battle of Jericho Ford, where our company lost two more men—George Young, heretofore mentioned as the genial, whole-souled companion, whose chief delight was in making others happy, being mortally wounded, and "big" Caldwell killed. Poor Caldwell! you, too, have proven your loyalty to the cause which resulted in the unholy sacrifice of so many noble and fearless men. This battle was fought in rather a different way from any other this company ever participated in, or, rather, we went into this fight in a different manner. Our company, as also the

#### LETCHER BATTERY,

which was on our right, formed under the brow of a hill overlooking the North-Anna, the enemy being strongly posted on the opposite side, when, after allowing so much space for each gun to be properly worked, at a given signal, started up and soon unlimbered and went to work and succeeded in driving Warren's troops back and quieting the batteries of the enemy, but not until they had caused a severe loss to our battery.

After this battle General Grant, with a determination which savored of butchery, both armies having taken up the line of march, attempted to storm our works, and we had as a result the second battle of Cold Harbor, in which, to say the least, the loss of the enemy was greater than the whole number of men engaged on our side and which had the effect of creating great dissatisfaction in their army, which culminated in the men refusing to obey orders for a forward movement.

Observe here the conduct of Grant in contrast with that of Lee as exhibited in the memorable struggle in the Wilderness. When it became necessary to recapture a certain line which had been seized by Hancock, General Lee, with that promptness, characteristic of the great soldier, started forward to lead the troops, which of course our soldiers, officers as well as privates, would not permit. Whereas Grant, after butchering his men here at Cold Harbor, and they being unwilling again to face our works, never showed any disposition to lead them himself, but remained quietly behind his own works. But that was one thing the Confederacy could with very great satisfaction boast of. Her army was certainly well officered with bold, intelligent, and courageous men, always ready to lead. The world never saw their superiors.

We were now on nearly the same ground on which the seven days' battles were fought, the Federal army at that time being in command of General George B. McClellan. But oh, what changes! Then our uniforms were bright and everything pointed, as I then thought, to certain victory; but now the thin, emaciated form of the Confederate soldier told in language too plain the sufferings he was then undergoing for the want of proper sustenance. And now let me say that Grant had certainly played the last card known in the art of warfare, attrition, for all it was worth. For he confessed to a loss before reaching the south side of the James of more than the Army of Northern Virginia had in the field. After pontooning the James the army of Grant was now where it might have been at any time without the loss of a single man. But here he is near Bermuda Hundred and is soon to lay siege to Petersburg, it having been proven to his satisfaction that the "Cockade City" could not be captured by an attack in front, and that our southern connections were safe at least for the present.

The summer and fall of 1864 will ever be remembered by the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia as one of unusual activity on the part of this army, as also one of great privations on the part of the Confederate soldiers, whose rations at this time were not sufficient in quantity or very elegant in quality—namely, corn meal of almost all colors, with Nassau pork, which was indeed the most unpalatable meat that one ever ate, with occasionally a few peas—red peas. And then the condition of those peas—well, I will not attempt to describe it. Think of cooking three days' rations of this yellow meal and carrying it in your haversack with the pork, and you can imagine our condition. The meal would of course become sour, and

the meat—well, it would soon be running out of the haversack, for mind you, this was in the months of July and August.

This campaign, too, more than any other, perhaps, brought out more fully the wonderful genius and capabilities of our commander, who was to thwart every movement of his opponent, and prove his superiority by the skilful and rapid manipulation of his troops, meeting and beating him in every battle, thereby causing General Grant to be more prudent in the management of his forces and to settle down to a siege. But let us resume the march.

After it became known that Grant had crossed the larger part of his army to the south side of the James the Crenshaw Battery received orders to move, as did the whole of Pegram's battalion, and we were soon on the road again. After crossing the James near Drewry's Bluff on pontoons, we continued the march until we came to within two or three miles of Petersburg, where we occupied a part of the works, which extended from the Howlett House far to the south of Petersburg. And now as the theatre of war was for the most part transferred to the southside of the James, let us look at that city, as I then saw it. It is some eighteen miles south of Richmond, as the crow would fly, and situated on the south side of the Appomattox river, which empties in the James some twelve miles below. It had a population then of some 15,000 souls, and was noted for its wealth as well as for the intelligence of its people. It is intersected by three railroads—the Norfolk and Petersburg, the first one to be seized by the enemy, and which it is said was surveyed by General Mahone, who certainly gained quite a reputation for the skilful and rapid handling of his troops in and around this smitten city; the Petersburg and Weldon and the Petersburg and Southside, which had its outlet by way of Burkeville to Lynchburg, with connections here at Burkeville with the Richmond and Danville for the South. With these roads in Grant's possession our hope of success must vanish. And for the task of defending the extreme right, General Lee with that foresight which he ever seemed to possess, selected A. P. Hill, the commander of the Third Corps, who had already gained a reputation second to none. How well he carried out the plans, and how he met the approbation of Lee in this important duty, history will tell you. Suffice it to say that he gave his life for the cause. It was here that we fought the enemy, although not seeing him at the time. It was in this way: The position assigned us on the line had been carefully examined, and our instructions were to elevate the guns to a certain height from which our shots would have the desired effect,

and then, too, our whole front was obscured by a heavy growth of trees, which aided by the fact that this firing usually occurred early in the morning (before light), causing you to leave your "fly-tent," was anything but pleasant. It was here, in company with W. D. S., a member of the battery, that we had a narrow escape. Immediately in rear of our guns was a spring, which we had just reached, and were in the act of sousing down the bucket when suddenly a shell—from a mortar—thrown by the enemy dropped into the aforesaid spring, to the great consternation of my friend as well as myself.

That certainly was a villainous mode of warfare. It was amusing, though, to hear the boys sing out: "Here she comes;" "lie down;" "grab a root," etc., and such a commotion it would cause. No one appeared to be safe. Several men were killed while lying in their tents. I never want to see such instruments of death at work again.

And, now, I have to chronicle the death of Thomas Emmett, who was killed here. It occurred early in the morning just after day-break. Emmett was a gallant soldier, as well as a quiet and intelligent, modest man. He was killed instantly by a piece of shell while serving in his usual position at the gun—No. 3. We buried him a short distance in rear of the works. His body was subsequently, I believe, taken up and carried to Winchester, his home, and reinterred.

After remaining here on the north side of the Appomattox some ten days more, we were hurriedly moved across the river and through Petersburg to meet General Hancock, of the Federal army, commanding the Second Corps, who was endeavoring to cut the Southside railroad, and thus cut off our communications with the southern country. We met the enemy, after a forced march, near the Davis House, as it was then called, some twelve miles or more south of Petersburg, and after a sharp fight drove him back upon his main line. We soon received orders to return to the lines, which then extended nearly to Burgess' Mill, and were on the way when we were ordered to redouble our pace, as the enemy were to spring the mine on the Petersburg line in which they had labored for so long a time.

We have here another illustration of the truth of the poet, Burns, "The best laid schemes of men and mice," &c., for it seems that more than one Federal general was disgruntled, and that there was some strong language used by the officers one to another, and the report of the congressional committee on the conduct of the war

was anything but complimentary. But the mine has been sprung and all its attendant horrors have been depicted in the details of the war. Yet Petersburg—the proud city—still held up her head, and her Sabbath bells still rang her yet noble people to worship as of yore. Hour after hour was the sorely distressed city bombarded. Shells dropped in almost every part of the city.

We soon arrived at Butterworth's bridge, at the head of Halifax street, and remained there until the battle of the Crater was fought, after which we were sent farther to the right and camped for some ten days in the vicinity of what was afterwards known as Fort Gregg.

General Grant now saw the futility of an attack in front and therefore made another attempt to cut our communications. This time he sent a large force of cavalry, artillery, and mounted infantry, commanded by Generals Kautz and Spear. Marching rapidly, crossing the Jerusalem plank road they struck the Weldon railroad near Reams' station, after which they pushed on to the Southside road, destroying a good deal of property. Here they met our cavalry under W. H. F. Lee, who followed them close until they reached a point on the Weldon railroad where the infantry of A. P. Hill's Corps, with the artillery, engaged them for some time, after which they attempted to reach their lines, not, however, before they had lost their entire train of wagons and all of their artillery with several thousand prisoners. The Purcell Battery, of our battalion, did most excellent work in this battle. It was a laughable sight to see the prisoners captured here. They had in many instances robbed the private houses, and many dresses and other things which go to make up a lady's wardrobe, might have been seen scattered along the road as they attempted to regain their lines, besides many negroes following in their wake. And now to show you how far these men—not all, but a great many—would go in this pillaging, robbing the innocent and inoffensive male and female alike, a gentleman told me who was doing guard duty at Libby prison during the war, that on one occasion he had been instructed to search a batch of prisoners who had just arrived from the front, when to his astonishment he found the deeds to a great portion of Fairfax county, which had evidently been stolen from the court-house of that county, showing conclusively that they were thieves.

We returned after this engagement to within a short distance of Petersburg, and camped, but we were not destined to remain quiet long, as General Grant was constantly endeavoring to find a weak



point in our lines, which extended now for more than thirty miles, and consequently we were always on the go, although the Pegram Battalion was engaged the whole summer in one place or another in aiding the infantry and cavalry in repelling the numerous attacks, which were made generally by Hancock's Corps. The only one recorded in my diary as of much importance in which the Crenshaw Battery took part, following the Reams' station affair, was the attempt of General Grant to gain possession of the roads leading out of Petersburg to the South, and thereby forcing our army to retreat or surrender, in which he sent out a large force and which resulted in the

#### BATTLE OF BURGESS' MILL.

I shall never forget some things about this battle. Our company, which was then camped some three miles south of Petersburg, received its orders to march, and only one section of the battery started. After gaining the road we came upon the infantry of Mahone, who were then moving very rapidly. Soon we received orders to quicken our pace, which we did, passing the troops of Mahone, and arrived under the brow of a hill overlooking the mill, where we were met by an officer of the cavalry (I never knew his name), but who was very much excited, and who told Lieutenant Hollis, in an animated way, with his hat off, to hurry up; that the enemy had crossed the road and had driven the cavalry from the front! We soon reached the top of the hill, the enemy at the time firing upon us, unlimbered, and got to work upon as pretty a line of battle in our front as I ever saw. We fought here some time, losing several wounded, among them a Mr. Davis, of Lynchburg, who lost his leg.

After driving the enemy back upon his main line we returned to our camp, near

#### FORT GREGG.

And now while I write these lines my mind wanders back to the scenes that were enacted at this place. Here it was that Robert Ellett—Sergeant Ellett—as he was known in our command, but who had now been promoted to a lieutenantancy and assigned to another company, was killed. Poor Bob! A true knight! Gone to join that long list of brave souls. To have lived through so many hard fought battles and then at the closing hours of the Confederacy to be cut off from those who never ceased to mourn you. Such is war.

And now that the winter was approaching, the Pegram Battalion having received orders to march, were again moving in the direction of Burgess' Mill, where, as before mentioned, we had a severe fight, and were now to spend the winter, the selection being a remarkably fine one, as it abounded in good water, with plenty of wood, which at that time was very scarce with many of the troops nearer to Petersburg. This was our third winter in the army. This was, indeed, a severe winter on both horses and men, and the suffering caused by the scarcity of food cannot be expressed. Our commissary was only issuing one pint of corn meal and an eighth of a pound of pork to the man per day, and occasionally, on account of the condition of the roads and the company being such a long distance from the department's quarters, we would not receive anything! Yet the boys kept up and were always ready to crack a joke, sing songs, &c. It seems to me I can hear some of them now as they would break forth in what was at that time a very popular song:

I am lonely in my shanty,  
And rations are scanty,  
And thieving is the order of the day;  
The watch-dog is howling,  
A hungry Reb is prowling,  
Around the house the hens to steal away.

## CHORUS.

Come, come, come, rain, come,  
Float over the tops of my boots;  
Come and I'll thank ye  
To drive away the Yankee  
Until our ranks are filled up with recruits.

Time and again have I known the men to go down to the ponds and break a hole in the ice and fish, staying sometimes all night on its banks, only to be rewarded by the catching of a catfish, which would occasion great joy among their messmates. I don't know what the men would have done had it not been for that very delightful fruit, which seemed to flourish in this section of the country—the Dinwiddie persimmon.

It was amusing to see the men as they crowded around the commissary wagon and hear them discant upon the possibilities of having their hunger appeased once more.

Although this was winter, and the men therefore expected to be quiet, doing only the camp duty, yet General Grant, drawing the net closer around the thin, long lines of General Lee, would not have it so, and we are accordingly hurried out of our quarters to meet the industrious enemy and find ourselves in the road and pushing on to Belfield; and what a trip it was! Talk about straggling; well, there was some done that night. But who could help it? It rained, hailed, snowed, and did everything else that was ever done before. Cold! Yes, I tell you it was. Remember this was in the month of January.

And then it was all for nothing. The weather had effected the enemy about the same way, and after marching all night we were halted near the Boydton plank road and parked our guns, the wind blowing so hard that it was almost impossible to raise a tent. What a night! I believe the men suffered more on this trip than they ever did before. Here it was we met the

#### OTEY BATTERY,

another Richmond company, which it seems had been sent out on this trip, and which had a rough experience. The next morning we received orders to march, and soon took the road, glad enough to reach our shanties.

And now, after arriving at our quarters and settling down to the performance of camp duties, we naturally discussed the possible outcome of this very unequal struggle in which might was to overthrow what we believed was right. Our lines at that time had been extended to such length that it was almost impossible to keep close connection—the men being so far apart. As the winter wore on our ranks—once full—are now thin, the dreaded disease, pneumonia, had done its work well, and the future presented anything but an encouraging outlook. It was while we lay here that our former commander, for whom the battery was named—Captain W. G. Crenshaw—sent each man a pair of boots. They were very acceptable at that time, and showed that although he was absent in person, yet he was with us in spirit—not forgetting us. What would be the next move? We were never at ease. Being on the extreme right we were kept in an unsettled condition all the time. But now the year 1864 was a thing of the past and February, 1865, found us on the march, this time to meet the enemy at

#### HATCHER'S RUN.

The Crenshaw Battery arrived in an open field just off from the

Boydton plank-road, where the infantry under the immediate command of General John Pegram was hotly engaged. The battery here engaged the infantry, losing some of our best soldiers, among them Benjamin Pleasants, who lost a leg; Hix, and others whose names I do not now recall. General John Pegram, who was killed here, was a brother to Colonel William J. Pegram, who commanded the Pegram Battalion. After the battle was over, in company with Charles P. Young, another member of the company, I went out to survey the field from which we had driven the enemy, and as it was now night, we soon found that we had passed beyond our pickets, and were in the lines of the Yankees, as we heard them calling out "any one here belonging to the Fifth New Jersey," and other regiments, the light of their torches revealing them in too close a position to be comfortable. We turned around and started for our lines when suddenly a heavy fire was opened upon us, which caused us to drop to the ground at once. We remained there hugging mother earth until the firing ceased, when glad enough were we to get back to our lines. Here, as at other times, was the Confederate soldier to prove his devotion to the cause, as it required great moral courage to undergo the privation that was prevailing in the army at that time, and then to battle, too, with the elements, for, mark you, the weather was of a freezing kind—raining and freezing. Then, too, the soldiers were so poorly clad. However, we managed to get through this battle with the loss before stated, and again returned to our shanties.

It was now the middle of February, 1865, and although the snow covered the ground, yet it was apparent even to the "Private" that something of an unusual character was going on which was soon to burst forth in all its fulness, as there could be noticed the traces of uneasiness and disquietude depicted on the faces of the officers as well as the men. How much longer was this strife to continue? What would be the final outcome? Were the sufferings endured by the Confederate soldier to go for naught? These and kindred other subjects were meditated upon by the boys as we lay here in our quarters, which were soon left by us to return no more, for at that time the

#### ARMY OF THE POTOMAC

was gathering in all its strength, having fared sumptuously during the winter, with all the necessary clothing, &c., and soon the booming of cannon was again calling us to the field, there to contend

against an almost countless foe. Such was the condition of things when we received orders to march, and we soon found ourselves in the road hastening towards Petersburg, which we could not understand, as we passed troops hurrying, as it seemed to us, to the point, or rather in the direction from which we came. However, we pushed on and soon reached a position on the lines which had formerly been occupied by the

#### WASHINGTON ARTILLERY,

the two sections of the battery being separated by some two or three hundred yards or more. The section to which I was attached was placed up on a parapet with just sufficient space to work the two guns, and not space enough to work them advantageously or with safety, as we came near losing the No. 1 at our gun, owing to the nearness of the guns to each other, our No. 1 stepping in to sponge, as he thought the gun had been fired (the smoke from the other causing him to be misled), which was not the case, the No. 4 at that time being in the act of pulling the lanyard, and he would certainly have done so had not the No. 3, who was then a small boy, and who had remained upon the parapet when the gun was fired (not being able to get up and down in time), stepped over the trail of the gun and caught hold of the lanyard.

We had a good view here of the Yankees, who were some distance from us. After remaining here about twenty-four hours the enemy opened upon us with their heavy guns, they having calculated the distance with accuracy, and soon dismounted one of our pieces and exploded several rounds of ammunition, which the men had accumulated near the guns to prevent having to run to the limber-chest under fire every time the guns were fired. This was done in violation of positive orders to the contrary, but the men paid dearly for it, as two of them—Hardgrove and Coleman—lost their lives. The sufferings of these two men were terrible, and the explosion of the shells caused all of us to lie very low, which called forth loud cheering from the enemy, who could see the effect of their shots. But we were not destined to remain here long. After repairing the axle tree and remounting the gun, we received orders to march, and were soon hurrying towards Dinwiddie Courthouse. After marching all day and night we found ourselves on the Squirrel Level road, where, after passing the infantry, which proved to be General Pickett's troops—the old

## FIRST VIRGINIA REGIMENT

among them—and shaking hands with Theodore Martin and other Richmond boys, we pushed on and came up with the cavalry, where I saw these troopers make a dashing charge across a creek, driving Sheridan's troops before them. The Crenshaw Battery followed close behind the cavalry, crossed the stream, on and up to the top of a hill and unlimbered in an open space. We did not remain in this position long before we were ordered back, and moved on to

## FIVE FORKS.

The battery took a position behind a fence, or rather we pulled the fence down, the guns being separated by a space of some one hundred yards or more. In our front was an open field.

Look with me, my comrades, as I attempt to picture to you this beautiful field, the foliage of which was now bursting out in all its glory, all nature bearing testimony to the goodness of Him that causeth the earth to praise Him, as the April sun, now in all its resplendent glory, is attuned in attestation of its loveliness, now so peaceful yet soon to be the seat of carnage.

Standing in line the eye is first attracted by a neat frame-house, situated in the right corner of the field, whose inmates are seen hastily leaving, making for the woods to the right—the field itself, covering an area of some 500 feet or more in length by about the same in breadth, skirted on either side by a dense growth of trees. In our front, for about 500 yards, the surface was even, after which it partook of a slight inclination until it receded into a valley below, the ground upon which the enemy were then massing for the desperate work of the evening.

General Corse commanded the infantry that supported us. The skirmishers in our front in the field were commanded by Captain Allen Lyon, of the "Virginia Life Guard," Company B, 15th Virginia Infantry.

After remaining in this position from early morn until evening, the enemy in the mean time making assaults all along the line to our left, we heard the sound of a bugle and presently our skirmishers were seen coming into our lines to be quickly followed by a charging column of Federal horsemen.

What a sight! On they come, firing, shouting—the earth almost trembling with the heavy weight—the field being filled as they ap-

proached nearer our lines with the dead and wounded, the horses running in all directions, some with riders and others without. Our men could be restrained no longer, and suddenly the word fire rang out along the line. Almost instantly the guns are fired, the infantry pouring upon the horsemen a terrible volley, the guns of the artillery doubly shotted and firing. But on they come, such was the power behind them, not being able to turn around, and running through the guns but only to be prisoners. The destruction of life here was great, long lanes being opened in their ranks as they attempted to break through our lines. I had witnessed a good many exciting scenes in the army, but this surpassed them all. I really thought that we would never stop them. Such was the first attempt to break through our lines.

While this assault was being made in our front, Sheridan massed his infantry in three or four lines of battle, and charged and broke through our lines on the left of the battery, swept up the works and succeeded in capturing the left gun of the company, which was in position on the spot from which this battle takes its name, though not without a desperate resistance on the part of the cannoneers who fought the guns until the enemy were upon them. Even then one of them knocked down a Federal soldier with a sponge staff. Lieutenant Hollis and most of the gun crew were captured. The other three guns got off in safety.

It was at this gun that Col. William R. Johnson Pegram was killed—the Christian warrior, the modest young soldier, who had lived long enough to win the plaudits of the whole army. “Specs,” as the boys used affectionately to call him, was always ready to lead. Noble Willie Pegram! Alas! the war had claimed another patriot as a victim. He was buried temporarily at Ford’s Station, on the Southside Railroad, while the troops were on the retreat, and his remains were afterwards taken up and reinterred in Hollywood. As the evening shadows begin to gather around our yet gallant band, the order to limber up is heard, and the troops start on the retreat.

Immediately after the order to limber up, consequent upon the battle of Five Forks, which occurred about sundown on Saturday, April 1, 1865, the Crenshaw Battery, with its three guns (one gun and most of its gallant crew, under the immediate command of Lieutenant Hollis, having been captured by the troops of Warren, commanding the Fifth Corps), moved off through the woods. About this time

## GENERAL PICKETT,

coming from the direction of the Forks, rode by the guns of the battery, and in answer to Captain Ellett's query as to where he wanted his guns, ordered him to straighten them out in the road, saying that he would swing General Corse's Brigade around to meet the charge of the Federals crossing from the left, and that our guns must be ready to open at any time that might be necessary. Just at that moment the ambulance containing Colonel William R. J. Pegram, who had been mortally wounded at the Forks, under the charge of Captain W. G. McCabe, came up and immediately two of the battery's horses that had escaped capture at the Forks, were put in front of the ambulance and they continued on to the rear. The night was spent on the march through a country unknown, the men using very little light, expecting to be run into at any moment. What a night! Will it ever be forgotten? Can it be? And many were the speculations of the men as they trudged along the road without food. Morning came, only to bear testimony to what now seemed a forlorn hope, the day being spent on the road. Night coming on, the battery sought rest near the roadside. The next morning broke and with it no news to cheer the now desponding Confederate, but, on the contrary, he learns of the disaster all along the line, that Petersburg had been evacuated, and that the

## CONFEDERATE CAPITAL WAS ON FIRE.

This was a crushing blow to the Richmond boys whose parents—yea, whose all—lay encircled in the City of Seven Hills. How he wished to know their fate! Sad indeed was this news. The roads over which the retreating army were now moving were anything but good, and it soon became evident that we must throw away the ammunition then in the caissons and a little later on run them in the woods and cut them down. Taking the horses and doubling them on the guns in order, if possible, to save them, we reached that night a station on the Norfolk and Western railroad called Sutherlands, I believe, and went into camp. We hitched up early next morning and moved on in a westerly direction until we came up with General Anderson's Division.

The halting and miring of the teams was almost an hourly occurrence, which, supplemented by the news that the Yankees were surrounding us, was not calculated to inspire courage in our troops.



Still amidst all this suffering there was mingled a degree of jollity that would occasionally break forth in loud laughter, to be followed by the singing of a song.

Many a joke was cracked, and many were the devices resorted to to secure food, which at this time was a scarce commodity, and which often defied the ingenuity of the most skilful forager. And now, after the second day's march, we learn of the death of

A. P. HILL,

at one time the commander of the famous Light Division, composed of the very flower of the army, and until now the brilliant commander of the Third Corps. He was a perfect picture in the saddle and the most graceful rider I ever saw. He had long, curly hair, and was the noblest Roman of them all. His career had been one of unparalleled success, and the confidence reposed in him by Generals Lee and Jackson found expression in their last days, and has gone into and become part of history.

But let us continue the retreat.

Another morning dawns to find the troops somewhat in an uproar. The bold cavaliers of Custer, of Indian fame, had attempted to cut a way into our line, and the result was a skirmish in which the enemy was beaten off only to acquire new strength with which to attack our worn-out and hungry troops, this time with more success. We soon arrived in the vicinity of

AMELIA COURTHOUSE.

Our three guns were here turned over to one of the artillery battalions, which was there reorganized to move with the army, and we were given three Napoleon guns to move with and protect the wagon trains along a parallel road. We continued the retreat night and day until Saturday evening, April 8th, when we were attacked on all sides by a large cavalry force while we were parked in an open field with only the Otey Battery,

ARMED WITH MUSKETS,

for a support. We dropped our trails where our guns stood and opened fire all around and drove off all of the attacking force. Here again the boldness of Sheridan's attack proved unavailing, as the boys met him with that Spartan courage which had always been characteristic of the Pegram Battalion.

We then hitched up and moved out on a by-road in the woods, where we camped. Next morning, Sunday, April 9th, we hitched up ready to move when Colonel McGraw, who by sheer force of character and almost unequalled bravery had now risen to the exalted position of commander of this invincible battalion, in company with General R. Lindsay Walker, went to General Lee's headquarters to see what was to be done, leaving the battalion in charge of Captain Thomas Ellett, who ordered it to move out in the road. After several pieces had gained the road word came to repark the guns and await further orders.

After waiting a short time an order came to spike and cut down the guns, destroy the limber chests, wagons and all other property possible, and for the officers and men to scatter, taking to the woods, and endeavor to make their way to General Joseph E. Johnston, in North Carolina. This order was carried out with a great deal of sorrow, many of the officers and men crying like children.

The scenes connected with the surrender at Appomattox Court-house have gone down to history and are there recorded, and the Private now, as he closes up a very imperfect work, calls up before him in all its pristine glory the Crenshaw Battery, as with proud step it made its way to Camp Lee in the spring of '62, there to be instructed in the art of war, the guns then bright and shining, as were also the new uniforms, with full ranks and the proud flag of Dixie waving untattered over as happy a set as ever knew joy, and unknown entirely to the sufferings incident to war. But it is a dream. The sun has set forever upon the cause for which we contended, and the cannon which once boomed out so sullenly, which had to the cannoneer a music—peculiar though it may be—is hushed forever, and the once happy, familiar faces, then jubilant and gay, which, indeed, made the soldier's life, to some extent at least, lose some of its bitterness, are gone, and the private is to listen no more to roll-call, as the sergeant would step out and commence what was once a long roll, but which has now become only a meagre one, death in all its forms known to the soldier having claimed a large number. Hush! I can now hear the order, "Commence firing!" The loud huzzas are yet ringing in my head.

I see again the troops all in battle array! I hear the well-known voice of the incomparable Lieutenant James Ellett, and the mellow and pleasant voice of Hollis, as the boys are now sending forth the messengers of death, and I hear our gallant Captain Thomas Ellett, as he cheers the boys on to victory in his modest and gentlemanly

way, with a host of once familiar faces that are to be seen no more on this earth, but who, we trust, have reached the eternal shore, where there shall be no sorrow, and where they shall have "beaten their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks."

I append as a fitting conclusion to these imperfect reminiscences, the beautiful and tender poem of Percy Greg, the English historian, which needs only to be read to be appreciated.

---

### **The 9th of April, 1865.**

It is a nation's death-cry—yes, the agony is past,  
The stoutest race that ever fought to-day has fought its last.  
Aye! start and shudder, well thou may'st, well veil thy weeping eyes;  
England! may God forgive thy part—man cannot but despise.

Aye! shudder at that cry that speaks the South's supreme despair—  
Thou that could save and saved'st not—that would, yet did not dare;  
Thou that hadst might to aid the right and heart to brook the wrong,  
Weak words of comfort for the weak, and strong hands to help the strong.

That land, the garden of thy wealth, one haggard waste appears—  
The ashes of her sunny homes are slaked in patriot tears;  
Tears for the slain who died in vain for freedom on the field;  
Tears, tears of bitter anguish still for those who lived to yield,

The cannon of his country pealed Stuart's funeral knell,  
His soldiers' cheers rang in his ears as Stonewall Jackson fell,  
Onward o'er gallant Ashby's grave swept war's successful tide,  
And Southern hopes were living yet when Polk and Morgan died.

But he, the leader, on whose words those captains loved to wait,  
The noblest, bravest, best of all, hath found a harder fate;  
Unscathed by shot and steel he passed o'er many a desperate field;  
Oh, God! that he hath lived so long, and only lived to yield.

Along the war-worn, wasted ranks that loved him to the last,  
With saddened face and weary pace the vanquished chieftain passed,  
Their own hard lot the men forgot, they felt what his must be,  
What thoughts in that dark hour must wring the heart of General Lee.

The manly cheek with tears was wet—the stately head was bow'd,  
As, breaking from their shattered ranks, around his steed they crowd;  
“I did my best for you”—’twas all those trembling lips could say,  
Ah! happy those whom death has spared the anguish of to-day.

Weep on, Virginia! weep these lives given to thy cause in vain—  
The sons who live to wear once more the Union's galling chain:  
The homes whose light is quenched for aye—the graves without a  
stone—

The folded flag—the broken sword—the hope forever flown.

Yet raise thy head, fair land, thy dead died bravely for the right—  
The folded flag is stainless still—the broken sword is bright;  
No blot is on thy record found—no treason soils thy fame!  
Weep thou thy dead—with cover'd head we mourn our England's  
shame.

---

## A CONFEDERATION OF SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATIONS.

---

[What the noble women of the South have already accomplished, severally, and in local associations, in impressing regard for virtue and truth, is daily growingly manifest.

What their fathers, brothers, sons, and sweethearts did, has passed into immortal history, as of supremacy in manhood's realization.

In the grace of woman's scepter, a sweeter or grander exemplification of her sex, has not been; could not be.

In the prescience of that guardian angel of the Southern home—in providence, in tenderness, in self-forgetfulness, in exacting sacrifice, and in transcendent devotion to right and honor, she has signalized herself as the glory of her sex.

The impress of the deeds of the worthy and the heroic may not be effaced by traduction.

They must live in regardful memory, instinctively. Aye, more!—in the advance of scholarship, misrepresentation save for a day will be impossible.

Never again can history be more than evanescently falsified.

Our sisterhood of the balmy South have with them not only the

consciousness of justly reverential endeavor, but the salvo of increasing results in their sublime efforts.

The confederation of action of their sister memorial bodies can but accelerate realization of holy purpose, in all that may be desired in enduring memorial and in truthful statement.

It cannot be long ere we will have adequate monuments in every worthy locality in the South, attesting the valor and patriotism of the Southern soldier, and the incomparable grace and devotion of the Southern woman.

The following account of the organization of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association has been furnished by Miss Sue H. Walker, Fayetteville, Arkansas, the zealous corresponding secretary of the appealing body.

We gladly give it place in the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, together with Article II, from the Constitution, as follows:

"SEC. 1. The object and purpose of this Association shall be strictly memorial and historical. It will strive to unite in one general confederation all Southern and Confederate Memorial Associations now in existence or hereafter to be formed.

"SEC. 2. The collection of relics and the preservation of the history of the Confederate soldiers engaged in the war between the States from 1861 to 1865—to instill in the minds of children who are eligible, a proper veneration for the spirit and glory that animated our Confederate soldiers, and the cause for which they fought, and to bring them into association with our organization, that they may aid us in accomplishing our objects and purposes, and finally succeed us, and take up our work when we leave it."—EDITOR.]

---

During the spring of the year 1900, the idea of combining all the Memorial Associations of the South into one united body was conceived by Miss Julia A. Garside, Secretary of the Southern Memorial Association of Fayetteville, Arkansas. The idea was accepted and carried out by this association. The object being to commemorate the work already done, to insure its continuance and perpetuate the name "Southern Memorial Association." Appeals were sent out to all associations whose addresses could be obtained, most cordial responses received, and arrangements made for delegates from each association to meet at the Louisville Reunion United Confederate Veterans. The success of these plans may be seen from the appended report of the proceedings on this occasion, and subse-

quent additions to the confederation. We asked in our memorial permission to hold our annual reunions at the time and place selected by the veterans for theirs. Cordial consent was given, and it is with pride and pleasure we announce that each year we will meet with them, not to hamper or discommode by undue numbers, for our constitution limits the number—two delegates from each association, nor will our meetings be held at their convention hall, but at some convenient place selected by our committee of arrangements.

This confederation in nowise conflicts or interferes with the work of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Tho' a distinct organization, many members of the Memorial Association belong to the younger organization also. For the benefit of those unfamiliar with this movement and its object we quote from an article in the *New Orleans Picayune* of August 4, 1900:

"For the information of associations wishing to join the confederation, it may be stated that no individual work of any association will be interfered with by the confederation, no association joining will be required to take up, except voluntarily, any new work; each association is recognized as a free agent to continue its parent work, and devote itself exclusively, if it so desires, to its own local work. The associations may, or may not indorse any work proposed by the general organization. But the one grand idea of the confederation is to gather all these scattered memorial associations into one confederated band for the preservation of the history of their glorious work; which after that of the Confederate soldier in marching to the fray, and those who laid down their lives on battlefields for the sake of that most just and holy cause, is the most noble, patriotic and beautiful page written in the heart book of the South."

The following is a report of the organization at Louisville:

The first meeting was held in the parlors of the Galt House, May 30, 1900, at 10:30 A. M. Meeting called to order by Miss Sue H. Walker, and its object briefly explained. She then called to the chair Miss Julia A. Garside, who very appropriately opened the meeting with prayer, after which a call was made for credentials and names of delegates from the various Southern States.

Answered to their names:

Hollywood Memorial Association, Richmond, Va. Delegate: Mrs. Lizzie Cary Daniel.

Junior Hollywood Memorial Association, Richmond, Va. Delegate: Mrs. N. V. Randolph.

Oakwood Memorial Association, Richmond, Va. Delegate: Mrs. David C. Richardson.

The Confederate Memorial Literary Society, Richmond, Va. Delegate: Miss Minnie Baughman.

The Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, New Orleans, La. Delegates: Mrs. W. J. Behan, Chairman; Mrs. Joseph R. Davis, Mrs. Lewis Graham, Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, Miss Lucy Marshall Smith.

The Southern Memorial Association, Fayetteville, Ark. Delegates: Mrs. J. D. Walker, Miss Sue H. Walker, Miss Julia A. Garside.

The Ladies' Memorial Association, Petersburg, Va. Delegates: Mrs. W. E. Badger, Mrs. Shelton Cheives.

The Ladies' Memorial and Literary Association of Missouri. Delegates: Mrs. Leroy Valliant, Mrs. Jennie Edwards.

Represented by blanks filled out:

The Warren Memorial Association, Front Royal, Va.

The Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, Memphis, Tenn.

The Ladies' Memorial Association, Gainesville, Ala.

The Ladies' Memorial Association of Knoxville, Tenn. Delegates: Mrs. S. T. McTeer, Miss Moody White.

It was decided by unanimous vote to enter into an election of officers. Mrs. W. J. Behan was nominated and elected President.

Mrs. Graham then nominated Mrs. Lizzie Pollard, of Fayetteville, Ark., for First Vice-President—but a motion was made and carried that all officers be elected from the delegates present, in order that the organization might be perfected before presenting the memorial to the veterans. It was also moved and carried that there be a Vice-President from each State, all equal in authority.

The elections were as follows:

Vice-President from Virginia, Mrs. David C. Richardson; Vice-President, Louisiana, Mrs. Lewis Graham; Vice-President, Tennessee, Miss Missie Ault; Vice-President, Arkansas, Mrs. J. D. Walker; Vice-President, Missouri, Mrs. Jennie Edwards. Alabama and South Carolina having no delegates present the Presidents of these associations were selected as Vice-Presidents for those States. The other officers elected are as follows:

Recording Secretary, Miss Daisy L. Hodgson; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Sue H. Walker; Treasurer, Miss Julia A. Garside.

The newly elected President, Mrs. W. J. Behan, was then escorted

to the chair, and read a most beautiful and comprehensive report of the origin and work of her association, "The Confederate Memorial Association of New Orleans, La."

A Committee on Constitution and By-Laws was then appointed, consisting of Miss Julia A. Garside, Chairman; Mrs. Joseph D. Davis, Mrs. Lizzie Cary Daniel, Mrs. N. V. Randolph, alternate; Mrs. M. E. Lloyd, Mrs. W. J. Behan by request.

This organization is to be known as "The Confederated Southern Memorial Association;" its object, "Memorial and Historical."

#### SECOND MEETING.

The Confederate Southern Memorial Association was called to order by the President, Mrs. W. J. Behan, at 9:30 A. M., May 31st. Mrs. Sarah Polk Blake was unanimously elected historian for the Association. The report of the Committee on Constitution and By-Laws was next voted on by sections, and adopted as a whole.

Mrs. N. V. Randolph made a beautiful and touching appeal to the Association in behalf of the Jefferson Davis monument, asking that this Confederated Association assist the U. D. C. in building this memorial. A hearty response was given and the Association pledged to assist in the work. On motion of Mrs. Lewis Graham it was asked that a published account be given by the Treasurer of the Davis Monument Fund of the amounts already subscribed by the different cities and States, now in the hands of the Treasurer of the fund at Richmond, Va. The motion was carried and Mrs. Randolph stated that two books would be kept, one for the contributions of the U. D. C., the other for the Southern Memorial Association.

An invitation was extended by Mrs. Basil Duke to the Association to attend a reception to be given at the Galt House from 4 to 6 P. M., in honor of Mrs. Addison Hayes, Miss Varina Howell Davis Hayes, and Mrs. Weed, of Florida.

Adjourned to meet at 10 A. M. the following day.

June 1, 1900.

Before the hour appointed for the next meeting a communication was received by the President stating that an opportunity would be given "The Confederated Memorial Association" to present their memorial to General Gordon and the veterans at the Reunion Hall. Therefore the meeting was postponed until 4 P. M.

The President and delegates attended the meeting of veterans in



a body. They were given seats on the platform and at the proper time the memorial was read in a most impressive manner by Colonel Charles Coffin, of Arkansas, after which he made a very enthusiastic address in behalf of this movement. During the reading of the memorial there was frequent applause, and at each of the closing sentences, recalling the privations, courage and endurance of the women of the South, during those trying times of war, the applause was deafening. General Gordon's indorsement was most heartily given and that of the veterans by a rising vote and enthusiastic cheering.

The memorial was as follows:

*General John B. Gordon, Commander-in-Chief United Confederate Veterans.*—Dear Sir: Throughout the South are scattered Memorial Associations, who have not relinquished their original organization, and whose work is solely memorial and monumental. These associations (some of which were formed as far back as 1865) by the most assiduous efforts have removed our sacred dead from wayside and battle fields, placed them in cemeteries of our own, and builded monuments that will bear lasting testimony to the courage, endurance and patriotism of the Confederate soldier. We bring to you more tangible demonstration of work done than any other organized body of Southern people—men or women. We propose to organize or combine these Memorial Associations (embracing as nearly as possible every one in the South) into what we call a "Confederation of Memorial Associations." We are not willing to lose our identity as Memorial Associations, nor to merge ourselves into the younger organization, Daughters of the Confederacy. We hope by this federation to commemorate our efforts, and stamp the work upon the hearts of those who come after us, and thereby insure its continuance.

We would esteem it a privilege and a pleasure to have our delegates meet at the same time and place that the United Confederate Veterans hold their annual reunions, if agreeable to them. Of course, we do not ask a voice in your councils, but we would like to meet with you. Many of us are veterans, veterans as much as the gray, battle-scarred old soldiers, though we bided at home. While they stood amid the smoke of battle, we stood amid the smoke of burning homes; when they fought, we wept and prayed; when they were hungry, we had only a crust at home; when their clothes were wearing threadbare on the long and weary march, we were busy with

wheel and loom and needle; when they were in peril on picket, we kept tearful, prayerful vigils. Are we not veterans as well as they?

Hoping this plan may meet with your approval, and that of the body over which you preside, I am, very respectfully yours,

Mrs. LIZZIE POLLARD,

President Southern Memorial Association, Fayetteville, Ark.

The following Memorial Associations have authorized us to append their names to this memorial:

Hollywood Memorial Association, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Joseph Bryan, President.

Junior Hollywood Memorial Association, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. N. V. Randolph, President.

Oakwood Memorial Association, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Stephen Beveridge, President.

The Confederate Memorial Literary Society, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Joseph Bryan, President; Mrs. Lizzie C. Daniel, Corresponding Secretary.

The Ladies' Memorial Association, Petersburg, Va.; Mrs. H. Van L. Bird, President; Mrs. Shelton Chieves, Secretary.

The Ladies' Memorial and Literary Association of Missouri; Mrs. Leroy Valliant, President; Mrs. Jennie Edwards, Secretary.

The Warren Memorial Association, Front Royal, Va.; Mrs. G. C. Davis, President; Mrs. W. C. Weaver, Corresponding Secretary.

The Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, Memphis, Tenn.; Mrs. Letitia A. Frazer, President; Phoebe Frazer, Secretary.

The Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, Fort Mills, S. C.; Mrs. J. B. Mack, President; Mrs. Elizabeth White, Secretary.

The Ladies' Memorial Association, Knoxville, Tenn.; Mrs. Wm. Caswell, President; Mrs. M. E. Lloyd, Secretary.

The Ladies' Memorial Association, Gainesville, Ala.; Mrs. D. H. Williams, President; M. B. Jackson, Secretary.

The Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. W. G. Behan, President; Mrs. Joseph Jones, Corresponding Secretary.

The Southern Memorial Association, Fayetteville, Ark.; Mrs. Lizzie Pollard, President; Miss Julia A. Garside, Recording Secretary; Miss Sue H. Walker, Corresponding Secretary.

At 4 o'clock the meeting was again called to order. It was decided to have a gray ribbon badge, with embossed gold letters, as

their insignia until the next annual meeting, when a badge will be decided on.

A motion was made by Miss Sue Walker that each association of this confederation prepare a condensed history of its work from the date of organization, to be published in book form, two volumes to be furnished, one to be placed in the Confederate Museum, at Richmond, Va., the other in the Confederate Memorial Hall, at New Orleans, La. Carried.

A motion was made and carried that "The Confederate Southern Memorial Association" be incorporated in the State of Arkansas, in consideration of the fact that the movement originated with the Southern Memorial Association of Fayetteville, Ark. Mrs. J. D. Walker has this work in charge.

A vote of thanks was given General V. Y. Cook, of Arkansas, Colonel Charles Coffin, of Arkansas, and Mr. Frank Lobrano, of Louisiana, for their noble efforts in securing the delegation an audience and having the memorial presented through General Gordon to the convention of United Confederate Veterans at the reunion of June 1, 1900, at Louisville, Ky.

Adjourned to meet the first day of the United Confederate Veteran reunion at Memphis, Tenn., 1901, at 10:30 A. M.

Respectfully submitted,

SUE H. WALKER,

Cor. Sec. C. S. M. A.

June 7, 1900.

The Association was incorporated by the Circuit Court of Washington county, Fayetteville, Ark., October 30, 1900, and a charter issued.

# INDEX.

- Alabama Regiment cut to pieces, Williams', 94.  
 Alexander, Edgar, 71.  
 Anderson's Corps complimented, 11.  
 Appomattox Courthouse, Wants of the army at, 39; Last charge at, 41, 259; Last man killed at, 252.  
 April 9th, 1865, lines by Percy Greg, 376.  
 Arizona organized by the U. S. Government in 1862, 222.  
 Armistead Brigade transferred, 8.  
 Army Northern Virginia unparalleled, 113.  
 Artis Avis or Bird of Art, 304.  
 Attacks, Crispus, 157.  
 Barn-burners, Sheridan's, 98.  
 Bartlett, General William F., 47, 207.  
 Barton, Jr., Lieut. David R., 60.  
 Beale, General R. L. T., 258.  
 Beauregard, General P. G. T., 237; at Drewry's Bluff and Petersburg, 318.  
 Behan, Mrs. W. J., 330.  
 Benton, Thomas H., Views of, 163.  
 Bermuda Hundred, 330.  
 Bernard, George S., 204.  
 "Bingen on the Rhine," 350.  
 "Birthday of Lee," poem, 238.  
 Blackford, Lieutenant L. M., 70.  
 Blakemore, "The Bravest," 49.  
 Bledsoe, Albert Taylor, 157.  
 Bouldin, Captain E. E., 71, 77, 250.  
 Bowie, Lieut. Walter, how he died, 135.  
 Boyd, Belle, 296.  
 Boyd, Lieutenant E. Holmes, 69.  
 Branch, Major Thomas, 28.  
 Brander, Major T. A., 4.  
 Broadbent, Captain Wallace, 308.  
 Brockenbrough, Captain J. Bowyer, 70.  
 Brown's Raid, John, 185, 347.  
 Brown, Governor Joseph E., 238.  
 Browne, General William M., 236.  
 Brown, Lieutenant William M., 70.  
 Brunswick Guard, Record and Roll of, 8; Blues, Record of, 261.  
 Bryan, Mrs. Joseph, 338.  
 Burke of North Carolina, Hon. Thomas, 81.  
 Burkholder, N. M., 106.  
 Butler, General B. F., 319.  
 Caldwell, W. W., 210.  
 Carpenter's Battery, Record of, 166.  
 Carter, James C., 130.  
 Central Confederacy proposed in 1861, 144.  
 Chambersburg, Burning of, 74.  
 Chamberlayne, Captain J. Hampden, 355.  
 Chancellorsville, Battle of, 148.  
 Chandler, Zachariah, 190.  
 Charlotte Cavalry, Record and roll of, 71, 77; Rifles, Roll of, 262.  
 Christian Commission, Federal, 44.  
 Christian, Judge George L., 160.  
 Claiborne, Surgeon John Herbert, 18; his dog "Jack," 23.  
 Cobb, General Howell, 231.  
 Cobb, Gen. Thomas R. R., Extracts from letters of, February 21, 1861 December, 1862, Career of, 230.  
 Cold Harbor, Battle of, 10, 322, 347.  
 Colston, Colonel R. E., 85.  
 Cone, Frank, killed, 232.  
 Confederate, flag, history of, 89; disparity of forces of, 108, 334; wants, 148; Navy, 125, 305; Soldier, the, 247; The only Treaty, 255; Veteran, What is he? 316; Congress in 1861, 231; Commissioners to Europe, 284; Constitution, 236; songs, 350, 367.  
 Confederated Southern Memorial Association, Organization of, 377.  
 Conrad, H. Tucker, killed, 68.  
 Crater, Battle of the, 208; Sharpshooters of Mahone's Brigade at, 307.  
 Crenshaw's Battery, Organization and record of, 336.  
 Curtis, General N. M., 314.  
 Daughters of the Confederacy at N. O., 228.  
 Davidson, Captain Greenlee, killed, 352.  
 Davis General Joseph R., 239.  
 Davis, Mrs. Jefferson, Visit to, 315.  
 Devens, General, 43.  
 Dickson, Mrs. William H., 230.  
 Drewry's Bluff, President Davis as to operations at, 322, 323.  
 Ellett, Lieutenant Robert, killed, 366.  
 Ellett, Lieutenant James, killed, 349.  
 Ellett, Captain Thomas, 343.  
 Emmett, Thomas, killed, 364.  
 Englehard, Major Joseph A., 8.  
 Fairfax, Randolph, killed, 70.  
 Ferneyhough, Edward, 344.  
 Figner, Alfonso, 344.  
 Fishburne, Lieutenant Clement D., 69.  
 Five Forks, Battle of, 371.  
 Foy, F. R. C. S., Dr. George, 275.  
 Frederick City, Md., 347.  
 Friedenwall, Dr. Herbert, 81.  
 Gaines' Mill, Battle of, 94, 96.  
 Garnett, L. L. D., Captain James M., 58, 71.  
 Garnett, Hon. Thomas S., 106.  
 Garside, Miss Julia A., 378.  
 Gettysburg, Battle of, 10, 145, 356.  
 Giddings, Colonel C. H., 255.  
 Goolby, J. C., 336.  
 Grady, B. F., 158.  
 Greeley, Horace, on the Union, 177.

- Gregg, Fort, Battle at, 20, 265, 366.  
Gwynn, Major-General Walter, 85.
- Hagood, General Johnson, 318.  
Hale, Jr., Captain E. E., 4.  
Harper's Ferry and First Manassas, 1864-5, incidents at, 58.  
Hartford Convention, The, 174.  
Hatcher's Run, Battle of, 368.  
Hill, General A. P., killed, 20.  
Hill, General D. H., 294.  
Hinton, Judge Drury A., 213.  
History Committee Grand Camp C. V., Report of, 169; Members of, 198.  
History, Southern, cannot be falsified, 198, 194, 378.  
Holland, Horace, killed, 352.  
Homespun garb in 1861, 228.  
Hope, James Barron, 183.  
Hotchkiss, Major Jed., 279.  
Howitzers, Richmond, Guns of, at Appomattox, 41.
- Jackson, General T. J., Death of, 271, 352.  
Jackson, Henry, 297.  
Jenkin's Brigade, General A. G., 78.  
Johnson, General Bushrod R., 329.  
Johnson's Battery, Marmaduke, 91.  
Jones, Beverley R., 70.  
Jones, Major Richard W., 215.  
Jones, William Ellis, wounded, 366.  
Joynes, Professor E. S., 243.
- Kearney, General Phil, killed, 346.  
Key, Francis Scott, 349.  
Knox, Captain John G., 1.
- Lamar, Jeff., killed, 296.  
Lane's Sharpshooters, General James H., 1; Brigade, Field and Staff officers and regiments of, 6.  
Laughton, Jr., Captain John E., 218.  
Lee and his Paladins, address by Surgeon J. H. Claiborne, 18.  
Lee, General R. E., Tribute to, 106; Personal appearance of, in 1861-2, 109; at the battle of the Wilderness, 109; Correspondence of, March-August, 1863, "tried as by fire," 148; Celebration of birth-day of, 106, 228; Characterization of, 240; as College President, 243; on buttermilk, 265.
- Lewis House, 64, 317.  
Lexington, Battle of, 155.  
Lincoln's Administration responsible, 186.  
Lodge, Henry Cabot, 180.  
Longstreet's Division at Gaines' Mill, 97.  
Loss, Unparalleled, of Company F, 26th North Carolina, 199.  
Lost Cause, The, 56.  
Louisiana, Purchase of, 162; Troops of, at Fort Gregg, 265.  
Lunt, George, 188.
- McCabe, Captain W. Gordon, 212, 242.  
McClellan, General George B., 348.  
McGuire, M. D., LL. D., H. H., Sketch of life of, 267; his family, 275.  
McMartin, Colonel F. W., 206.  
McNeill's men, 98.  
Macon, Sergeant Lyttleton S., 70.  
Mahan, General William, 204.  
Malvern Hill, Battle of, 11, 341.  
Manassas, First, Ammunition at, 239.  
Marks, Edwin, 236.  
Maryland, Invasion of, 354.  
Masons in the Army, 46.  
Massachusetts in 1765, 1770, 1773, 157; in 1811, 178.
- Massie, Captain J. Livingston, 69.  
Maury's fealty, Commodore, 112.  
Mechanicville, Battle of, 92.  
Minor, Lieutenant C. W. Berkeley, 70.  
Minor, Captain Robert D., 305.  
"Moon, The, behind the hill," 350.  
Monocacy, Battle of, 74.  
Moorefield, Va., surprised at, 75.  
Mosby's Command, 135, 195.  
Muhlenburg Rifles, Company F, 10th Virginia, Roll of, 115.
- Navy, C. S., Vessels of, and their history, 125, Notes on, 305.  
Nash, Major J. Van Holt, 251.  
Nelson, Lieutenant Kinlock, 70.  
Nelson, Lieutenant Phillip, 71.  
New England's struggle for ship building, 159, 160.  
Nicholson, Captain W. T., 1.  
Niemeyer, Colonel W. F., Sketch of, 84.  
New Orleans, La., Daughters of the Confederacy at, 228.  
North, the, Attitude of, since 1865, 181.
- Otey Battery, 368.
- Packard, Jr., Lieutenant Joseph, 69.  
Page, Major R.; Channing M., 69.  
Palmer, D. D., Rev. B. M., 224.  
Palmer, Colonel Wm. H., 149.  
Pegram's Battalion, organization of, 342.  
Pegram, General John, killed, 369.  
Pegram, General Wm.; R. Johnson, killed, 342, 373.  
Pendleton, Colonel A. S., 70.  
Pendleton, General Wm. N., 69.  
Petersburg, Evacuation of hospitals in, 20; battles around, 21, 330, 331.  
Phi Gamma, The, in the war, 309.  
Phillips, Wendell, 187.  
Pickering, Timothy, 175.  
Pollard, Captain Thos. P., 216.  
Porter, General Fitz John, 95.  
Porter, John L., 125.  
Porter, John W. H., 125.
- Randolph, Major N., 281.  
Ransom, General, 325.  
Rawlings, Lieutenant E. G., killed, 345.  
Rebel, was the Confederate soldier a, 247.  
Resolutions of 1798, 162.  
Richardson, Sergeant and Thos. E., 217.  
Richardson, Captain V. V., 1.  
Riddick, Captain, captured, 31.  
Rodgers, Judge Robert L., 222, 316.  
Rogers, Major Arthur Lee, 89.  
Rogers, Colonel George T., 211.  
Roser's Laurel Brigade, 101.  
Ruff, Lieutenant-Colonel, 300.
- Sage, B. J., 157, 169.  
Scott, Colonel W. C., 259.  
Secession, pioneer of, 81; right of, 169.  
Seven Days' Battle, how begun, 90.  
Seward, W. H., duplicity of, 183.  
Shaw, General Abbott D., 309.  
Sheridan's charge at Appomattox, 44; vandalism, 98.  
Shoes, Cowhide Moccasins for, 8.  
Slaves, Emancipation of, 197.  
Smith, General Francis H., 14.  
Smith, D. D., Rev. James P., 276.  
Spotsylvania Courthouse, Battle of, 2.  
South against the North, Case of the, 156.  
Southern Women, their glorious devotion, 377.  
Stamp Act of 1765, Declaration of rights under, 157.

- Starke, General Wm. N., 3.  
 Stephens, Alex. H., 182, 239.  
 Stewart, Colonel Wm. H., 84.  
 Stovall, George, 239.  
 Stowe, Mrs. H. B., 248.  
 Tarbell, Ida M., 189.  
 Tariff for benefit of New England, 161, 162.  
 Taylor, Captain W. A. S., 209.  
 Taylor, Colonel Walter H., 24.  
 Thompson, Wm., 249.  
 Toombs, General Robert, challenge of General D. H. Hill, 294.  
 Townsend, Mrs. Mary Ashley, 228.  
 Treaty, the only Confederate, 255.  
 Troy, Siege of, cited, 39.  
 Tuttle, R. M., 199.  
 "Uncle Tom's Cabin," 248.  
 Virginia, Council of War of, in 1861, 15;  
   Cavalry, charging the 14th Regiment,  
   April 9, 1865, 75; Infantry, 1st, on April 8,  
   1865, 38, 344, 371; 14th, offering of, 72; 10th,  
   Company F, roll of, 15; Company D, 44th,  
   history and roster of, 259; on the tax on  
   tea in 1774, 158.  
 Von Holst, opinion of the U. S. Constitu-  
   tion, 161.  
 Wade, Benj. F., 177.  
 Walker, Miss Sue H., 378.  
 Walker, Wm., 156.  
 Washington and Lee, Unity of character  
   of, 241.  
 Washington, Bushrod C., 247.  
 Washington Artillery, dead of, 301, 370.  
 Webster, Daniel, 164, 175, 179.  
 Webster the Spy, Hanging of, 338.  
 Weed, Thurlow, 239.  
 Weisiger, General David A., 204.  
 Wells, Colonel James M., 309.  
 Whiting, General W. H. C., 325.  
 Wilderness, Battle of, 1.  
 Williams, Benj. J., 175.  
 Wilson, James H., 252.  
 Wilson, Colonel James M., 86.  
 Winfield, Colonel John G., 88.  
 Wolseley's estimate of Lee, 114.  
 Wood, Surgeon, Mahone's Division, 26;  
   killed, 50.  
 Wright, Ambrose R., 144.  
 Young, George, killed, 337.  
 Zimmer, Captain Louis, 14.  
 Zollcoffer, General Felix K., 304.







## SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS.

The chief object of this publication is to collect and preserve for the future historian material for a true history of the causes, progress, and results of the great war for Southern Independence, while at the same time regard will be paid to the *general history* of the Southern States.

Each passing year adds increasing attestation to the value and importance of the publications of the Society.

Distinguished soldiers of each of the late contending armies in the war between the States, and able military critics of both continents endorse the dictum of the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* that no "library, public or private, which pretends to historic fullness, can afford to be without these volumes;" and of the *London Saturday Review* that "they contain a mass of information relative to the late war without a careful study of which no historian, however limited his scope, should venture to treat any fragment of that most interesting story."

Among the subscribers to the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS are numbered the most distinguished of the Confederate leaders, many of the ablest soldiers of the Federal army, and a large number of those in all sections who are interested in historical matters; and the universal verdict of the press as well as of the subscribers, has been one of the highest commendation of the interest and value of the PAPERS, which have been an important source of the data of the WAR RECORDS published by the United States Government.

**SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—Terms of Membership:** Annual Membership, \$3.00; Life Membership, \$50.00.

**SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS.—**25 vols. (1st issue Jan., 1876.) Sent Free to Members. Other Subscribers, \$3.00 per annum. Vols. I—VI. (\$ mi Annual) in paper, \$1.50; cloth, \$2.00; half morocco, \$2.25; half calf, \$2.50.

Vols. VII—XXVIII. (Annual) in paper \$3.00; in cloth, \$3.50; half morocco, \$3.75; half calf, \$4.00.

"Treatment of Prisoners," \$1.00. "Early's Last Year of the War" \$1.00.

Attention may be called to Vol. XV as being of exceptional interest to the many—**PAROLEES OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, SURRENDERED AT APPOMATTOX COURTHOUSE, April 9th, 1865,** with Historical Introduction, which possesses a singular claim to the regard of those whose names it so honorably includes. The information it gives is not accessible elsewhere. It should behoove every one of peerless Lee's last followers to secure this volume, to be cherished by his posterity.

Vol. XVII is largely a **LEE MONUMENT MEMORIAL**, containing a full history of the movement for the monument, all addresses incident upon the ceremonials connected therewith, of Colonels Marshall, Anderson, and others—with other varied original matter—including unpublished reports of the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, testimony as to the treatment of prisoners, matter illustrative of the life and character of General R. E. Lee, historical addresses, rosters of prisoners and of organizations, etc.

In the whole serial representation has been endeavored of all the Southern States and the unsurpassed heroism of the private soldier and the sublime devotion of our women, has been constantly presented, in diary and testimonial.

The Society possesses ample original material of the highest historical importance and interest for an indefinite continuance of its annual serial, and the hope is cherished that sustenance will not be wanting for the just performance of this worthy purpose.

Of the earlier volumes of the serial, but a very few copies remain (although some of them were republished) and Vols. II (1876), VI (1878) VII (1879) and X (1882) cannot be supplied, because of wanting numbers, which have to be sought for and secured by purchase.

It is to be hoped that all the members and well wishers of the Society will exert their influence towards increasing its membership.

Gifts, or loans of material, manuscript or printed, including newspapers containing reports sketches and incidents, for publication in the PAPERS and for preservation, are earnestly solicited.

Address

R. A. BROCK,

Secretary Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va.







72

N\*











OCT 22 1935

